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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

LENNON'S MURDER — MARK CHAPMAN AND THE 'BORN AGAIN' BIGOTS WHO HATE ROCK 'N' ROLL

DEFUNKT
BLOOD BROTHER PUNK FUNK
Adrian Thrills meets the Bowie boys

JAZZ
THE HIP HIKER'S GUIDE PART TWO

ECHO IN THE FJORD
Norwegian rabbit from the Bunnymen

by Max Bell

GUARDIAN ANGELS
New York vigilantes go underground

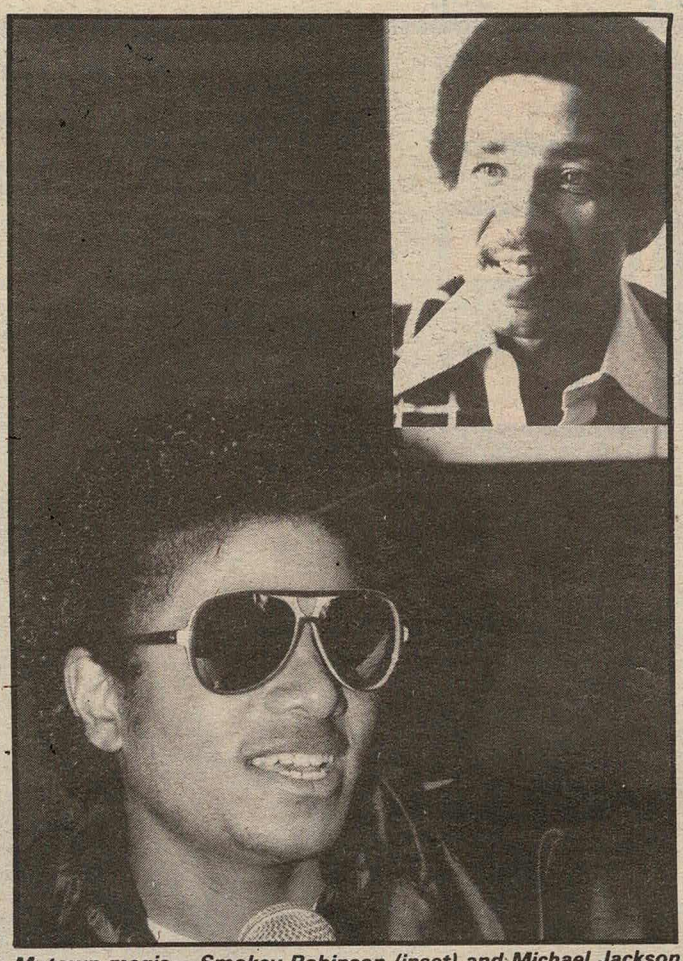
by Chris Salewicz

Joe and Byron Bowie share the front cover frame. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

366 261050 Inkl. moms

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	4	**ONE DAY IN YOUR LIFE**	**Michael Jackson (Motown)**	4	1
2	1	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	6	1
3	2	MORE THAN IN LOVE	Kate Robbins (RCA)	4	2
4	11	ALL STOOD STILL	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	4
5	17	TEDDY BEAR	Red Sovine (Starday)	2	5
6	5	GOING BACK TO OUR ROOTS	Odyssey (RCA)	4	5
7	7	HOW 'BOUT US	Champaigne (CBS)	5	5
8	6	WILL YOU	Hazel O'Connor (A&M)	4	6
9	—	GHOST TOWN	The Specials (2-Tone)	1	9
10	—	I WANT TO BE FREE	Toyah (Safari)	6	6
11	3	FUNERAL PYRE	The Jam (Polydor)	4	3
12	27	MEMORY	Elaine Paige (Polydor)	2	12
13	8	STAND AND DELIVER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	8	1
14	23	PIECE OF THE ACTION	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	14
15	10	THEME FROM CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	6	10
16	14	SPELLBOUND	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	4	14
17	25	IF LEAVING ME	Phil Collins (Virgin)	3	17
18	—	BODY TALK	Imagination R&B)	1	18
19	12	DON'T LET IT PASS	UB40 (Dep Int)	5	12
20	—	NO LAUGHING IN HEAVEN	Gillan (Virgin)	1	20
21	18	TOO DRUNK TO FUCK	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)	4	15
22	9	YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	8	2
23	—	DANCING ON THE FLOOR	Third World (CBS)	1	23
24	28	THROW AWAY THE KEY	Linx (Chrysalis)	4	24
25	23	SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	8	5
26	29	TAKE IT TO THE TOP	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	2	26
27	—	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	1	27
28	—	DOORS OF YOUR HEART	The Beat (Go Feet)	1	28
29	13	AIN'T NO STOPPING	Enigma (Creole)	5	13
30	—	NO WOMAN NO CRY	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	30



Motown magic — Smokey Robinson (inset) and Michael Jackson

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**STARS ON 45**	**Starsound (CBS)**	6	1
2	3	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	4	1
3	4	DISCO DAZE AND DISCO NIGHTS	Various (Ronco)	5	3
4	5	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	31	1
5	1	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (DEP Int)	3	1
6	8	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Vangelis (Polydor)	8	6
7	12	THIS OLE HOUSE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	11	3
8	11	MAGNETIC FIELDS	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	3	8
9	18	VIENNA	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	16	2
10	6	WHA'PPEN?	The Beat (Go-Feet)	7	2
11	15	FACE VALUE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	13	2
11	9	HEAVEN UP THERE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	3	4
13	—	NO SLEEP 'TIL HAMMERSMITH	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	13
14	14	LONG DISTANCE VOYAGER	Moody Blues (Threshold)	5	8
15	17	HIGH INFIDELITY	REO Speedwagon (Epic)	8	9
16	10	THEMES	Various (K-Tel)	4	10
16	22	THE RIVER	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	14	4
18	16	PLAYING WITH A DIFFERENT SEX	Au Pairs (Human)	5	10
19	—	JUJU	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	19
20	20	PUNKS NOT DEAD	The Exploited (Secret)	7	10
21	27	WHAT'S THIS FOR	Killing Joke (Mercury)	2	21
22	21	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	4	11
23	—	BEING WITH YOU	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	1	23
24	—	MISTAKEN IDENTITY	Kim Carnes (EMI)	1	24
25	13	SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND	George Harrison (Dark Horse)	3	25
26	—	MAKIN' MOVIES	Dire Straits (Vertigo	23	3
27	25	KILIMANJARO	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	6	19
28	—	HOTTER THAN JULY	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	31	1
29	—	TALK TALK TALK	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	2	8
30	—	RED	Black Uhuru (Island)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (1) **Too Drunk To Fuck** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
2 (2) **New Life** Depeche Mode (Mute)
3 (4) **I Want To Be Free** Toyah (Safari)
4 (5) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** Pigbag (Y)
5 (3) **Don't Let It Pass** UB40 (Dep Int)
6 (15) **Forget The Dawn** Wah! (Eternal)
7 (8) **The Resurrection EP** Vice Squad (Riot City)
8 (6) **Go For Gold** Girls at Our Best (Happy Birthday)
9 (7) **Our Swimmer** Wire (Rough Trade)
10 (10) **Number 11** Dead Or Alive (Inevitable)
11 (11) **Why** Discharge (Clay)
12 (20) **Charm** Positive Noise (Static)
13 (16) **Hobby For The Day** Wall (Fresh)
14 (23) **Wikka Wrap** The Evasions (Groove)
15 (9) **Candy Skin** Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
16 (12) **Rebecca's Room** Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
17 (13) **Nagasaki Nightmare** Crass (Crass)
18 (17) **Teddy Bear** Red Sovine (Starday)
19 (22) **Dole Age** Talisman (Recreational)
20 (25) **Rebel Without A Brain** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
21 (21) **Slates** The Fall (Rough Trade)
22 (14) **Four Hours** Clock DVA (Fetish)
23 (27) **Chance Meeting** Josef K (Postcard)
24 (24) **You** Au Pairs (021)
25 (19) **Demystification** Zounds (Rough Trade)
26 (—) **Boom** Bush Tetras (Fetish)
27 (—) **Storage Case** Drowning Craze (Situation)
28 (26) **The Complete Disorder EP** Disorder (Disorder)
29 (—) **The Passage Of Lovers** Bauhaus (4AD)
30 (—) **Bristol Rock** Black Roots (Nubian)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (2) **Present Arms** UB40 (Dep International)
2 (1) **Playing With A Different Sex** Au Pairs (Human)
3 (3) **Anthem** Toyah (Safari)
4 (4) **Punks Not Dead** The Exploited (Secret)
5 (6) **Odyshape** Raincoats (Rough Trade)
6 (5) **Heart of Darkness** Positive Noise (Statik)
7 (13) **Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
8 (7) **Signing Off** UB40 (Graduate)
9 (10) **Lubricate Your Living Room** Fire Engines (Accessory)
10 (9) **To Each** A Certain Ratio (Factory)
11 (12) **Provisionally Titled Singing Fish** Colin Newman (4AD)
12 (8) **He Who Dares Wins** Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
12 (11) **Closer** Joy Division (Factory)
14 (21) **Toyah Toyah Toyah** Toyah (Safari)
15 (16) **Dirk Wears White Sox** Adam & The Ants (Do-it)
16 (18) **Unknown Pleasures** Joy Division (Factory)
17 (17) **Stations Of The Crass** Crass (Crass)
18 (15) **Mesh And Lace** Modern English (4AD)
19 (27) **Inflammable Material** Stiff Little Fingers (Rough Trade)
20 (29) **Concrete** 999 (Albion)
21 (—) **Live At The Lyceum** Cabaret Voltaire Tape (Rough Tapes)
22 (30) **Sheep Farming In Barnet** Toyah (Safari)
23 (19) **Kangeroo?** Red Crayola (Rough Trade)
24 (14) **Prayers On Fire** Birthday Party (4AD)
25 (24) **In The Flat Field** Bauhaus (4AD)
26 (26) **Live** Misty (People Unite)
27 (20) **Thirst** Clock DVA (Fetish)
28 (—) **Chappaquiddick Bridge** Poison Girls (Crass)
29 (22) **Blue Meaning** Toyah (Safari)
30 (—) **The Ultimate Action** The Action (Edsel)

REGGAE

1. **Front Door** Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
2. **Tribute To Bob Marley** Lui Lepki (Joe Gibbs)
3. **Fist To Fist Days Done** Lone Ranger (Channel 1)
4. **Selling My Collie** Derek Spence (Street Vendor)
5. **Batman & Robin** Joe Tex / U. Black (Belmont)
6. **Gun Fever** Ranking Toyan / Little John (Roots Tradition)
7. **In To The Night** Lloyd Parker (Musical Works)
8. **M16** Barrington Levy (Love & Learn)
9. **Love Hangover** Horace Andy (Island In The Sun)
10. **Backra** Johnny Osborne (Jah Guidance)

Chart by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

FUNK

12" singles

1 **I'm In Love** Evelyn King (RCA)
2 **On The Beat** B.B.& Q. (Capitol)
3 **Back To My Roots** Odyssey (RCA)
4 **Nice and Soft*** Wish (Perspective)
5 **Pull Up To The Bumper** Grace Jones (Island)
6 **Dragonfly** Morrissey & Mullen (Beggars Banquet)
7 **Cino De Mayo*** War (La Records)
8 **Shake It Up Tonight*** Cheryl Lynn (Columbia)
9 **Do Me*** Mona Raye (Park Place)
10 **Out Come The Freaks** Was Not Was (Island)

Chart by Tim Palmer, Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W.1.

* Denotes Import.

INTERNATIONAL FRANCE

1. **Vertige De L'Amour** Alain Bashung (Philips)
2. **Pour Le Plaiser** Herbert Leonard (Polydor)
3. **In The Air Tonight** Phil Collins (Atlantic)
4. **Etre Femme** Michel Sardou (RCA)
5. **Dallas, TV Soundtrack** (CBS)
6. **Stop The Cavalry** Jona Lewie (Stiff)
7. **Enola Gay** Orchestral Manoeuvres (Virgin)
8. **Elle Est D'Ailleurs** Pierre Bachelet (Polydor)
9. **Fade To Gray** Visage (Polydor)
10. **Reality** Richard Sanderson (Barclay)

Courtesy Videomusic Acutalite/Billboard

AUSTRALIA

1. **This Ole House** Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
2. **Jealous Guy** Roxy Music (Polydor)
3. **Bette Davis Eyes** Kim Carnes (EMI America)
4. **Turn Me Loose** Loverboy (CBS)
5. **Keep On Loving You** REO Speedwagon (Epic)
6. **Angel Of The Morning** Juice Newton (Capitol)
7. **In The Air Tonight** Phil Collins (Atlantic)
8. **Kids In America** Kim Wilde (Rak)
9. **Fade To Grey** Visage (Polydor)
10. **9 To 5** Sheena Easton (EMI)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **You To Me Are Everything** Real Thing (Pye International)
2 **You Just Might See Me Cry** Our Kid (Polydor)
3 **Silly Love Songs** Wings (Parlophone)
4 **Combine Harvester** Wurzels (EMI)
5 **Tonight's The Night** Rod Stewart (Riva)
6 **Heart On My Sleeve** Gallagher & Lyle (A&M)
7 **Jolene** Dolly Parton (RCA)
8 **Let's Stick Together** Bryan Ferry (Island)
9 **The Boys Are Back In Town** Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)
10 **Young Hearts Run Free** Candi Staton (Warner Bros)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep** Middle Of The Road (RCA)
2 **Banner Man** Blue Mink (Regal Zonophone)
3 **I Did What I Did For Maria** Tony Christie (MCA)
4 **I'm Gonna Run Away From You** Tammi Lynn (Mojo)
5 **Co-Co** Sweet (RCA)
6 **He's Gonna Step On You Again** John Kongos (Fly)
7 **Don't Let It Die** Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
8 **Lady Rose** Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
9 **Just My Imagination** Temptations (Tamla Motown)
10 **Knock Three Times** Dawn (Bell)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Paperback Writer** Beatles (Parlophone)
2 **Strangers In The Night** Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
3 **Sunny Afternoon** Kinks (Pye)
4 **Nobody Needs Your Love** Gene Pitney (Stateside)
5 **River Deep — Mountain High** Ike and Tina Turner (London)
6 **Bus Stop** The Hollies (Parlophone)
7 **Don't Answer Me** Cilla Black (Parlophone)
8 **When A Man Loves A Woman** Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
9 **Get Away** Georgie Fame (Columbia)
10 **Monday Monday** Mamas And Papas (RCA)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Runaway** Del Shannon (London)
2 **Temptation** Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
3 **Pasadena** Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
4 **Girl Like You** Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5 **Surrender** Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 **Hello Mary Lou** Ricky Nelson (London)
7 **But I Do** Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
8 **Half Way To Paradise** Billy Fury (Decca)
9 **Frightened City** Shadows (Columbia)
10 **Runnin' Scared** Roy Orbison (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

WE VISIT WIMBLEDON AND EXPOSE THE RACQUETS 24

25

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

Kinks top at Reading

THE READING FESTIVAL organisers have abandoned last year's all-metal policy and, for the 1981 event, revert to the more comprehensive coverage which has characterised the festival in the past.

Some hard rock will still be in evidence, notably Gillan topping on the Saturday night (August 29) —but **The Kinks'** headline spot on the final night (30) underlines the promoters' change of heart. And although the Friday top-of-the-bill still awaits confirmation, it's looking like a choice between **Girlschool** and **Wishbone Ash.**

Most of the other acts have now been confirmed for the three-day event, and a full list can be found in the *Tour News* section on Page 39, though a few more names have yet to be finalised. Details of postal booking arrangements are printed in the same section — though *NME* readers would be well advised to wait until next week before sending off for tickets, as next week's issue will carry a special discount offer, exclusive to *NME*, enabling readers to secure tickets at a reduced price.

Pretenders' lucky 13

THE PRETENDERS are headlining a series of 13 concerts during the second half of July — their first dates in this country for nine months. Apart from two major London shows, the itinerary is for the most part slightly off the beaten track.

They play Inverness Ice Rink (July 15), Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (16), Redcar Coatham Bowl (18), Mansfield Leisure Centre (19), Bath Pavilion (21), Torquay Town Hall (22), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (23), Poole Arts Centre (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Aylesbury Friars (27), London Hammersmith Palais (28), Guildford Civic Hall (29) and London Hammersmith Odeon (30).

Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, all at the one price of £3.50 — the only exception being Hammersmith Odeon, where they are £4, £3.50 and £3.

■ THE BOOMTOWN RATS have slimmed down to a five-piece, following the departure of guitarist and founder member Gerry Cott, who made his decision known to the other Rats in Bangkok, at the end of their recent four-month world tour. His future plans are unknown.

Manager Fachtna O'Kelly said the band have no intention of bringing in a new member to take over from Cott: "He's been with us since the beginning, and you can't replace someone who's been a friend for five years."

The Rats are due to go into the studio in two weeks, to start work on their first album as a quintet. There's no official word on live dates, and when *NME* located O'Kelly at the weekend and asked when the Rats would be touring, he replied: "I've no idea" — though perhaps it's significant that he was in a promoter's office at the time.

Album sales slump

CASSETTE SALES up, singles holding steady, but another slump in albums — that's the nub of the latest survey issued by the British Phonographic Industry, covering the first quarter of this year.

Despite the fact that an estimated 64 per cent of 15-24 year olds are now buying blank tapes, which the BPI claim accounts for the drop in LP sales, pre-recorded cassettes have jumped to an annual average of 26 million sales — ar increase of 14 per cent over the corresponding three months last year.

Sales of singles seem to have levelled out to an annual average of 77 million, and the BPI say this market has probably been buoyed up by "the teenage-oriented bias in the current repertoire." During the first quarter of 1981, a total of 19,300,000 singles were sold — a slight drop of 1.5 per cent but, with recent price rises, an increase of nearly five per cent in value.

But it's albums that are really feeling the pinch — and this according to the BPI is due not only to home taping, but also to the increasing volume of cheap imports, plus the lack of spending power dictated by the recession. Album sales for the first quarter were down 15 per cent against last year to 12,600,000 — and despite price increases, the total value also fell.

THE LENNON MURDER

Guilty — "on God's advice"

MARK CHAPMAN, the murderer of John Lennon, will not after all face a public trial for his crime.

Instead, sentence will be passed on Chapman in two months' time, on August 24, some eight months after he gunned down Lennon outside his home in New York City.

In a New York court on Monday, Judge Dennis Edwards denied a motion submitted by Chapman's defence lawyer, Jonathan Marks, that Chapman was not capable of pleading guilty or of understanding or answering the charges against him.

He accepted Chapman's new plea of guilty, saying it was up to the defendant and not his lawyer to decide on his guilt.

Chapman said he had changed his plea "on God's advice", after having "conversations with God" in his Rikers Island prison cell on both June 8 and June 10.

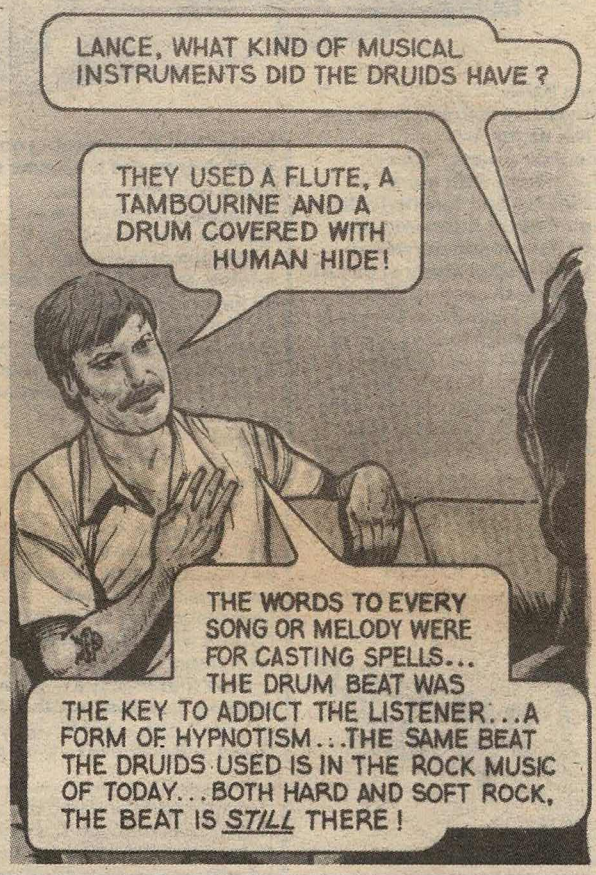
Chapman's lawyer Jonathan Marks added: "Since then it has been difficult for meaningful dialogues with my client. I don't think Chapman is capable of listening to my advice."

Marks also claimed that Chapman's motivation to plead guilty was out of concern for the safety of defence witnesses summoned to testify on his behalf.

As a result of this development, Yoko Ono will not be called upon to give her eye-witness account of the killing.

Under American law, Chapman faces a sentence of no less than 15 years to life imprisonment, and no more than 25 years to life.

However, the problem currently confronting Chapman's guards is the assassination threats from fellow inmates and the possibility that Chapman might attempt to commit suicide.


LANCE, WHAT KIND OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS DID THE DRUIDS HAVE ?
THEY USED A FLUTE, A TAMBOURINE AND A DRUM COVERED WITH HUMAN HIDE!
THE WORDS TO EVERY SONG OR MELODY WERE FOR CASTING SPELLS... THE DRUM BEAT WAS THE KEY TO ADDICT THE LISTENER...A FORM OF HYPNOTISM...THE SAME BEAT THE DRUIDS USED IS IN THE ROCK MUSIC OF TODAY...BOTH HARD AND SOFT ROCK, THE BEAT IS STILL THERE !

IS THIS HOW CHAPMAN SAW JOHN LENNON?

SIX MONTHS after Mark Chapman fired those fatal bullets into John Lennon, we're no closer to understanding his motives or his personality.

Who is Mark Chapman? Why did he do it?

This week, *NME* examines Chapman's background; the conservative childhood, the years on drugs, the suicide attempts.

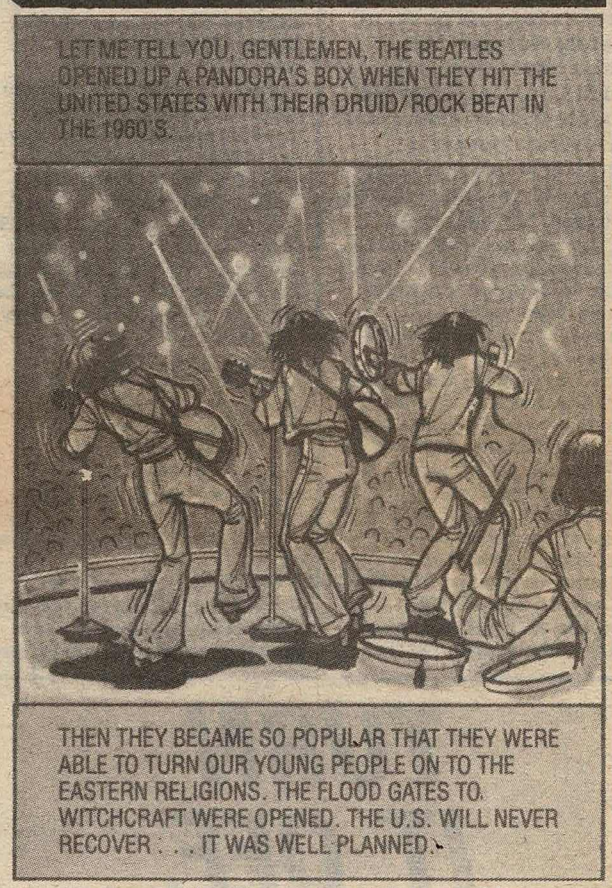
We look at his involvement with 'born again' Christianity and hear how his Atlanta prayer group would joke: "Imagine . . . if John Lennon was dead."

We examine the whole 'born again' movement; its involvement with military-style training and its virulent anti-rock publications like *Satan's Music Exposed* and the bizarre comics which denigrate The Beatles.

And, in next week's *NME*, we discuss the growing speculation that Chapman was a CIA-programmed killer, report on CIA experiments to create "zombie assassins" which took place in the '50s and '60s, and look at the FBI files on the US government's harassment of the Lennons.

Please turn to page 6 for the first instalment.

IS THIS HOW CHAPMAN SAW ROCK AND ROLL?


LET ME TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, THE BEATLES OPENED UP A PANDORA'S BOX WHEN THEY HIT THE UNITED STATES WITH THEIR DRUID/ROCK BEAT IN THE 1960'S.
THEN THEY BECAME SO POPULAR THAT THEY WERE ABLE TO TURN OUR YOUNG PEOPLE ON TO THE EASTERN RELIGIONS. THE FLOOD GATES TO WITCHCRAFT WERE OPENED. THE U.S. WILL NEVER RECOVER . . . IT WAS WELL PLANNED.

THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT

WE'VE JUST TOURED MALAYSIA, THEN WE'RE HAVING A REST IN SPAIN, THEN IT'S BACK TO JAMAICA TO RECORD THE ALBUM...
SK OL
WE'RE MIXING IT IN PARIS, AND THE LAUNCH IS IN HOLLYWOOD.
GREAT. WHAT'S THE RECORD CALLED?
'PROUD TO BE BRITISH'
!

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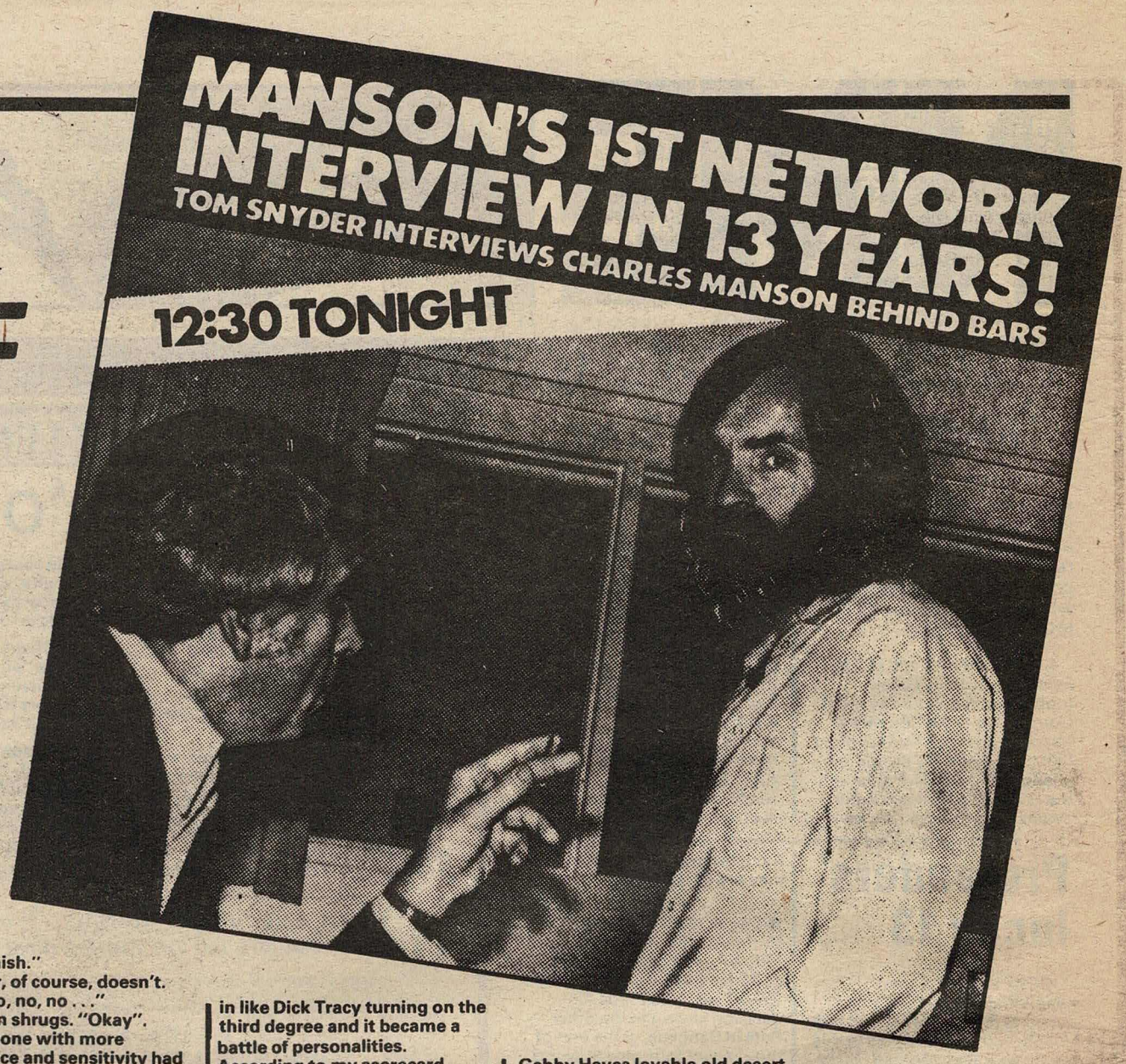
CHARLIE DON'T SURF

(The guards won't let him . . .)



TOM SNYDER is an American institution. He is the long time host of *Tomorrow*, the second most successful network talk show on US TV. His only real rival is media idol Johnny Carson.

Snyder's stock in trade is to come on like the archetypal dumb joe. His technique has always been to get the most controversial guests on his show and then ask them the kind of thicko-ignorant questions any average shlub from Middle America might want to ask if they were in the same position.

Lately, however, his ratings have been sliding. And Snyder, as part of his struggle to keep ahead, has started indulging in a degree of shock and sleaze previously unseen on highly regulated US television.

In the last couple of months he has featured The Plasmatics twice, John Lydon and Keith Levene, New York sadomasochism enthusiasts, a regular sex expert slot, The Clash, transvestite star Divine, Iggy, Rita Jenrette, some top price hookers, Jerry Lee Lewis, gay activists nose to nose with the Moral Majority, James Brown and The Jam.

Last Friday though, Snyder pulled off what had to be his most exploitative coup so far. He turned over his entire show to a one-on-one jail cell interview with Helter Skelter killer Charles Manson at the California Medical Facility in Vaccaville, where he is in the twelfth year of his life sentence for the Tate/LaBianca murders.

In itself, although not possibly the height of good taste, a Manson interview could be a valid piece of journalism. It could have provided the chance to analyse, in the middle of yet another capital punishment debate, the effect of 12 years' incarceration on a convicted killer. It also offered the chance to re-examine the great bogeyman of the '60s.

UNFORTUNATELY, Tom Snyder is enough of a buffoon to have missed most of these chances. His approach to the Manson interview was ••• he wanted a confession. He wanted Charlie to break down and cop to the eight known murders and God knows how many others; he wanted Charlie to tell where all the bodies were buried.

But Charlie, who has spent 34 of his 47 years in some kind of jailhouse, don't cop to nothing. Even when Charlie seems to be about to tell all about the Gary Hinman murder, Tom is too dumb (or too poorly researched) to notice. Charlie starts to talk about Bobby Beausoleil, who was actually convicted of the Hinman murder, but Snyder doesn't recognise the name and cuts Charlie off.

"You're taking me to another story."

Charlie gets exasperated.

"No I'm trying to tell you the same thing, and we'll be here for a thousand years unless you let me finish."

Snyder, of course, doesn't.

"No, no, no, no . . ."

Manson shrugs. "Okay".

If someone with more intelligence and sensitivity had conducted the interview, we might have found ourselves with a character study of one of the twentieth century's most sensational criminals. Certainly Charlie is weird to the point of being surreal. Even before the show Manson (5' 4" to Snyder's 6' 2") wrangled to get himself a tall stool — to be higher than Snyder. Snyder, however, went in like Dick Tracy turning on the third degree and it became a battle of personalities. According to my scorecard, Manson won hands down.

Manson may evade and ramble, and by his own account he has spent at least six years on Thorazine and other types of chemical lobotomy drugs, but he still has an unmistakable sense of media manipulation. It's strange to watch his schtick.

Most of it comes from the two periods when he was out of jail for any length of time. There are legacies of his '50s Beat era, mannerisms that are pure James Dean. Other times he drops into oblique hippieisms that owe a lot to Dylan's more psychedelic interviews.

Now that Manson is growing older he also does another form of 'cute': he tugs at his greying beard and performs a kind of Gabby Hayes lovable old desert rat routine. Which is quite endearing until you remember that the man is doing time for multiple murder.

Then he starts to use his eyes. On a couple of occasions he eyeballed directly into the camera and, even after all this time, you can still feel somthing of the power he was capable of exerting on peyote-damaged teen runaways.

THE ONE thing that wasn't made quite clear is why the interview took place at all. Sure, we know NBC's side of things, how an ex-jailmate of Manson's called Neul Emmons was hawking around a book of Charlie's taped memories and the possibility of TV interviews — which of course Snyder and his producers leapt at. What is not clear is why Charlie did it after nearly a decade of silence.

Even though he comes up for parole in November, I can't believe that Manson entertains any idea he will ever walk out of prison. He knows better than anyone that America's fear is too great. Charlie's motivation may actually be more prosaic. Ever since his conviction he has been in some kind of medical facility he calls "The nut ward". And he wants to get transferred to a real prison. As he puts it: "(I can) walk around, play some handball. Play a little guitar. Do my number, do my time like a regular convict does, like I've always done."

Maybe he thinks that TV will give him the leverage.

MICK FARREN goes back to ghoul school

MONTY SMITH wets his Whistle after four years

TURN IT OFF, BOB!

NOT HAVING SEEN ***The Old Grey Whistle Test*** for three, maybe four years, I was genuinely taken aback at the change. Not so much at the presentation, which is pretty much the formula as before, but in the appearance of its venerable presenter, 'Whispering' Bob Harris.

Gone is the beard at long last, but Bob now affects a disguise behind a ludicrous pair of penny-dreadful fright specs (sort of mid-period Elton John, but twice as tacky).

The need of this cheap sunglasses ploy became apparent when, halfway through the show, he took them off; the years have been kind to few of us, but Bob's face was as bloated and blotchy as poor Elvis Presley's 24 hours before he died. An unflattering page boy wig did little to dispel the sense of impending senility.

He's still fairly jolly, of course, in a public school kind of way, but he also seems to have taken up transvestism. (This could be down to my poor BBC2 reception — he may just have been wearing an outsize kaftan.) No matter, he struggled through to the end (which is more than I managed) and was helped along the way by the bright young editor of *Smash Hits*, David Hepworth.

When it comes to interviews, Hepworth is a veritable David Frost — smooth, calm, calculating but fatally soft — in comparison to Bob, who always was a complete duffer at that kind of thing. Unfortunately, the interviewee appeared to have nothing to do with the world of music. An American businessman by the name of Jim Steinman, he introduced himself by way of an embarrassing parody of Jim Morrison in 'Horse Latitudes' mood; it was called something or other with 'rock'n'roll' in the title.

During the interview he happened to mention in passing that his new LP was a sequel to Meatloaf's 'Bat Out Of Hell' (which Steinman wrote and produced, and which sold a billion copies) and that anyone who liked that would love this. He happened to mention this in passing about 17 times.

The groups in the studio were a bit more interesting, but not much. I've often wondered what an impartial observer of the 'pop scene' (like myself) would make of the music on *OGWT* and have rapidly come to the conclusion that it's not particularly demanding stuff.

TV Smith's Explorers bashed out a couple of impassioned exhortations to the nation's youth on the importance of having fun; I gathered that fun, above everything, was a vital concern from their deadly earnest expressions.

Not half so pompous but twice as silly were Spirit, the remnants of a once-interesting West Coast band now reduced to 'Randy' California, 'Ed' Cassidy and a couple of nonentities. My fears that they hadn't done anything really worthwhile since 'Clear' were confirmed by 'Hand Gun', a risible little ditty that was run off as a tribute to John Lennon's 'assassination' (ie murder).

'Randy' dedicated his nursery rhyme not only to Lennon, but to "The Queen, and everyone in the world, because we all suffer from this streak of violence in us." Mr California is one of those Americans who's fine so long as he doesn't open his mouth. And Spirit are yet another outfit who'd benefit from rock'n'roll's best policy: not honesty or integrity or anything like that, but early retirement.

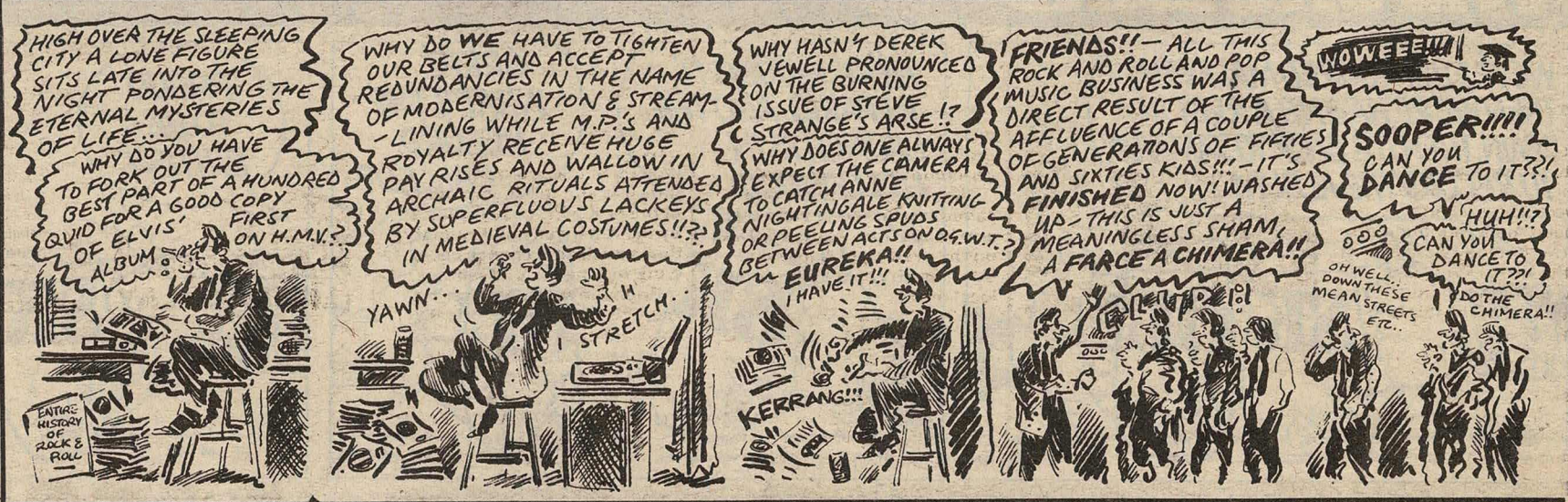
The Psychedelic Furs have

NEXT WEEK IN NME

It makes a change but Europe gets the AU PAIRS. Graham Lock and Anton Corbijn are there to see it. And that's our major concession to Brit music because next week *NME* goes American to celebrate that little old country's Independence Day, July 4. And we have in depth profiles on two major US performers — but we're not going to tell you who they are! OK, as you were saying Br... (shut up blabber mouth).

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL

LOWRY


HIGH OVER THE SLEEPING CITY A LONE FIGURE SITS LATE INTO THE NIGHT PONDERING THE ETERNAL MYSTERIES OF LIFE...
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO FORK OUT THE BEST PART OF A HUNDRED QUID FOR A GOOD COPY OF ELVIS' FIRST ALBUM ON H.M.V.?
ENTIRE HISTORY OF ROCK & ROLL
WHY DO WE HAVE TO TIGHTEN OUR BELTS AND ACCEPT REDUNDANCIES IN THE NAME OF MODERNISATION & STREAM-LINING WHILE M.P.'S AND ROYALTY RECEIVE HUGE PAY RISES AND WALLOW IN ARCHAIC RITUALS ATTENDED BY SUPERFLUOUS LACKEYS IN MEDIEVAL COSTUMES!!?
YAWN...
STRETCH...
WHY HASN'T DEREK JEWELL PRONOUNCED ON THE BURNING ISSUE OF STEVE STRANGE'S ARSE!?
WHY DOES ONE ALWAYS EXPECT THE CAMERA TO CATCH ANNE NIGHTINGALE KNITTING OR PEELING SPUDS BETWEEN ACTS ON O.G.W.T.?
EUREKA!! I HAVE IT!!!
KERRANG!!!
FRIENDS!! — ALL THIS ROCK AND ROLL AND POP MUSIC BUSINESS WAS A DIRECT RESULT OF THE AFFLUENCE OF A COUPLE OF GENERATIONS OF FIFTIES AND SIXTIES KIDS!!! — IT'S FINISHED NOW! WASHED UP — THIS IS JUST A MEANINGLESS SHAM, A FARCE A CHIMERA!!
WOWEEE!!!!
SOOPER!!!!! CAN YOU DANCE TO IT??!
HUH!!?
CAN YOU DANCE TO IT??!
OH WELL... DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS ETC..
DO THE CHIMERA!!

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

ROSS MIDDLETON
of Positive Noise

SOUND

Sunset	Roxy Music
Tiny Girls	Iggy Pop
Venus De Milo	Television
Night And Day	Cole Porter
Back To Nature	Magazine
So Fascinated	Melodrama
Love Comes In Spurts	Richard Hell
Disorder	Joy Division
Ambition	Subway Sect
There, There My Dear ..	Dexys Midnight Runners
Burns Like Infra-red	King Mazda
Anarchy In The UK	Sex Pistols

VISION

Casablanca
Taxi Driver
Don't Look Now
M
Old Carry On films
Les Enfants Du Paradis
Callan (repeat, repeat)
Colombo
Barney Miller
Bilko
The Sullivans

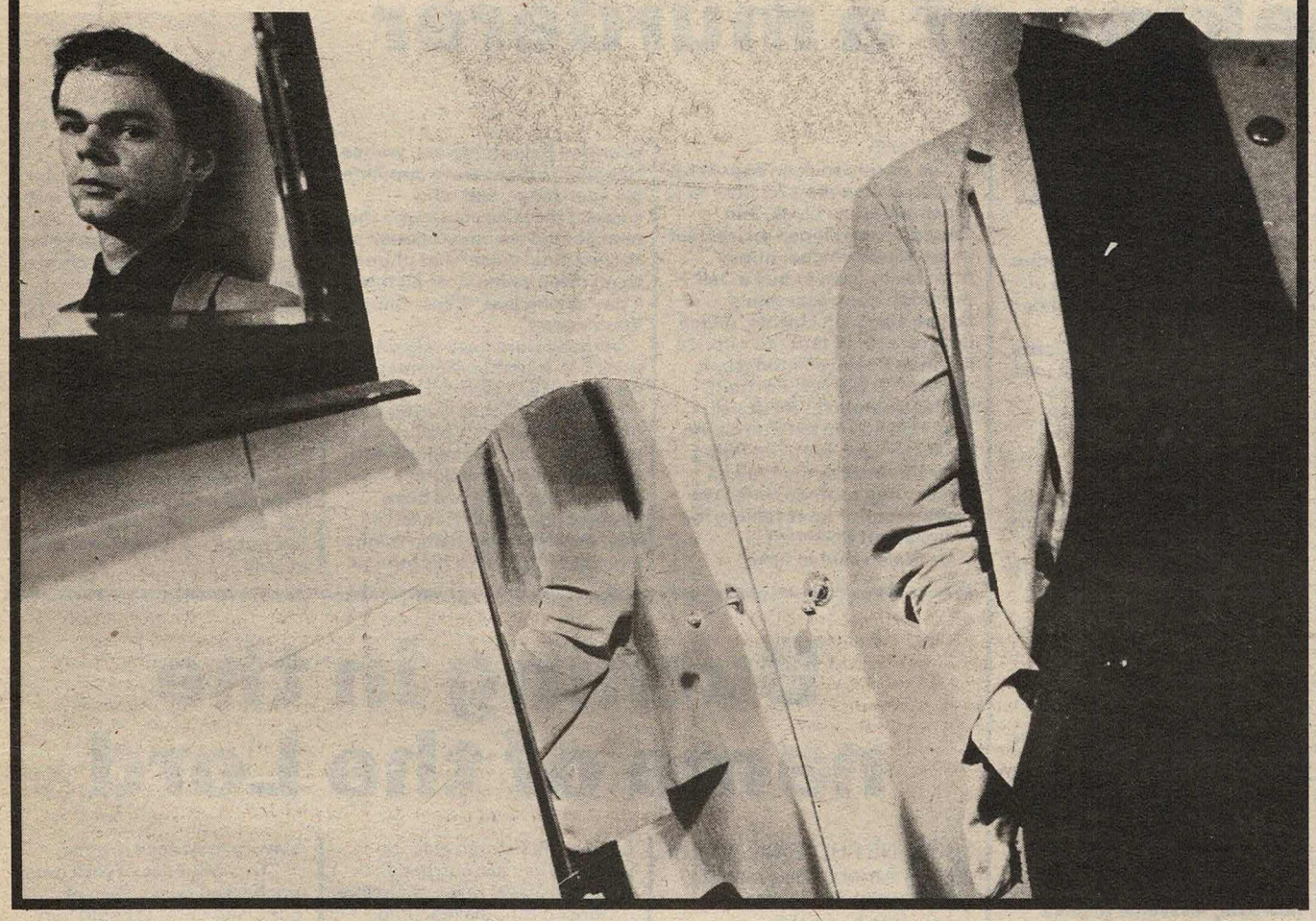
MIND

Transparent Things	Nabokov
Ulysses	Joyce
In Search Of Lost Time	Proust
Molly and Endgame	Beckett
Memoirs Of Montparnasse	John Glassco
The Great Gatsby	F. Scott Fitzgerald
Caretaker and Dumbwaiter	Pinter
The Secret Agent	Conrad
Inside Mr Enderby	Anthony Burgess

(Swarms of resentful authors jostling for inclusion . . .)

MATTER

Baggy white cotton suits
Brogues
Bifteck au poivre
Cheap red wine
Turkish cigarettes
Tramcars
Old cities
Coffee
Arguing all night
Inconsistency



obviously reached their peak. The snazzy video for 'Dumb Waiters' was a mini-masterpiece of sound and vision, totally at odds with the rest of the *Test*. And I don't think the Warhol comparisons hold much water. As a basic design, maybe, but as a piece of film (tape) it wasn't anything like any of Andy's work; it looked too good. In fact, you won't have anything as good as this done for you again, Furs (the director was Terry Bedford), so you might as well quit at the top.

Quitting at the bottom was David Essex on ***Razzmatazz,*** a puerile pop trifle from Tyne Tees. Essex (variously known as Jim MacLean, Danny Baker and, to the Millwall fans, "Gypo! Gypo!") was being quizzed by one of the pre-teen studio audience. He said he would've been a footballer if he hadn't made it as a pop star (cue Millwall fans). "What," he said, trying to ingratiate himself with the little girl but only getting himself in a muddle, "would you have been if you hadn't made it as a little girl?" She looked at him as though he were more stupid than her friends: "A little boy."

Cut to embarrassed co-presenters. I've no idea who they were (the woman may have been Anne Nightingale for all I know) but they were shown up by the kids at every turn.

Melvyn Bragg continues to earn his crust as the thinking gal's crumpet by fronting the ***South Bank Show.*** This week he did an impeccable impression of National Lampoon's famed musicologist Roger DeSwanns as he dissected rhythm and, indeed, blues. "Odd, isn't it, that this most indigenous of black American music should be best performed by longhaired British homosexuals?" That's DeSwanns, not Bragg, but the gist's the same: can blue men sing the whites, etc.

Lee Brilleaux, as ever, acquitted himself magnificently but Paul Jones was as much a wet and a weed as he's ever been; he blamed British R&B on Lonnie Donegan. The archive footage (Leadbelly, Sonny Terry, Big Bill Broonzy and, all the way from 1970, Junior Wells) was fascinating, though brief enough to be frustrating, and the climactic bash — the Blues Band, Dr Feelgood and Nine Below Zero joining forces on 'Route 66' — was an intriguing mess.

I switched over to Bilko so that I could go to bed really happy: "Death to traitors!"

Bilko: "Have a heart, Montgomery . . ."

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Nagasaki silence

CND WOULD like just a little hush on August 9 in memory of "Past And Present" victims of nuclear weapons. They ask supporters to get the co-operation of radio stations for a two-minute silence (starting at 11am) and anticipate rallies and gatherings throughout the country. The significance of the 9th is that it marks the 36th anniversary of America's nuclear bombing of Nagasaki. This year, a seven-week-long march for European Nuclear Disarmament winds up with the Paris Peace Festival. Britain's anti-nuclear ceremonials will link with it.

Those wanting to get more serious are asked to wear black arm bands from August 6-9 and on the evening of Nagasaki Day, launch paper lanterns into local rivers.

Naturally, the missile business has got a lot cleverer since Nagasaki and Hiroshima. In Peter Goodwin's *Nuclear War: The Facts On Our Survival,* we are given an unblushing assessment of the new technology and what it can do to tender human flesh by way of airblast, drag, radiation, afterwinds and firestorms. Also to the landscape and food cycle.

There are pictures of the hardware itself plus war game scenarios — eg what would happen if they bombed Birmingham — any of which is rich enough to churn the stomach.

Goodwin, a "heavyweight" medical and science correspondent for the BBC World Service, also dwells on Civil Defence, comparing the Swedish, Russian and American 'methods' with our own MoD's sandbag mentality. Like any good BBC man, he finds the whole thing 50/50. He's neither a unilateralist nor multilateralist but believes we've entered a dangerous new phase — with the gradual erosion of the deterrent principle and the championing of the notion (mostly espoused by the American hawk military) that a nuclear exchange could work to America's advantage.

Goodwin's sole passion in a valuably objective book is that we must again make nuclear war unthinkable. And on that note he gets a solid Amen from Paul C Warnke, US Chief SALT II negotiator, who has penned for Goodwin a short intro.

— ANDREW TYLER

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THE LENNON MURDER

1

THERE WILL be no trial of Mark Chapman, the man who gunned down John Lennon. Yet the precise nature of Chapman's disturbed psychology remains almost as big a puzzle as it was last December at the time of Lennon's tragic slaying.

Why did Chapman murder Lennon? Was he really a Beatles fan who had become so deranged he thought he was Lennon? Or did he hate Lennon because of the Beatle's 'arrogant' remarks about Christianity?

In an attempt to shed more light on the senseless and evil slaughter of the world's most loved rock star, *NME* examines the evidence and circumstances of the killing in the hope of finding some explanation for these unanswered questions.

What follows is a profile of the life of Mark Chapman, and a disturbing glimpse into the kind of 'Christian' thinking currently gaining ascendancy in the US.

By JOHN MICHAEL

The making of a murderer

MARK CHAPMAN was born on 10 May, 1955 to US Army parents in Fort Worth, Texas. When Mark was seven years old the Chapman family moved to Decatur, Georgia where his father's civilian career began, and where he taught traditional style 'Hootenanny' guitar at the local YMCA. Son Mark was taught to play in the same style as his father, and voluntary YMCA work, being a central aspect of the Chapman family background, figured prominently in every stage of Mark's life.

Just how deep Christian ethics penetrated Chapman's home life is difficult to determine, but according to an old school friend Newton Hendrix — who is currently director of music at Fortified Hills Baptist Church in Smyrna, Ga. — Chapman could often be found 'witnessing' about Jesus to fellow classmates.

At 14 he ran away from home for a short while, soon after moving from the 'Hootenanny' towards rock music and, it is claimed by New York's *People* magazine in a recent Chapman profile, towards drugs. Chapman apparently smoked 'weed' for the first time during his 9th grade — the year The Beatles released 'Sgt. Pepper'. The following year he is said to have taken his first acid, and drugs played an increasingly important part in the next few years of his life.

He would binge on acid for four or five days at a time, and got into mescaline and barbiturates, it appears, though he is reported to have said heroin was his favourite drug because "it turned everything white like heaven". In common with many of his contemporaries Chapman's drug interest ran parallel with interests in consciousness expansion and New Age mysticism — he reportedly became an enthusiastic participant in the UFO-watching craze that swept his school in the early '70s.

Not unexpectedly, such unorthodox interests and activities were a source of friction between Chapman and his conservative Christian parents, though it is not clear whether or not they might have had any bearing on his conversion to a 'born-again' Christian in the fall of 1974. The 'born-again' movement still requires that even those brought up in a good Christian background be 'saved', and though it's not clear where and when Chapman was 'saved', it is a matter of fact that he went through the characteristic instant rejection of drugs, rock music and every other aspect of contemporary counter culture.

After being 'saved' Chapman appeared motivated towards Christian community work, and enrolled in DeKalb Community College, Ga. to get a better education in furtherance of those aims. He dropped out after only one semester, taking, instead, part-time jobs to save money for a trip to Lebanon and a coveted full-time YMCA job in Beirut. He arrived there at a volatile period of the 1975 Lebanese civil war, and though there are conflicting reports as to exactly how long he stayed there, it is generally accepted that he was back in America within a month.

Upon his return the YMCA found him a post as a 'co-ordinator' of the Vietnamese refugee program at Fort Chafee, Arkansas. While he worked there he appears to have been inspired by an intense Christian anti-rock fervour, and is on record as having talked to many of his YMCA colleagues about what he termed the arrogance of John Lennon. He would always cite Lennon's "The Beatles are more popular than Jesus"

Chapman 1975, while working for the YMCA at Fort Chafee with Vietnamese refugees

comment of a few years earlier as justification for his outspoken abhorrence of rock music.

IT WAS DURING this time that Chapman began seriously dating Jessica Blankinship, whom he'd met several years earlier when both had been in the same 'prayer group' at Columbia High. Their mutual 'born-again' enthusiasm led them to dream of becoming missionaries together — according to *People* — and in late '75 he returned briefly to Atlanta, planning, along with Jessica, to enrol in the Covenant College, a small Presbyterian school in the Lookout Mountain area of Tennessee. For a while they both lived there, but Chapman was not cut out for study and again dropped out after only one semester — as a result of which Jessica immediately ended their relationship.

Shattered by this, Chapman returned to Atlanta where in the summer of '76 he attended a one-week small arms shooting course at the Atlanta Area Technical College as part of his training to become a security guard. Though the "pass" requirements for the course were to obtain a score of 60 from a possible 100, Chapman scored a remarkable 88, leading many investigators to wonder whether he might have received some other small arms training.

He worked as a secruity guard for at least two local Atlanta firms, and attended night classes at DeKalb Community College. Once more he left, this time in the middle of term, and soon after flew to Honolulu where his YMCA friend David Moore had told him he might find better work and a climate more conducive to recovery from his Jessica-oriented depression.

Upon arrival in Hawaii however, he seems to have been still preoccupied with his troubles, and shortly afterwards was found by a passer-by in his car; half dead from a carbon monoxide suicide attempt.

It is not clear whether he was taken to or referred to Castle Memorial Hospital, but it is while he was undergoing treatment there that Jessica is said to have phoned him, saying she still loved him and asking him to go back to Georgia. When he was able he quickly returned to Atlanta, but after a few days realised that Jessica hadn't really meant what she'd said. He returned to Hawaii and another suicide attempt.

Back again at Castle Memorial Hospital — one of the more select psychiatric units on Hawaii — Chapman was treated under a soon-to-become controversial program, upon discharge from which he was given a janitor's job at the hospital, and later worked in the print shop. It is around this time that he is said to have sold his rock music album collection, though it is not certain whether this may have been inspired by renewed contacts with the more extreme 'anti-rock' fringes of the Christian scene.

Soon he was planning a world trip. Though there has been much speculation regarding the finances for this, the central focus of attention must be on the travel agent's assistant who helped him plan the tour. The daughter of an American/Japanese bakery executive, Gloria Abe was courted upon Chapman's return and they were married at a large Methodist ceremony in June 1979.

The couple took an expensive apartment on the 21st floor of a plush Honolulu block, and Chapman developed an interest in art. He borrowed money from his in-laws to buy a Dali print depicting assassin's target Abraham Lincoln, which he later sold in order to afford a Norman Rockwell lithograph entitled 'Triple Self Portrait'. His fascination for Rockwell grew to such an extent that he is said to have been pestering the sales staff at the Waikiki Gallery two or three times per week — sometimes talking for hours about Rockwell.

He is also said to have pestered Scientologists, whose Hawaiian offices were opposite his apartment, and who suspect that Chapman was the man behind the mysterious and threatening 'voice' that phoned them often as many as 40 times a day saying just "Bang, Bang. You're dead".

Investigators have failed to establish whether Chapman was in contact with his 'born-again' friends during the period immediately before he purchased the .38 revolver with which he later shot John Lennon. But there has been interesting speculation as to how Jessica Blankinship might have contributed to his mental state while the obvious planning for Lennon's murder was in progress. When he left Hawaii he went first to Atlanta to see Jessica before spending a rew reconnoitering days in New York, after which he returned to Hawaii to collect his five-shot pistol.

Within hours he was back in New York, and in a few short days, after being asked if he realised what he'd done, replied calmly, "I've just shot John Lennon". And, as he waited for the police to come, he pulled a dog-eared copy of J.D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* out of his pocket and began to read.

Burning in the name of the Lord

ONE PHENOMENON of American social life over the last ten years has been the fundamentalist Christian revival. Particularly in the southern states — the so-called Bible belt — this movement has gathered force and has provided grass-roots support for the "Moral Majority", an organisation pledged to re-introduce strict traditionally puritan Christian values back into the American way of life.

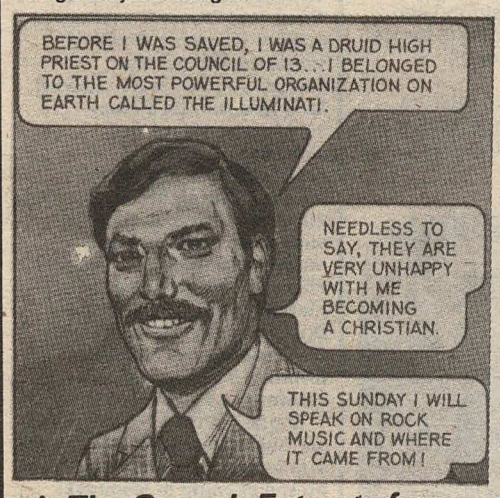
This frighteningly self-righteous bunch of Christians are credited with many attributes, not least as being a major driving force behind the Reagan election victory. They are currently backing a court test-case to stop American schools teaching Darwin's theory of evolution, since it is held to be contrary to *Genesis*.

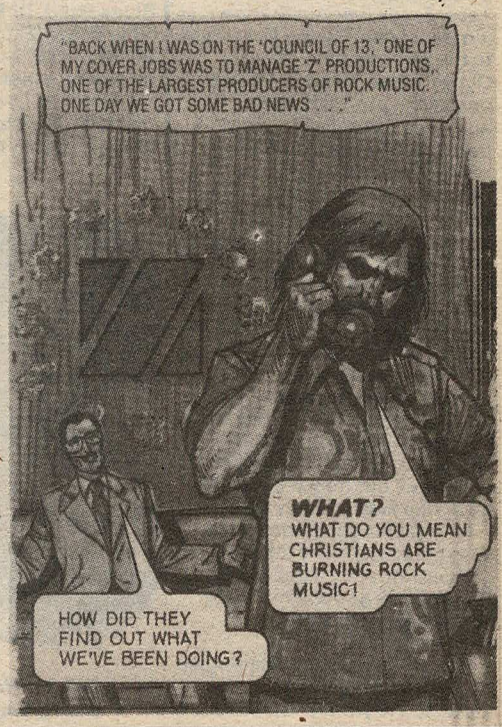
And they are the inspiration for the growing realisation among young people of the Satanic and evil influence of ROCK MUSIC!!

In Christian bookstores around the country there are books on sale with titles like *Rock: Practical Help For Those Who Listen To The Words And Don't Like What They Hear*, and *Satan's Music Exposed*, the latter claiming to have traced the satanic pagan influences in current rock music back through Bop, Boogie Woogie, Jazz, Ragtime, Blues and slavery to African drums.

"The influence of rock music unchecked by a nation of confused parents could very well be a major force in the moral and spiritual decline of a generation of young people," the reader is warned in one book, which goes on to state that the "Christian young person who is caught up in the rock music trap and does not want to change is like the alcoholic who is addicted to the bottle."

Such books are littered with pictures of, say, Alice Cooper cavorting with a python or Kiss in full greasepaint and regalia. *Satan's Music Exposed* carries a photo of the four dead students at Kent State University (the incident that inspired Crosby Stills and Nash to write 'Ohio')


BEFORE I WAS SAVED, I WAS A DRUID HIGH PRIEST ON THE COUNCIL OF 13... I BELONGED TO THE MOST POWERFUL ORGANIZATION ON EARTH CALLED THE ILLUMINATI.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, THEY ARE VERY UNHAPPY WITH ME BECOMING A CHRISTIAN.
THIS SUNDAY I WILL SPEAK ON ROCK MUSIC AND WHERE IT CAME FROM!


"BACK WHEN I WAS ON THE 'COUNCIL OF 13,' ONE OF MY COVER JOBS WAS TO MANAGE 'Z' PRODUCTIONS, ONE OF THE LARGEST PRODUCERS OF ROCK MUSIC. ONE DAY WE GOT SOME BAD NEWS . . ."
WHAT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN CHRISTIANS ARE BURNING ROCK MUSIC!
HOW DID THEY FIND OUT WHAT WE'VE BEEN DOING?

▲ ***The Gospel: Extracts from 'Christian' comic 'Spellbound', in which rock music is depicted as a satanic force, with musicians as devil worshippers and rock records as the carriers of demons***

◀ The 'Burn-In': $50,000 of rock records go up in flames to the delight of young zealots

Pic: Tom Zito, Washington Post

and is accompanied by the caption that reads: "The early 1970s were marked with protests by young people. Rock music kept the anger boiling and erupting in tragedy."

Is it possible that Chapman could have resisted the tide of paranoid Christian anti-rock literature throughout the past six or seven years?

And did he believe he was acting as a "saved" Christian during the latter half of 1980, when the planning for the murder of John Lennon must have been in preparation?

A friend of Chapman's was quoted in the December 22 issue of *Newsweek* as saying: "I remember him saying 'Who the hell are they to compare themselves to Jesus?" While the *Atlanta Journal* received a call from one member of Chapman's prayer group stating that Lennon's song 'imagine' was one of their pet hates. "The standing joke refrain going around," said the caller, "was *'Imagine . . . Imagine if John Lennon was dead'.*"

Perhaps Chapman came across the comics of Chick Publications? Worldwide distribution of the comics is handled by like-minded Christians in England, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand , as well as in the US. Their influence can be as naively laughed at as their contents.

Clips from the Chick comic called *Spellbound* are reproduced here to help illustrate the misconceptions behind much of the opposition rock music faces in the '80s from the likes of the Moral Majority.

The Beatles are invariably the target for most of this dangerous and misguided hatred.

Just a few days before John Lennon was shot, columnist Tom Zito wrote a half-page report for *The Washington Post*. Entitled 'Witness Of Fire; Putting The Torch To Thousands of Rock', it reported a recent meeting of the Zion Christian Life Centre in Minneapolis.

This fanatical Christian group has run prayer meetings up and down the country at which cassettes are sold warning of the evils of rock music, and at which collections were made in support of a Christian manifestation of a 'happening' — The Burn-In. Perhaps incensed by the warnings of Christian anti-rock books like the one that claims "the mere titles of songs over the last several years would make a sailor blush", and no doubt enraged by both real and imagined sexual overtones in such titles as 'Let's Spend The Night Together', 'Oh, What A Night', 'Lay Down Sally', or the really disgusting 'Torn Between Two Lovers', this group burned over $50,000 worth of rock records in just one ecstatic prayer meeting.

Tom Zito's photo of a pure joy some of these people felt at the declaration "Praise The Lord — Jesus is Alive but The Beatles are dead," accompanied by what appears to be a ritual smashing of a 'Sgt Pepper' album, gives a good indication of the mentality prevalent in the sort of prayer groups Chapman belonged to at various periods.

Such aroused passions aren't always favourably regarded by the more established and austere of the Christian ranks. The reputable American magazine *Christianity Today*, for instance, has slammed into a 'fundamentalist' preacher named John Todd — whom Jack Chick, publisher of the *Spellbound* comic, has praised with his "deepest appreciation" for the "authenticity of the occult information" used in the comic. In fact Todd, under his supposed witchcraft name of 'Lance', figures heroically in the comic itself, advising gullible Christians as to the "pagan druid" roots of rock music's evil rhythms, and 'charismatically' urging church congregations to throw their Beatles and other rock albums on to bonfires.

According to *Christianity Today* Todd seems to have made quite a lucrative haul from fees and cassette sales of his sermons and lectures warning of the imminent coming of the rock-inspired witches, hippies and communists, while his sexual behaviour with young women involved with both the Christian and occult scenes appears to be no different from the average groupie scenes at rock gigs.

A large part of Todd's appeal was to the Christians unwilling to accept that they could not WIN the inevitable Armageddon predicted in the book of *Revelation.* One pastor, for instance — Pastor Tom Terry of Elkton Maryland — was so inspired by Todd's visit to his church he produced a manual entitled *The Christian During Riot and After Revolution.* It contained sections on "the morality of killing" and encouraged the faithful to buy weapons and ammunition and to build retreats.

Defence training for these types of paranoid people has become a major growth industry in the US over the past few years. The adverts from the mercenary magazine *Soldier Of Fortune* reproduced on this page show the company that Christian defence groups like to keep. Could this be the route Chapman took to arrive at his marksman status?

When John and Yoko arrived back at the Dakota building late that fateful evening, Chapman first called out "Mr Lennon", then as Lennon turned, he dropped into that familiar Starsky & Hutch-style crouch that is most favoured by FBI and CIA arms instructors, and with both hands professionally holding the pistol he pumped four bullets so close together into Lennon's chest that doctors at the morgue had great difficulty in identifying the separate entry-wounds.

Who taught Mark Chapman to shoot like that? We know he did some small-arms training at the Atlanta Area Technical School as part of his security guard course, but they required just a 60 score on the pistol-firing test; Chapman scored an interestingly high 88 out of a possible hundred, suggesting he'd done this somewhere before.

While Chapman was in Georgia he was so close to the private estate of Mitchell WerBell III, located at Powder Springs, that many researchers have wondered whether or not Chapman — who could apparently afford to travel wherever he pleased — may not have somehow found the $2500 that is needed for a ten-day WerBell course. Though WerBell admits that his 'anti-terrorist' courses could just as easily be training 'would-be terrorists', he seems unconcerned about it. But what could be expected from a man who admits to bombing North Vietnam with live rats infected with Bubonic plague as part of America's more clandestine war in S.E. Asia?

WerBell has stated in interviews that "I'm religious in the sense that I committed myself to Jesus a long time ago", and perhaps such a man might view the increasingly paranoid Christian fringe community as a lucrative source of income. Maybe there are those in the Georgia area who, after attending a John Todd sermon or hearing a cassette of such, or even after reading a copy of Jack Chick's *Spellbound* comic, might have rushed towards the nearest 'weapons training' centre, WerBell's Cobray.

Could Chapman have done such a readily available course during the years he lived in Georgia? And, more importantly, would that explain the apparent marksman status of the confused YMCA volunteer with no military training?

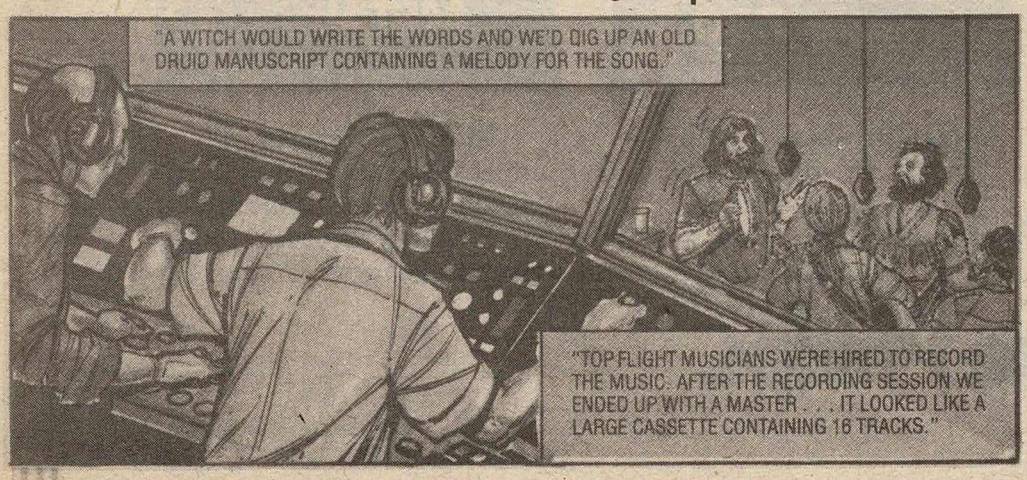
Was that training then used on an innocent one-time hero in a desperate attempt to solve some love/hate anguish problem? And could there be more Born-Again Christian mercenaries out there just waiting to kill someone else misguidedly in the name of Jesus?

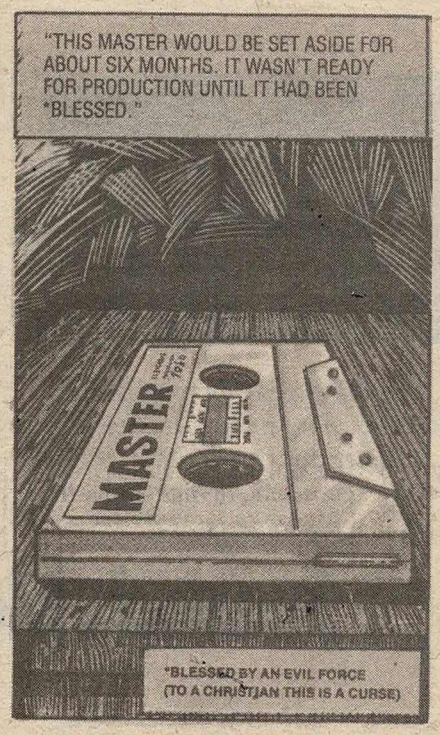
Did Chapman take an arms training course like the one advertised by Christian patriot Mitch WerBell, above? Below: sample small ads from the pages of 'Soldier Of Fortune', a magazine for mercenaries

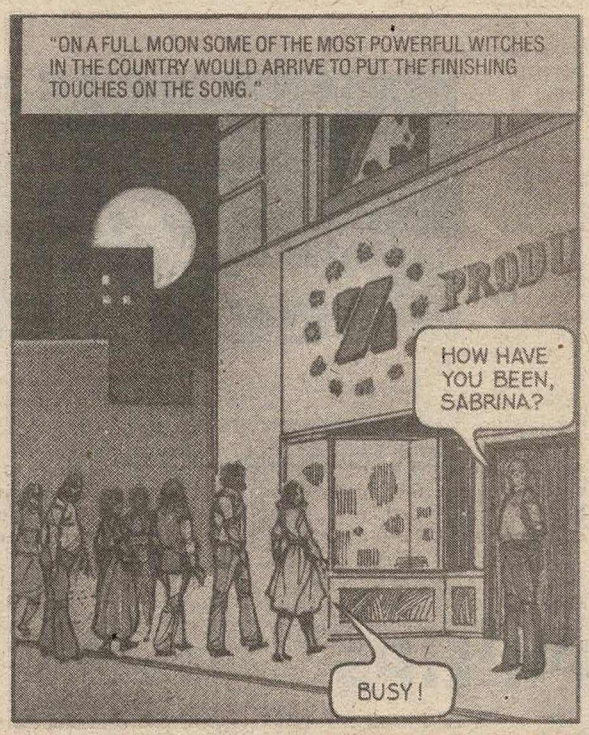
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF MERCENARIES invites you to join us now. Are you seeking a life of adventure? Register with other brothers of adventure worldwide. For free information and application form, send self-addressed stamped envelop to: I.B.O.M., P.O. Box 5f, Richboro, PA 18954. (43)

WANTED: Patriotic men and women, especially veterans, who see the decline and possible collapse of our social, political, economic and military structure to help staff, operate, and train others for survival at scores of emergency gathering points made available by Patriots throughout the United States for this specific purpose. For details contact the CHRISTIAN-PATRIOTS DEFENSE LEAGUE or CITIZENS EMERGENCY DEFENSE SYSTEM, Box 565E, Flora, IL 62839, or call (618) 665-3937, day or night. (46)

GODZILLA'S DENTAL FLOSS — could be . . . but it's better used as a garotte. Two steel loops connected by steel calble — guaranteed to turn heads. $10.00 each or 3/$25.00 from: ASP, P.O. Box 18595, Atlanta, GA 30326.


"A WITCH WOULD WRITE THE WORDS AND WE'D DIG UP AN OLD DRUID MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING A MELODY FOR THE SONG."
"TOP FLIGHT MUSICIANS WERE HIRED TO RECORD THE MUSIC. AFTER THE RECORDING SESSION WE ENDED UP WITH A MASTER . . . IT LOOKED LIKE A LARGE CASSETTE CONTAINING 16 TRACKS."


"THIS MASTER WOULD BE SET ASIDE FOR ABOUT SIX MONTHS. IT WASN'T READY FOR PRODUCTION UNTIL IT HAD BEEN *BLESSED."
MASTER
*BLESSED BY AN EVIL FORCE (TO A CHRISTIAN THIS IS A CURSE)


"ON A FULL MOON SOME OF THE MOST POWERFUL WITCHES IN THE COUNTRY WOULD ARRIVE TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE SONG."
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, SABRINA?
BUSY!

This week's Special offer

OH NO! Not *more* Specials!? Well, not exactly. Another album from the 2-Tone team, however, *will* shortly be winding its way into the shops.

But the latest project is *Specials Illustrated,* a 68-page songbook packed with lyrics, photos and a series of cartoons by Coventry Specials fan Nick Davies.

The album contains the words and chord charts to accompany the group's stunning debut LP, last year's under-rated follow-up and the best-forgotten bridging single 'Rat Race'. It wisely avoids reprinting the entire sheet musics in favour of easy-to-follow chord sequences, no doubt to the disappointment of all spotty 14-year-old Jimmy Page guitar heroes.

Best thing about the booklet is its self-deprecating sense of humour, which allows cartoonist Davies to transmute Chrysalis into Syphilis, trombonist Rico into Reeko and The Specials into Crumb caricatures of themselves.

The songwords also reveal one or two previously indecipherable lyrical gems, such as a beaut of a line in Dammers' 'Little Bitch': *"When it rains you wear your army hat/And your plum-coloured PVC wet-look maxi mac!"*

***Specials Illustrated* is published by Plangent Visions Music and will set you back £3.95. Don't hargue!**

— ADRIAN THRILLS

The truth about Adam's Uncle Bert

SOAPBOXES FROM OUTER SPACE?

CYNTHIA ROSE checks out two new fan gambits

POPULAR MUSIC is now infiltrating so many aspects of society that some innovative experiments have happened along.

From Down Under comes ***Fast Forward,*** a C40 cassette fanzine. It's the professionally-executed baby of two volunteer announcers on a Melbourne FM radio station, and it's one of the most exciting artefacts to reach *Thrills* HQ in a long time. Its originators are Bruce Milne (who also has his own indie label, Au Go Go) and Andy Maine.

The cassette in question here is *Fast Forward's* 4th 'issue', complete with *FF* signature toon (performed here by Artificial Organs, tho' Bruce and Andy are keen to locate some Henry Mancini of the underground to give them a final 30-90 sec intro theme for the mag: interested?). There is literature, there are jokes, there's a whole selection of interviews and music from overseas biggies (Pere Ubu and John Cooper Clarke) and — mostly — local bands. All the music from local bands is unreleased. And the virtual road-map supplied with the tape in the mag's classy plastic sleeve contains contact addresses for all interviewees as well as local gig, band and indie info, recommendations, biogs, and just about everything these guys could lay their hands on to complement the actual *sound* of artists discussing their own work before and after you hear it.

The best thing on No.4 is actually local — particularly the pointed, accomplished pop of Peter Lillee (an outtake from the solo LP by this Melbourne cartoonist/musician) and the deliberately underground but persuasively percussive music from Canberra band ****** (pronunciation: cough twice). The latter's 15-year-old drummer Kathy is ex-Canberra Youth Orchestra and it was "through her", states a member of the band, "we learned that Iggy Pop's music is all sambas and rhumbas and stuff."

Anyone in the rock reporting biz has to admit that's an exclusive!

There's so much info here I'd be squeezed for space to spill all, but cornering Adam Ant's Uncle Bert (who lives in Melbourne) produces some rare info; especially as Bert has only discovered his nephew to be a superstar "four or five weeks ago". Bert does remember Stuart "used to make a lot of big airplane models and dope 'em all up"; that he was "*very* forward"; and that "policemen used to be *very* fond of him".

Does Bert like Antmusic?

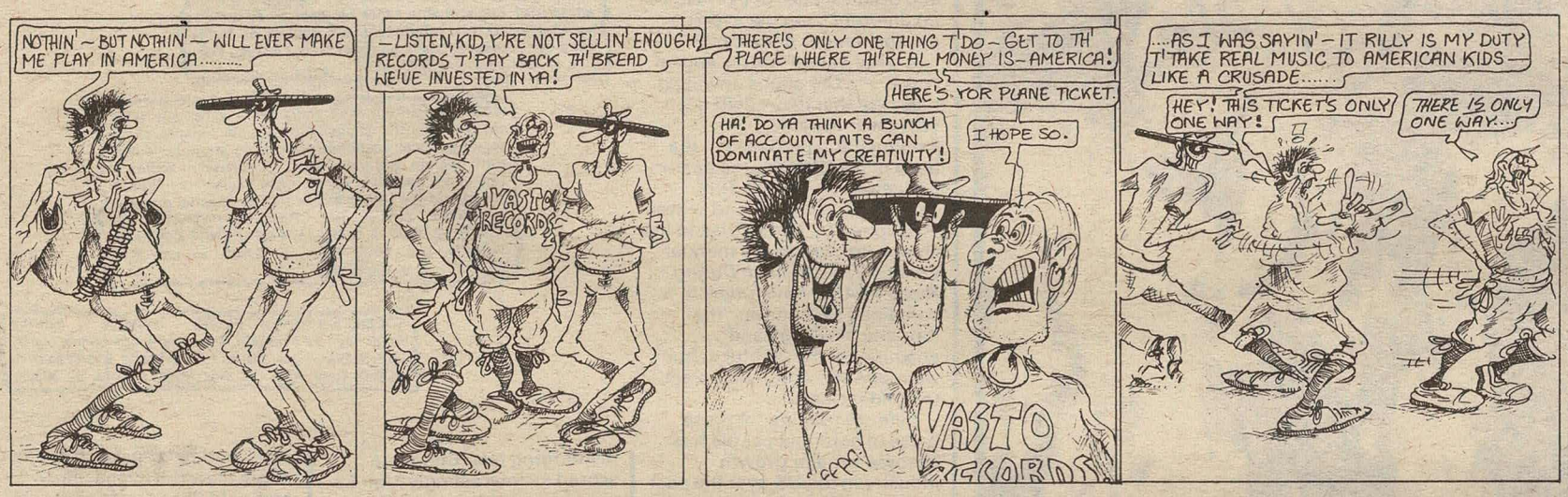
"I wouldn't say yes, I wouldn't say no. I wouldn't buy the record" and, well . . . Bert is getting *used* to "this kind of yodell-y noise" via the wireless.

Coming *Fast Forwards* will contain talks by *NME's* own editor, Neil Spencer, The Go Betweens, and Postcard Records personnel. Anyone interested in contributing demos, spoken or written interviews, contact info, photos, poems, etc, is welcome to

■ *Continues page 11*

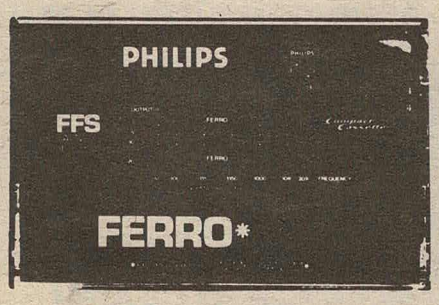
THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON

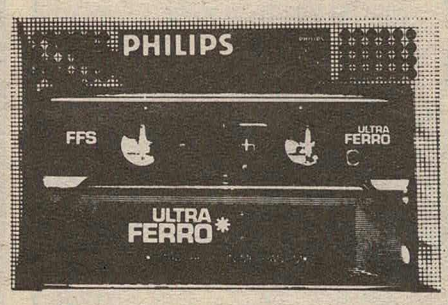

NOTHIN' – BUT NOTHIN' – WILL EVER MAKE ME PLAY IN AMERICA.....
– LISTEN, KID, Y'RE NOT SELLIN' ENOUGH RECORDS T' PAY BACK TH' BREAD WE'VE INVESTED IN YA!
VASTO RECORDS
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING T' DO – GET TO TH' PLACE WHERE TH' REAL MONEY IS – AMERICA!
HERE'S YOR PLANE TICKET.
HA! DO YA THINK A BUNCH OF ACCOUNTANTS CAN DOMINATE MY CREATIVITY!
I HOPE SO.
VASTO RECORDS
...AS I WAS SAYIN' – IT RILLY IS MY DUTY T' TAKE REAL MUSIC TO AMERICAN KIDS – LIKE A CRUSADE.....
HEY! THIS TICKET'S ONLY ONE WAY!
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY...

consistent. safe reliability suitable

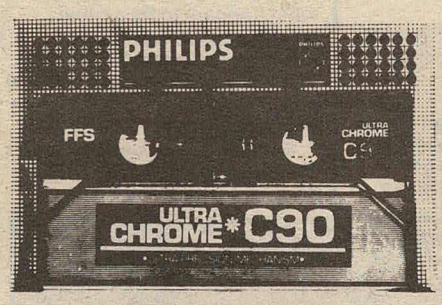
At last, someone's cut through the jargon.



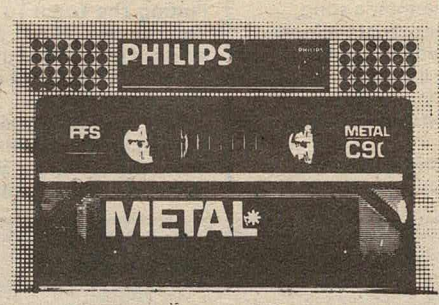
Ferro The basic tape for the average cassette recorder. Excellent, trouble-free reproduction.



Ultra Ferro A more sensitive tape ideal for radio recorders and most music centres. It offers a wider frequency range and less unwanted noise.



Ultra Chrome A superior tape where noise and distortion are almost entirely eliminated. Especially for use with stereo radio recorders and racked systems.



Metal The tape the hi-fi professional has been waiting for. Coated with pure iron it brings the cassette deck into the reel-to-reel class. For perfectionists only.

Sounds like Philips.

PHILIPS

Simply years ahead

DURAN DURAN

1st ALBUM EMC 3372

TOUR

JUNE		
29th	Dome	BRIGHTON
30th	Gaumont	SOUTHAMPTON
JULY		
1st	Rock City	NOTTINGHAM
3rd	Apollo	MANCHESTER
4th	City Hall	NEWCASTLE
5th	Tiffany's	GLASGOW
6th	Odeon	EDINBURGH
8th	Royal Court	LIVERPOOL
9th	Odeon (Hammersmith)	LONDON
10th	New Theatre	OXFORD
11th	Odeon	BIRMINGHAM

ANOTHER

DAY

ANOTHER

DOLL

"Eternal is the warrior/Who finds beauty in his wounds" ('Main Travelled Roads')

NOT BEING, as he says, a great one for small talk, Jackie Leven's conversation tends to begin at the deep end, on themes like the meaning of life, love and death, and God. And then it gets more serious.

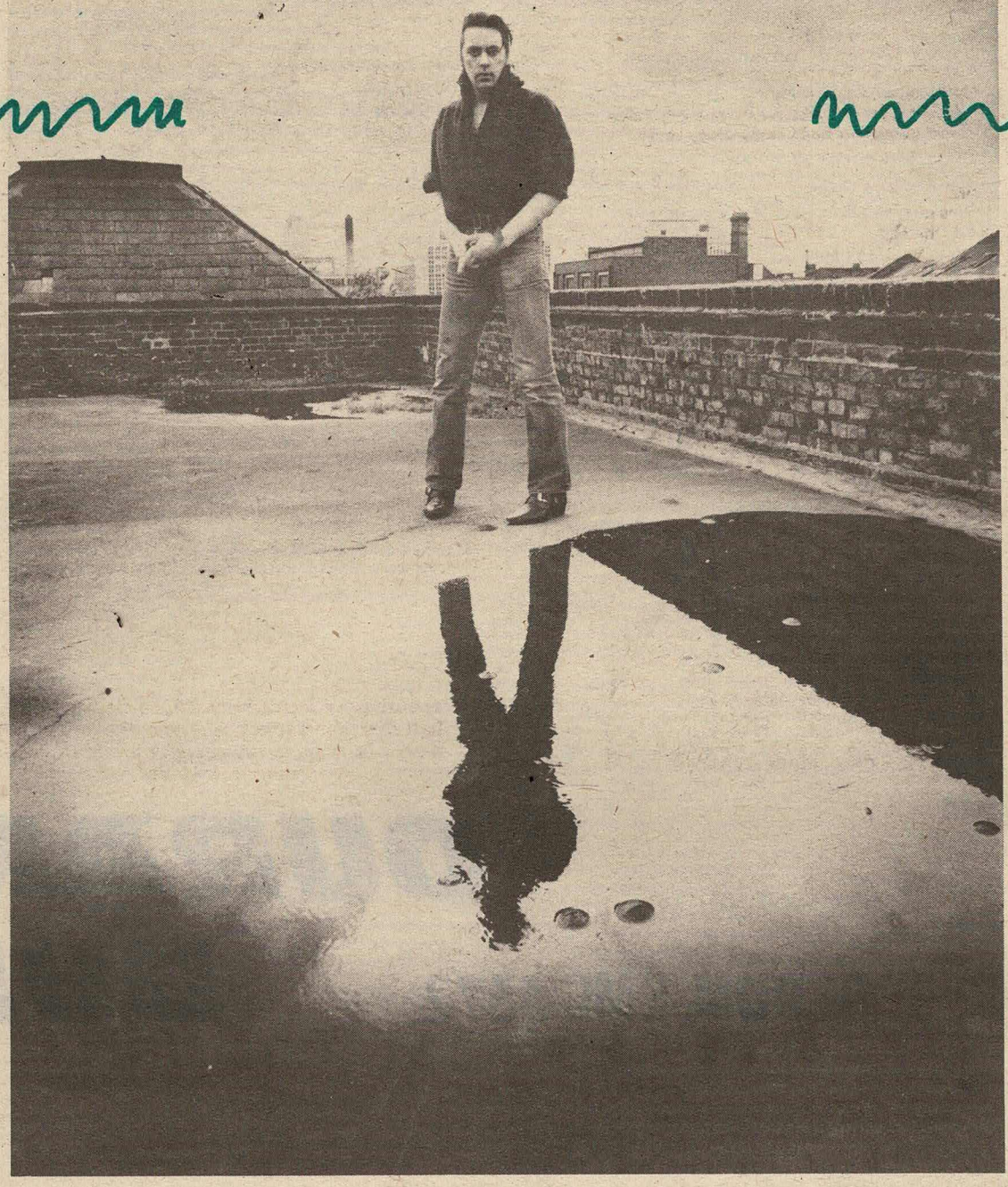
Being something of a card-carrying Doll By Doll-bore myself, I don't mind this a bit. Leven is a powerful personality, a profoundly thoughtful man whom I could — and do — sit and listen to for hours on end.

Condensing his complex, epic arguments into neat, easy-to-read pop paper packages is not an easy task. Although he's completely courteous and co-operative, you feel just a little daft trying to limit him to banal enquiries about the new album, the last tour. Yet even we Doll-bores are conscious of a crying need to attract new recruits, and great dense splodges of forbidding, impenetrable dialectic are hardly the way to do it.

The point is that Doll By Doll have just released a third LP, another awesomely good record that will only intensify the devotion of those few souls attuned to what the group are doing. On previous form, however, it will be met by the wider world with a mixture of indifference and cynicism. This must not be allowed to happen. A new record label — proven hitmakers Magnet — could help break the deadlock, as the band's last home (Automatic Records) seemed content to let a classic work like 'Gypsy Blood' sink silently into cult obscurity.

Maybe the new single could prove a point, too: 'Main Travelled Roads', a soulful Celtic ballad of extraordinary emotional impact, is the first adequate sample of Doll By Doll's magic to find its way onto a 45. It makes the perfect introduction, and I'd urge you to take advantage . . .

After a long, dark night of business misery and personal nightmare, singer / writer / spokesman Jackie Leven sees his group emerging into a hopeful new day. Leaving those grinding tour schedules behind, and justly proud of their new, increasingly accessible music, Doll By Doll are cautiously optimistic for the future.



Jackie Leven reflects on Doll By Doll. Pix: David Corio

"I think we're in control of our own machine," he decides. "The reason we were always thought to have this perpetual potential, which was never realised — and the reason that people who didn't like us continued not to like us — was because although we had a lot of 'spiritual merit', it still didn't ring entirely true. And the reason was that we ourselves weren't completely convinced by what we were doing.

"I think we've become virgins again, it's as simple as that. We woke up just before the gang-bang. As a band we thought, we've got something no one else has got. We're originals. And we're being fobbed off — with Automatic we got in a position that we were below consideration as far as TV and radio were concerned. And Magnet could see our problem: very simply, that no one ever heard us."

With the rest of the group — Jo Shaw on guitar, Dave McIntosh on drums, Tony Waite on bass — Leven has formulated a sound with two extremes: richly melodic romanticism and desperately hard acid rock. Some would dismiss it as old-fashioned, but personally I find it all of a piece with the raw passion of, say, the best of Springsteen, with echoes in the orthodox power of newer acts like U2 and Wah!

On top of that, there's the unique and distinctly personal vision of Leven's songs, founded in a coherent philosophy it's impossible to do justice to here. Most importantly, those two aspects, the sound and the vision, unite in the music and become indivisible.

Oddly, or perhaps inevitably, the ceaseless cycle of fashion has led to claims that Doll By Doll are pioneers of the "new psychedelia." True, Leven's drug involvement is something he's never been coy or evasive about; and certain musical roots of the Doors/Velvets kind are occasionally apparent. But I'm not surprised that Leven feels little in common

Sony invent the world's smallest personal hi-fi.

with anything else around just now.

"I don't want to be lumped together with people that don't come across to me in a sensuous way. If you can't make people *empathise* then you're going nowhere as a performer. And I really have my doubts as to whether any of these so-called new-psychedelic bands are actually bringing out any empathy. I think they're bringing out a sense of association, an affinity; but that's all pretty run-of-the-mill stuff.

"If you're gonna use a word like psychedelic, then what you're doing must, by definition, be giving people the chance to re-create, re-discover and articulate aspects of themselves. If you're gonna say you're a psychedelic band, and mean it in anything more than a cosmetic way, you've *got* to be able to articulate things in people's heads, and in their bodies and in their hearts, which they've always *known* but have never been able to articulate themselves . . . Although I'd prefer to use the word acid, we are very possibly the only psychedelic band that's around at the moment."

In the Doll By Doll context, therefore, this funny, mode-ish word means more than the difference between a paisley shirt and a Bri-nylon drip-dry, more than sticking a weird effect on your guitar. As Jackie explains it, the real psychedelic effect — and his group's ultimate ambition — is to help people realise that they have a soul: "That 'invisible' does not mean the same as 'does not exist'."

He suggests that of recent artists, perhaps only Joy Division were beginning to communicate that understanding to their listeners.

Leven describes Doll By Doll's message as the "recovery of self". He gets impatient of people's obsession with issues like feminism and racism, because he believes the real problem to be confronted runs far deeper: "What's disgusting — how we're exploited — is the way we're not allowed to experience our original selves . . . The 'mystery' of Doll By Doll is helping to make people complete, if only for a while."

Performance, Leven maintains, was once rooted in telepathy — a gift originally possessed by all, then lost "after the spiritual equivalent of The Bomb". What we call love is a last, lingering racial memory of formerly universal empathy. The first performers merely gave expression to a pulse running through all humanity, but as people started divorcing the performance from themselves then that unity was corrupted. "And it was the corruption of that which led to this funny idea of identity. And that's what I think we — as performers — have successfully got back to. Of course, everything else is still fucked up, so *we* look rather odd. But that's what it's all about."

Sorry, pop-pickers: we do seem to have found ourselves back in the deep end, don't we? And (mixing metaphors horribly) I've not even begun to scratch its surface; a fair account of Jackie Leven's ideas demands more time and attention than the casual passer-by can reasonably be expected to give.

The good news is that on the most obvious level, Doll By Doll make wonderfully enjoyable music. Let them take you that far at least . . . and after that, I wouldn't be surprised if you'd want to explore the rest for yourself. A Doll-bore is really no bad thing to be.

Jackie..... Jo
Dave..... Tony

By PAUL DU NOYER

JUST FANCY THAT!

Pic: Modern Camera Arts

Pic: Joe Stevens

Alto Egos...Part 2

YOU'VE GOT to admit it: the resemblance *is* uncanny. Those sleek features, that distinctive shape, the ever-so-slightly tarnished exterior. Man, them two saxophones could be *brothers!*

Come to think of it, their owners could pass for each other on a dark night with cardboard boxes over their heads, too. Right: Britain's pioneer jazzer Tubby Hayes, circa 1955. Left: New York's finest, last week's *NME* cover boy James White, 1981. Or is it the other way round?

SOAPBOXES

■ *From page 8*

contact *FF's* HQ; Andy even promises that substantial contributions will receive *FF* by return mail.

The address is *Fast Forward*, Box 5159AA, GPO Melbourne, Australia 3000. Three issues overseas (air mail) cost £6; six issues £12. Single issues are £2.50 by air. *Fast Forward* is bi-monthly.

From New York comes ***Play Lists,*** the project of one Larry Kooper. It's a neat compilation of what records people are listening to, for whatever reason. Contributors — DJs, rock writers and others — send their lists of up to ten selections as well as "any comments they feel moved to make, about their lists, someone else's, Pete Shelley's eyes, John Rockwell's haircut" . . . whatever. All Larry asks is that you tell the truth.

So what does *Play Lists* reveal? That Joy Division and 'The Affectionate Punch' are loved in Auckland, New Zealand; that someone (a rock critic, in fact) does listen to The Angry Samoans and Half Japanese; that 'The River' and The Raincoats can inhabit the same SONY; and that *NME* lensman Joe Stevens at that point liked all of PiL, The Fleshtones, 'Birth Of The Cool' by Miles Davis, Grace Jones, The Lords and The Bush Tetras in varying doses.

Play Lists c/o Larry Kooper, 99 East 4th St., New York, New York 10003. Send some postage if you want *PL* forwarded to your address; otherwise send *your* personal listing.

And, speaking of new soapboxes for new music, coming soon: issue one of ***The Ralph Hoover Guide to Better Living*** with *its* novel, incisive sensibilities. See ya!

Sorry, the cassette was in the way.

The latest Sony Walkman is the smallest stereo cassette player there's ever been.

Any smaller and a cassette couldn't fit in.

But put its lightweight headphones on, and it sounds like a hi-fi a hundred times its size.

And the beauty is, only you can hear it. Even when belting out Bach in a crowded park.

The Walkman's front-mounted controls operate at a touch.

And it plays all types of tape. Even metal.

Your Sony dealer can let you hear how amazing it sounds.

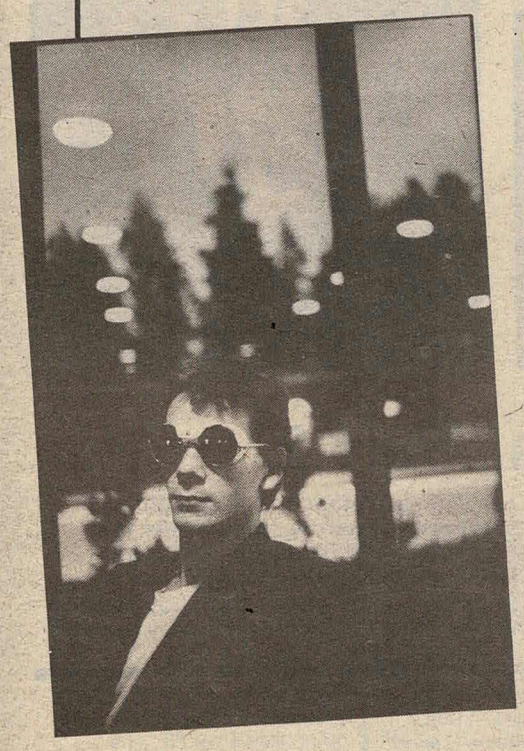
If he hasn't mislaid it behind a cassette. SONY

MAX BELL TRAVELS TO NORWAY WITH THE BUNNYMEN

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO OSLO

TALES FROM A NORWEGIAN WOOD

PETE



WILL SERGEANT undoes a blue plastic case and pulls out a small packet of needles and threads. "Does anybody want any sewing done?"

"This is the one for the money."

ECHO AND The Bunnymen have never ventured through the glass and chromium plated portals of WEA in Broadwick Street and it's possible that they never will. No one at WEA — Echo's parent record company — seems to be the slightest bit concerned about their existence, or even aware that 'Heaven Up Here' is 1981's only fully fledged hard/soft rock masterpiece so far.

Indeed, should Ian McCulloch, Les Pattinson, Will Sergeant and Pete De Freitas ever have the timerity to pay WEA a visit the doorman will undoubtedly keep them waiting, while everyone upstairs will curiously be 'in conference'. "It was a pleasure to meet you. . ." — but don't bother to come back, don't disturb our comfortable regime with your weirdness.

EARLY JUNE on the Bunnymobile, somewhere between Stockholm and the Norwegian border: Ian McCulloch alias Mac alias the Immaculate Conception is asleep. Pete De Freitas is engrossed in Gilbert Shelton. Les Pattinson is pondering his Viking ancestry (which involves approaching total strangers in Sweden or Norway and asking them if they "know a Pattinson round here"), and moose spotting. Will Sergeant is burrowing through his blue case.

"I've got all of life's essentials in this."

He extracts an assortment of rubber stamps from recent American and Dutch travels — trains, and boats, and planes.

"Look at this one."

Will holds up a stamp of the S. S. Enterprise salute.

"Les and the others can give the *Star Trek* sign dead easy — I can only do it sometimes."

He rummages around further, uncovering a sheaf of verse hand written by himself and Jake Fingers Brockman, the fifth Bunny from Bristol, a small mousey figure who plays occasional guitar and keyboards with Echo these days. The verse is nothing less than *The Ballad Of Blister Pike,* a cautionary saga in the manner of Edward Lear. Will mutters the verses *sotto voce,* halting slightly at the moving *Sealed with a fish* denouement. Deeper down is something close to Will's heart, a photograph in a silver frame.

"This is my girlfriend in San Francisco, she's great, the best. We spent four days shacked up in the Tropicana Motel; it was brill. I write to her a lot but the worst thing is waiting five days for a reply. I can't talk about that anymore, or I'm gonna cry."

Will replaces the photograph and gives me a copy of his solo tape 'As Weird As Fish' to listen to.

"There are only seven copies of this made, the Magnificent Seven, they're all slightly different and they've all got different covers. I like the idea of having prints made. This one's from the ballet, *Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy*. These were just done on two tracks, one I borrowed from a kid over the road and one frome Dave Balfe. They're all instrumental except for a bit of grunting. I didn't give the songs titles because they aren't about anything, so it would be pretentious. I suppose it's pretentious not to as well. Some of it's three years old now."

'Weird As Fish' turns out to be ambient music with a humour and spontaneity that Brian Eno won't see again.

"I've made me industrial album too," Will deadpans. He has as well.

WILL, LES, Pete and Mac had never been to America before last Spring's tour, but three of them are returning this summer while Mac goes to Greece with his intended, Lorraine. And because of these plans Will is worried that the group may have to make a video to accompany their next single, 'A Promise'.

"I hope it doesn't fuck up my holiday. I haven't had a holiday for years! Even when I was at work I used to stay at home for two weeks. It must be good being in a band if you can have a holiday!"

The Bunnymen are all in their early 20s, they are still a new band who have made two of the '80s (I think *the* two) most essential records. But in common with the Zoo basic they still earn only £35 a week.

Bill Drummond, Zoo's mentor, is legendary for his own casual low-rent approach. Drummond, the Bunnymen and Teardrops' manager, sleeps on the hard shoulder of Belgian motorways. Is this man a mogul?

Will: "As long as I can stay out of debt I don't mind how many records we sell in America. I'm scared of filling in forms, that's why I've never gone on the dole."

His perspective on America is quite bizarre.

"The pizzas were dead big. You expect 'em to be eating chilli dogs and tacos all the time but you don't *really* think they will eat that shit. And they *do!*

"But the Tropicana! . . . in LA man: I hate saying LA. It's weird, you can't see the sun, the sky's grey but it's hot. I never noticed anything psychedelic in San Francisco at all, thank God! Not even any hippies! They're all bronzed Village People-types in leather chaps and caps. We were the only people in our hotel who weren't gay, they had a drag act in the bar, in most of the bars actually. . .

"One place made an impression on me. We stopped at this filling station in Omaha, the middle of nowhere. There was a boarded-up motel and the road, stretching for hundreds of miles. It was like an Edward Hopper painting."

WILL AND Les were in the same class at school. "I didn't like him much then, he wasn't in the gang. He hung around with Paul Simpson from the Teardrops whereas I hung around with the best fighter — Roy Crumelow. He wasn't a thug, more a knight in shining armour. Not a cad."

Will got his first guitar when he was 12.

"It was a Hofner that someone sold me for £14. I couldn't tune it up. I sold it for £4 two weeks later. I wish I had it now, it's probably a good guitar. It was covered in red sticky back plastic with a white trim, dead good, real '60s."

Last summer, when Echo And The Bunnymen recorded 'Crocodiles', Will, like the others, was barely competent. The group learned to play from a few sporadic gigs before passing a baptism of fire in Rockfield with Balfe and Hugh Jones (the latter the only producer they'll ever need). Even when they made the 'Heaven Up Here' LP they were hardly experienced.

"I knew E and A minor when I started. I still don't know the names but I can find more chords now. It was only six months ago I realised that the notes go in alphabetical order. No one had ever told me before."

"This is the one for the trees."

THE BUNNYMEN coach speeds through a Scandinavian crimson night, constant light even at 3 a.m. The empty road is bordered by miles of Norwegian wood and water, a million eery timber lengths speeding with the current. Outside the window the air smells of pines. Inside it smells of cigarettes and bodies. You're either on the bus or . . . asleep.

Les Pattinson's 147th Dream

"I'M WALKING through a wood on me own. It's full of grizzly bears. Suddenly this huge bear comes charging towards me. I try to shoot him but the rifle jams. He's coming closer and closer until he's just about to grab me so I punch him on the nose like *WHAM!!* and he goes *'URRNH!!'*. But he goes for me again so I hit him harder *WHAAM!!!* and I make his nose bleed and he looks at me and says: *Now* look what you've done! I have to borrow the ranger's car and take him to hospital."

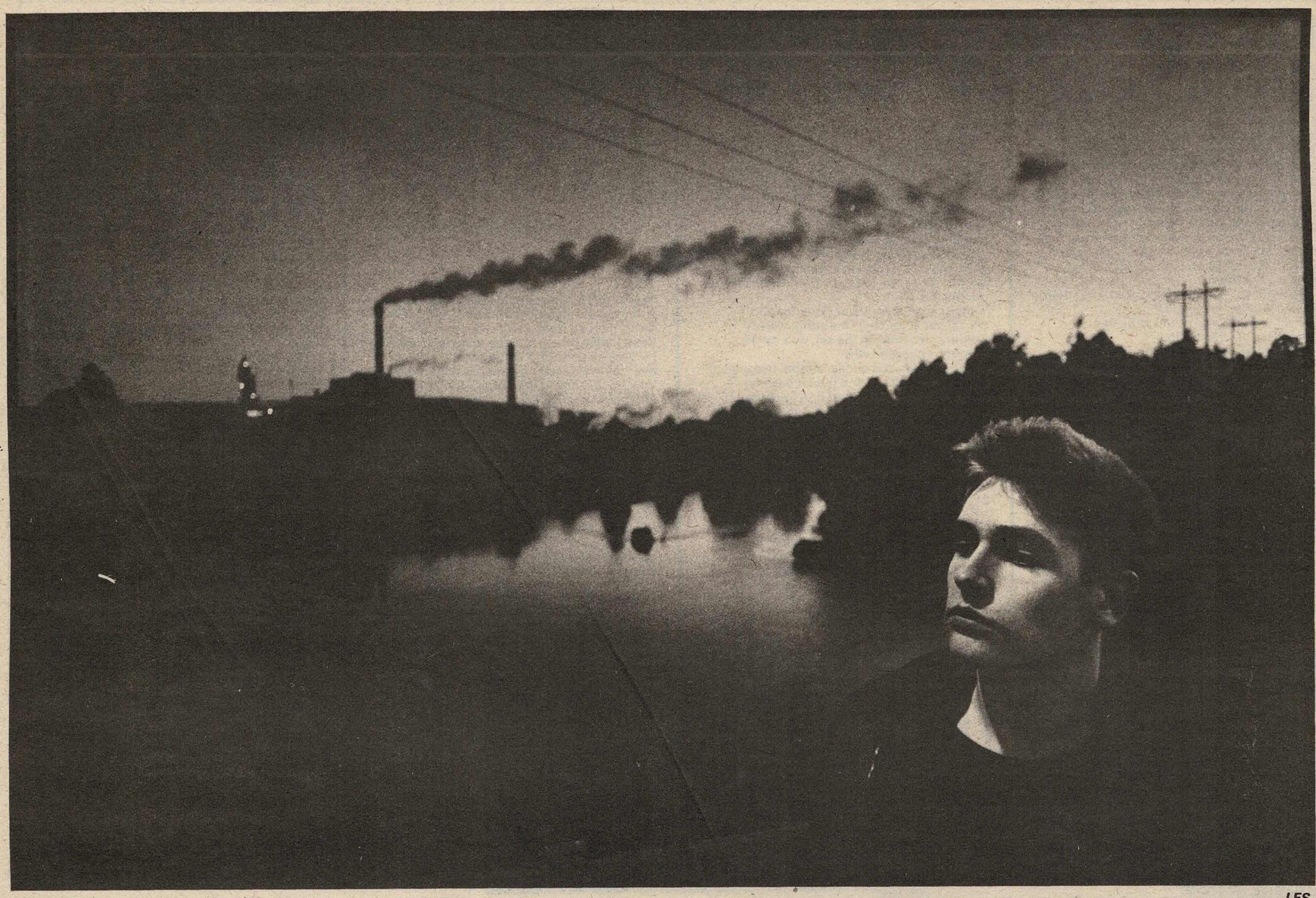
Les recounts all his dreams to Will in minute detail. There's another one with him cast as the warder's son in *The Count Of Monte Cristo,* alongside some ugly prisoners and a female amputee. It's pretty vivid stuff but the exact wording escapes me.

Les and Will ascribe to the dictum that with an interview "you should get the poxy thing over with quick". Les is maybe the deepest Bunnyman of them all, he's an observer.

"The only thing that's been missing on this tour is the Farley Rusks."

Les wrote two poems which are in the background on 'Over The Wall'. Will Sergeant

BIG MAC



LES

approves. 'You're not meant to hear 'em properly but I wish you could hear what he says a bit. They're dreamy and sort of funny." He also writes a lot of the melodies.

Les is the purveyor of the midnight snacks that end many a Bunnyman evening. He helps unload the gear, would rather camp outside than stay on the coach and wishes he'd remembered to bring a fishing rod.

According to Mac: "Les is the kid who used to do odd-jobs to get pocket money. 'E was the one who'd go round to people's houses and ask them if they wanted their privets done."

Pattinson: "I don't know about being successful, I like the feeling of being appreciated, that's self-respect which is successful enough for me."

"This is the one called Heaven."

THE BUNNYMEN are in the middle of the least useful leg of a gruelling tour. In Stockholm's Underground club they play to 310 people; in Frederikstat, Norway 200 people fill up the Rock Clubben to see the first English band there since 1971 (when 60 turned out). Echo are received in '76 Sex Pistols style.

At Porsgrunn's prosaic Smogrock Festival there are 300 people and a dog for an event that can attract 3,000 if it's hot. Smogrock is held on a muddy football pitch, the attendance and the conditions akin to Southport F.C. in November. The Bunnymen play wearing overcoats, but not one bedraggled expression.

Oslo's pleasant Club 7 is full despite the lack of a single poster. The crowd is enthusiastic — which in Norway means getting hog whimpering drunk very quickly. Echo respond with another performance, immeasurably better than any I've ever seen them give in Britain. Last year, even during the camotour, Bunnymen shows were erratic, fragile events. But where material was stylised it is now swollen with adventure; where it was linear it is now emotionally charged. The Bunnymen are backing up the implication made evident on 'Heaven Up Here' — that they have the guts and the passion to stand with and above the very best — be that the Stones, Joy Division, The Doors, Iggy or the Velvet Underground — and they can do it absolutely live.

For presentation Echo rely on simple stuff, no props, just imaginative lighting from Kit — part of the same theatre background as Fingers Brockman, Drummond and Bill Butt, the Echo videologist and 'They Shine So Hard' cameraman. The initial impression onstage is distinctly Gothic medieval with the bells from Paques' *Chant Gregorien* preceding the set.

The hesitancy of previous key moments (witnessed at Buxton and the Rainbow), has been blown away by a four-way pact that is the essence of any great rock'n'roll band. McCulloch's pretty face isn't the only focal point anymore, but he's still pretty hard to resist. His vocals are now inspiring and uplifting, soaring and plummeting, whooping and yelping and screaming — *in tune*. He has controlled power and his performance teeters on the verge of madness — the only way to be: ask Jagger or Bowie or Iggy Pop, look at Morrison and Curtis.

Added to that is the McCulloch rhythm guitar, a savage driving force that's as vital to the group's unique leap forward as was Keith Richards' on 'Aftermath' or Lou Reed's on 'White Light, White Heat'. Watch that man!

"And this is the one for me."

OUT ON the road, coast to coast — from Los Angeles to Oslo, from New York to Liverpool — Echo are wrestling with the schizophrenia of success and anonymity. The rock tour is a cliche, one I thought could not be overcome, but the Bunnymen have dressed it down and made it count again.

'Heaven Up Here' was worked out in three weeks at Rockfield with Hugh Jones under the temporary title 'The Rocker'.

McCulloch and De Freitas say that the music on the LP is precious to the Bunnymen.

Mac: "The whole album was done on hot toddies, rum and black. Getting bevvied. Eh, who's getting the ale in then? The song 'Heaven' is about pride, objectively escaping from the image people have of you. I'm not exactly Dean Martin but the drugs thing was getting out of hand so I switched us to a drinking band (laughs). Of course your average boozer wouldn't understand the lyrics anyway."

McCulloch doesn't use narcotics himself — "smoking makes me stupid" — but he likes a drink or four. The *Kahlua Tour* would be in fuller swing if you could get the damn stuff in Norway without losing an arm and a leg.

"I want to spend me crowns," McCulloch insists, referring to the local Kroner. But a bottle of Cuervo Gold is a week's wages.

'Heaven Up Here' is a much more sophisticated record than 'Crocodiles'.

"The world's a prettier place, when you've got something to take" has been seen and done, the Bunnymen have moved on. The degrees of stimulation coiled around 'Crocodiles' (from 'Goin' Up' to 'Happy Death Men') have been expanded upon, McCulloch's recent songs are more insinuating, fulfill more promises. One, 'The Disease', wouldn't seem out of place on Leonard Cohen's 'Greatest Hits', while 'Heaven' itself is hilarious, sending up the band's "groovy" connotations as the music dances and kicks through some wild outer-limits of debauchery.

The Bunnymen improvise, throwing shadows and casting lights. Explosive and angry, tender and loving, Echo put out the irresistible beat.

Now that the group is soaring artistically the good reviews are being undermined by casual knives. It's a waste of steel. 'No Dark Things' aches with an obvious and intense honesty; as a statement of the band's widest intent it couldn't be bettered. It's a communication. 'Show Of Strength' deals with the damnation, it's about pop stars and pop pundits, it's very Northern and it applies to less specific scenes.

Mac: "It's about trying to be honest with yourself even though you know you're a dishonest turd. It's about somebody obvious and it's about me. Mostly it concerns people who pretend they've got guts and passion when they haven't. When they try to get it from someone else."

De Freitas remarks: "Some people have never had faith in us, they wrote us off at the Rainbow. That was a very difficult show for us."

Mac: "But it's good that we were exposed in a place like that, you can't expect to be closeted away and given good reviews. We knew we were stale then and at Buxton. . ."

De Freitas: "We shouldn't be frightened to use anything that's available, orchestration or whatever. It's all there. It's just as bad to be trapped in small clubs as in larger halls."

Mac: "The Hammersmith Odeon, which I didn't want to do much, we played that as well as anyone has ever played there. One of the problems is that if people think we're *hip*, that's a mistake. If they want that they can go and see a Scottish band. Once one of these hip bands plays to an audience that hasn't read the right articles, they're gonna be in trouble. We were bracketed with the hip Liverpool scene because we brought out an independent single ('Pictures On My Wall') that had nothing to do with hipness. Intelligence was acknowledged and some kind of thought. We're an attack against hipness although I do think we're the hippest band in the world. The title song on 'Heaven' is about being in that position. The press saying, Where are the Bunnymen, now? and us saying, We're over here. Because if these writers think *they* are hip, then they're crazy. It changes — everything is hip. You've only got to read the *NME* to realise *hipness* is a pile of crap.

"The camo thing was meant to be tongue in cheek because we were considered the shy boys next door. Well, maybe we are, but don't assume it. Us . . . the group with no image and so the camo was ironic. As we developed our own image we got the confidence we needed, we struggled for it. We didn't need the camo. Originally it made large stages seem intimate because of the netting and the kids could wear it and feel a part, but in the end we wanted sparse *everything* so people could see us sweat and given emotion.

"The advantage with this group is that we mean it and you can see that.

"The American tour was like real scummy. We'd travel eight hours a day and I'd feel like going on with a beard and lacking a certain hairstyle. It didn't happen. I still want to get me hair right, so does everyone else. There's a difference between casual and 'orrible."

Will: "That's why The Fall have got it right, because they don't care."

Mac: I think they do. That's a conscious decision to buy clothes like that. I bet Mark Smith's got a wardrobe full of those Mark Smith shirts."

The band faltered after the Buxton mystery show in the Botanical Gardens. Bill Butt's documentary of the event was shelved and

CONTINUES

WILL

PHOTOS AND PSYCHEDELIC EFFECTS BY ANTON CORBIJN

NORRIE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

£20,000 of scarce Zoo money went with it. I think it should be shown, even if it is out of date, even if it is a failure by Echo's standards. Mac wanted it to be like "a vintage Stones thing," but the group had already peaked in Europe. The EP of live songs from that film was also knocked, principally I think because deep down some people can't take the idea of this group not being a private addiction. The Bunnymen can never be a cult band again. They won't be too big for their boots but they will be big. What right does any rock writer — a dubious profession at the best of times — have to stop them?

De Freitas: "We've done it gradually, there was no sudden hit single."

Mac: "A hit single might stifle our awareness of what to do."

They must want this hit though. The Teardrops recent spurt to hit parade stardom hasn't escaped their notice. Sitting on the coach earlier McCulloch listened intently to a mix of the new Cope album, he was mock-scathing of course but he was also jealous, just as Julian is secretly envious of the Bunnymen camaraderie, of their tight strength. The Liverpool rivalry is genuine and over-played, you need to come from the Zoo community to understand it properly.

Much of it goes back to the post-Crucial three days when the Bunnymen would find messages like "Remix Rescue" on the cupboard in Chicago Buildings. But now the Liverpool groups have very little in common, the comparisons and the backbiting will only hold them back. One of 'Heaven's' eleven songs deals with this blockage with desperate intensity: 'It Was A Pleasure' is the Bunneymen's 'Sympathy For The Devil', it's about artistic debilitation, jealousy and lies.

"My pistols packed and my dog goes with me"

'With A Hip' is about knowing your limitations, it's nothing to do with hipness, although I like the idea that people might think it is. I like it when people analyse the words and get something out of them. That's a compliment. It's a compliment that an audience will pay to watch you for an hour. And we're getting better, we aren't re-doing atmospheres. Progression can sour some people, so can success, but we're not some people. So it won't."

McCulloch is proud of his lyrics and occasionally touchy. One song, 'All My Colours', a climax in the set, was called 'Zimbo'. I guessed why.

"Yeah, it started out as 'Jimbo' because of the Morrison drawl and then it became 'Zhimbo' and 'Zimbo' but don't put that in — it looks crap. I only heard The Doors in the last 18 months. The only record I've got is 'LA Woman', which I got three weeks ago in Amsterdam. I won it off the record company."

McCulloch's personal heroes include Bowie, Reed and Iggy, but Morrison's lifestyle, the pure sex, hard drink and poetic sensuality have been counted and acknowledged. McCulloch understands imagery.

"When we played the Whiskey-A-Go-Go in Los Angeles we were received with hip contempt, aggressive apathy, as if to say, We've seen it all before. But they hadn't because they hadn't seen us. Afterwards Ray Manzarek came into the dressing room. I was sitting on the floor, knackered, trying to get some kip and he said, Hullo Mac. I looked at him and it was obvious who it was. No one else is quite that bad looking. So I made an attempt to shake his hand and he said, Don't get up! I didn't know whether he meant don't get up, or you turd, why haven't you stood up? He liked us tho'; he was a cool dude. He still had the sideboards and the Japanese wife.

"I stayed in the same room that Iggy Pop lived in for six months in the Tropicana. Jim boozed in the bar opposite. It's a dyke club now."

"You're a disgrace to the uniform."

SITTING IN a room in London again, I'm suffering Bunnyman withdrawal symptoms. Over the road four police cars are busting a West Indian house, but the occupants aren't in. That's good. Two of the cops are going over the wall, blatantly trespassing; but as they have guns on their hips I don't think I'll go outside and remonstrate. Anyway there's more drama on the TV. Charles Manson is being interviewed by Tom Snyder and I can't work out which one of them is madder than the other. The thought having occurred, the panic is past.

Creepy crawlers: Snyder says semi-hysterically, "And Tex Watson testified in a court of law that you told him to go to the house that Terry Melcher used to live in and kill these people in the most gruesome way. A man who was once your associate said that of you and now you sit here and say that's not true. That's all make believe?"

Manson: "You got a stone wall here, why don't you take it down a little bit. Look here, I'll explain somethin' to ya. Tex took the witness stand and said I don't know whether I'm Charles Manson or my mother. Tex didn't have his own mind one way or the other, he was bounced back and forward because I had already took his mind in another game down the road that I was playing with some Hells Angels that you don't know nothin' about and you probably never will know nothin' about it . . . (sarcastically) I don't know pain, I have no depth of pain, I have no depth of suffering. I don't know ridicule. I don't know all the bad things. I haven't been punished by you all my life since I was 10 years old. I've been in every reform school you got across the country and used to lay down and get ma ass whupped 'til couldn't walk. Tell me about pain, man!

"Pain's not bad, it's good, it teaches you thangs, it *teaches* you thangs. Like when you put your hand in the fire *OOOWWWW!* You know not to do that agin. Yeah, I understand that, that's the reason I never stick my hand in fire."

The first time I saw Echo and the Bunnymen I thought they were more than a little strange. Balancing McCulloch's cockiness with the group's uncertain sense of timing they could almost have had the quality of greatness but we didn't eat them up. Now these rabbits deserve lionising.

McCulloch: "When we started we just wanted to make records, to play songs with some kind of thought attached you could say — without it being preconceived, too thought out."

The simple stuff is still there if you listen, just as the drum machine is still there if you listen. You should have faith in Echo, put your faith in those turquoise days they sing of — the experience is heavenly in its brilliance. They set the scene.

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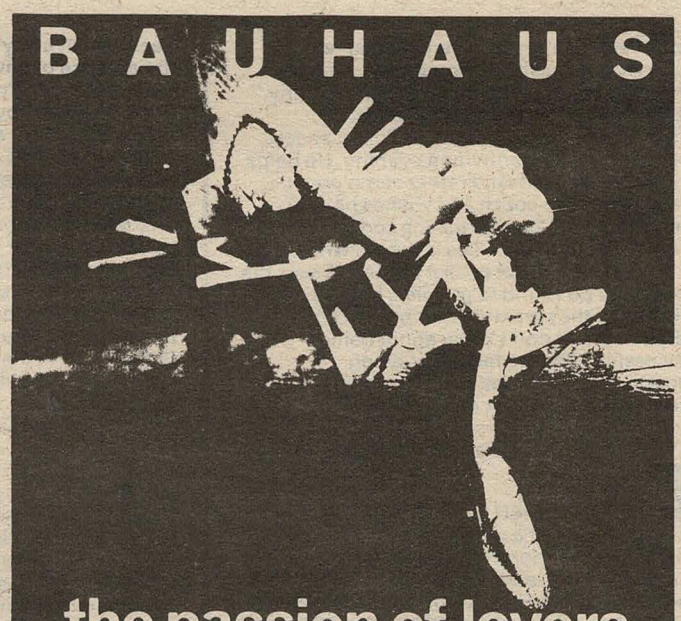

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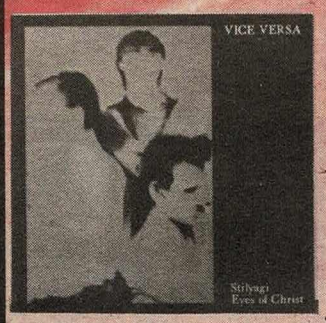
THROBBING GRISTLE: Discipline (Fetish). The Big One. In a word, or two words rather: Humanity and Demonstration. Can you make it? Throbbing Gristle, their final records. The mission is terminated. Their passion was reality, their politicising was defined in the most elemental sense, their humour a decayed and seedy transgression, the music's mood a savage farce carrying the merciless clarity of conflict. This 12" is the most controlled and concentrated representation of TG's predatory, bared, activating imitation of irrationality and absurdity.

The 'a' side is a digital recording of 'Discipline' performed in Berlin. The 'b' side is a binaural recording of 'Discipline' performed in Manchester. The piece deals with unconscious boredom. It's the ultimate, specific TG call: their intensity and insanity comes down to *this*. Put your own house in order! Climb the fence! What *is* correct living? What is dignity? What are the fundamental changes necessary? TG are about awakening — to be aware of our condition and our conditioning. 'Discipline' embraces the basic problems of control and interference, moral ruin and inescapable tension as compulsively as Cabaret Voltaire on 'Voice Of America.' It's absent of trick or treat, it's explicit, acid and brittle, an open conflict between surface and depth sensibilities. Genesis P Orridge plays the trapped lunatic whose rant is an imperfect assault on 'stability' and slavery. Put your own house in order!

TG played their last concerts in San Fransisco and Los Angeles: those seeing the act from a place away from 'rock' lusted after the designs and decisions, appreciated the instinctive drive. Captain Beefheart said they'd go far. Far enough. Critics deemed that their value to future 'developments' would be as contextually important as The Velvet Underground. Fair enough!

One day TG's music will sound rich and sweet. For now everything you feel about TG — septic, morbid, incomprehensible, gimmicky — think the opposite and wake up.

Genesis P. Orridge. Pic: Denis O'Regan



VICE VERSA: Stilyagi/Eyes Of Christ (BBR). A different effect. You know about ABC? Find out about Vice Versa, their immediate past. Value for money. This is a recommendation / sendoff for this. A Dutch seven inch souvenir of Vice Versa, stylists, technicians, culture hustlers, the lost fast-masters of the electro-pop party. Vice Versa were as active as DAF, as attractive as Depeche Mode, as attentive as The Fire Engines. More than the cheap novel in pop form: not quite the naked facts. This single *shows* up the dumb feted post League/Ultravox tinny-winnies for the unserviceable prostrates they are. It *shames* all the measly fakerists — sterile, thankyou — through its insistence, strong language. Were Vice Versa off their rocker? I'm telling you, and I'm not fooling you. They wanted to meet you — you weren't around. Make up for it now. Collect your pop. Give some extra time to Vice Versa over their fifteen minutes. Have I aroused you? Serves you right. And let Stephen Singleton serve you. '(Neutron Records have available a limited number of this disc. There is a maximum allocation of 5 per person. Price is £1.50p each plus 20p p&p. Cheques/postal orders made payable to S. Singleton. Mark the envelopes 'Shelf Life Offer', c/o Neutron Records, 44 Bowood Road, Sheffield, S11 8YG. Alternatively try a big Virgin store)'.

CLOCK DVA: 4 Hours (Fetish). Everything is out of focus, there is this sound which disturbs me. Clock DVA had four minutes of vinyl time and 36 square inches of artwork on Neutron Records '1980: the first fifteen minutes.' As did Vice Versa. Look how far both groups have come. Neither exist as they were. I like that — get it over with and don't let it linger. Groups like Pink Floyd or Memphis Flash let it linger, and anyone with a love for life or a sour curiosity doesn't want them around anymore. VV made their points in a flash and then switched: don't be surprised if ABC metamorphose before you get a chance to come in contact. DVA produced the sure, fire, keyed up and booby trapped 'Thirst', one of the year's most stylishly structured, confidently oblique long players. 'Thirst' stood up. DVA split in two. '4 Hours', the poppiest easiest section on the record but still the screwiest of pop pacts, is re-mixed and wrapped well to form a desirable kind of epitaph. If I hosted the morning show it would be my record of the week, and it wouldn't shock the whole nation. It's an indelible, ingrate retrospection — grandly commercial rhythm, preoccupied sax, blessed guitars, careworn precarious vocals, a chorus you can catch despite the prickles. The sunny side of stable. You now know more than enough — good record shops will happily serve it to you. And remember, you have to move fast to keep up these days. With what? With whatever. You missed Vice Versa and DVA as they were. Keep awake to notice whatever they are now or next. Why not?

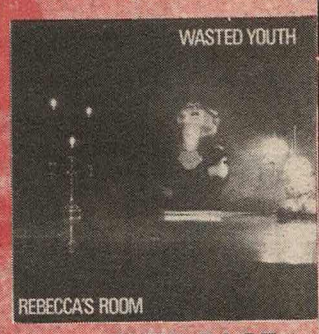
irreverence, mechanical springiness and chancy drive. A definitive siren syn-dance syngle — 'Being Boiled', 'TVOD', 'Back To Nature' — and (more than that) a great pop single in anybody's

WAS (NOT WAS): Out Come The Freaks (Ze & it's there on 7" but the 12" is best). The prize guys. Good fences make good neighbours: or, heading for the cosmic collapse. Was (Not Was) — when I heard their cunning laughter I was afraid, but when I saw the holes in their shoes I loved them very much. The flow of vitality here — you want a plain answer? — is sweetly stunning, and it's one of the least humble records I've heard since 'Contort Yourself.' All Ze sterling is a momentous mix of method, a conjuring act of style, but Was (Not Was) is a mix within a mix within a mix, a conjuring act of style overlapped with an intellectual acceptance of death. Boy are they a bother: where the heroes and villains balance, where all accounts are settled. I mean to say, radical acts of fictional creation are nothing new, but there are only six listeners in the world who actually understand what Was (Not Was) are doing. (I'm not one of the six). Thankfully last week's piece succeeded only

in throwing a new edge on the mystery of Was (Not Was) — who if nothing else are compulsive liars and whose music is a manic release from probability akin to Joyce's Nighttown fantasy in 'Ulysses.' But who cares if they don't really exist? 'Out Come The Freaks' is bold behaviour: clamping juice-funk. Power (not power). Let your mind reverberate, your body sink, and your spirit shift forward in time. 'Freaks' appals and excites, therefore it is. Is, not was. Don't lose your shoes.

TOM TOM CLUB: Wordy Rappinghood (Island). There's no doodle like a rap doodle? Lost in a singles column as a seven inch a few weeks ago, 12" is the right size for this. Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz's daft delineation is swimming up the charts along with the notorious 'Me No Pop I' — lush Desert Island summer hits! Penman'll get a rise. It space-dangles and nag jangles post-fashionably, with fiscal and philosophical motives and pretty sexy merits. Quite a narration, quite an act, a critical rap if rap's can guide. Buy it for the common good, or just hear it wherever you are. Island cunning: coming all over the place.

EDDIE MAELOV AND SUNSHINE PATTESON: Lines (Human). From Tom Tom's typewriter to Edward and Sunnie's telephone. Another dilettante duo, more feeling for words, a precious pressure of affectations, Sunshine and Eddie's tongue up cheeky flirtian act was a hit from Cabaret Futura (the good old days, remember when) — they were there most weeks, invidious clowning on stage, sanguine chivvying on video. Their heart burning iron, serene review and enchanting revision of dance and cabaret



IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD AND THE WORD WAS . . .

DISCIPLINE!

This week's disciplined reviewer: PAUL MORLEY

OVER PAGE

SINGLES

CONTINUED

is the kind of relaxed, richly frivolous action that could never fit into the Marquee or the Moonlight. (The Peters and Lee of the decadent ways.) There should be a variety show on TV that Eddie and Sunshine could guest on: Hosted by Cristina, featuring this week Genesis P. Orridge talking for sixty seconds on Idealism, Robert Wyatt with Carla Bley, The Associates, ESG and Eddie And Sunshine. The year's ace 12 discs can be split into two sections — Island / Ze, and addictive great British and despite the accents 'Lines' is in with these specials — 'International Language', 'The American', 'I'm Your Money', 'About The Weather', 'Memorabilia', 'Art Of Parties', 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday'. (This list is modifiable.)

BUSH TETRAS: Boom (Fetish). Deep heat. Unfrock a cliche and scratch it where it hurts. 'Boom's thick-coming agitation, its squalid oscillation, its consumptive funk association, is irresistible after five repeat plays. A pendulum swing, a steamy heave, a sexy throb, almost a lazy response to fear. 'Das Ah Riot' is an unblushing, malign variation on the same scheme. Plant music (sardonic in the undergrowth.) The cool thin Tetras ill-natured resetting of bass-guitar-drum patterns, their rough laid subversion of predictability, sensually removes the natural chore of listening to the 'rock' group. They'd rather fall apart than get all tight. They're hedonists out on a hunt, they're inscrutable and discontent but probably educational. 'Boom' is the third notable Fetish of the month (in this order) — the able label that's bridging New York and London and announcing The International Rational. The Fetish cast of Bongos, Throbbing Gristle, 8 Eyed Spy, 23 Skidoo and Clock DVA says a million times more about the unattested extremes of now music, the cryptic vitality and the fickle dilemma, than both a year's viewing of the *OGWT* and a year's reading of *Rolling Stone*. Just a hunch ... no conclusion, and certainly no apology.

AC MARIAS AC: Drop and So (Dome Records). Wan, languishing chamber music compiled and wistfully sung by a pale nail biting mystery girl using glockenspiel, guitar, synthesiser, percussion. Not quite the single experience in the accepted tradition, but who's counting anymore. It's tantalizingly pure, poised and private. It's recommended that 'So' is played first. 'So' it is. Wordless vocal, limpid trance music, lovely at 45, lovelier at 33. 'Drop' is firmer, finely structured, idealistically unhurried and genuinely mnemonic. Quietly dramatic, once involved it seems a long way back. Struck close to dumb by its single minded purpose and serenity, I can but whisper recommendations to those inspired by the likes of 'Desert Shore', 'Rock Bottom', 'Music For 16 Percussionists' and '17 Seconds'. I think one of the reasons I love this single so much is that it's defiantly undemonstrative, on one level. On every other level it's a scandal.

SHOWADDYWADDY: Multiplication (Arista)
THE JACKSONS: Walk Right Through (Epic). Failure doesn't enter into it. Big Waddywaddy sound slapped into new life by the rosy SS and so snappy and happy it's either dignified or drugs. Producer Phil Wainman is a scarlet genius who could seize and mix Josef K into seventh heaven. I'm very sorry that you'll never hear the b side, a song written by the Waddy-men themselves, 'I Could Never Undo All The Bad That I Have Done'. A song from lined men out of heart and out of order. You'll hear 'Walk Right Through' and you'll all agree that it's not a 'Can You Feel It'. No threat to vital interests. Could The Jacksons exist in a socialist state? *(was Brezhnev a cowboy? — Ed.)* Just how competitive can they get? They're not afraid of joy, this much is known. An aim fills their day and it shows — in the bass playing, in the direction. Stamina!

WASTED YOUTH: Rebecca's Room (Bridge House). Sometimes my job involves some pretty time wasting things, and one of them is reviewing records like 'Rebecca's Room'. A greasy joe job (if ever there was one!), produced by Nannett in his sleep, mixed by Johnny Holliday in his stockinged feet, and played by the collapsed Youth in a dreadful state of mind. Rock as it's come to be known for plain speaking men in tight leather trousers and girls with heels too high. What's The Point Youth will be around for just short of ever: the more it's pointed out to them that they lack clues and class the more they'll stay together. This review has put five years onto their life — more resolve to their bony elbows. If I gave them a good review, would they split up?

NASH THE SLASH: Novel Romance (Dindisc)
TV SMITHS EXPLORERS: Imagination / Have Fun (Kaleidoscope)
HOME SERVICE: Only Men Fall In Love (Situation). Quirk, creak and curio. Nash records the sound of distant slashing, plays the ghost of Arthur Lee without the ghost of a chance of impressing me. Smith wishes everyone would stop picking on him and wants to have some fun. Is it possible to have fun with this much drum, this much guitar, this little friction and no harm at all? Home Service have got what was left after Jilted John, New Musik and Buggles took what they wanted. A cabbage of a hook, a broken wheel of a lyric and a thatched zest. Suffering geniality.

PLAY DEAD: Poison Takes A Hold (Fresh)
CUDDLY TOYS: Someone's Crying (Fresh)
THE TOYS: I Know Better (Epic)
RED BEAT: Survival (Manic Machine)
SAMSON: Riding With The Angels (Gem)
THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS: Martian (Albion)
THE TIMES Biff Bang Bow (Whaam). Every record reviewed this week will find its way into some chart somewhere.

POSITIVE NOISE: Charm 12" (Static) ... and on the slide of drugs and other peoples' money. A sunny Monday afternoon, the best time, way and place to review The Noise's loud and uncloudy aid to getting drunk, loving freely, spending money, reading rushed autobiographies, talking madly, dancing badly, feeling LOOSE, braving the elements, growing roses, sniffing things, eating chocolate, watching videos, just sort of luxuriating in the deeper problems of everyday life. 'Charms': the better way to end a singles column — up up and away. Away from where? Anywhere. The 12" has an extra track over the 7", of course, a ghastly produced 'Moscow Motion'. But don't let that put you off — if you've not got the 7", buy the 12". A lot goes on. Think of revolution. Think of 'Charm'. Who said that? Who's writing this piece? Ross Middleton himself.

THE DROWNING CRAZE: Storage Case/Damp Bones (Situation) A new pet! A record to wolf whistle at. If the Drowning Craze look as sleazy, pneumatic and hipshape as they sound, we're onto a shrill winner. The first new group that's got me going since 23 Skidoo. Craze use orthodox instruments — git,dr,bs — but use them in no straight way and end up sounding more glam and future than Duran Duran. They're also gifted with the best bruise-voice heard since Lesley Woods, the narcotic-oddest heard since Billy McKenzie. Angela Jaeger's voice is bewitching, restless — she should have sung the theme to the new Bond and would have stormed *Cats*. The two songs suffer a mite from numb, grey independent production: but the impression is scorching enough. This is running hot and cold pop: disorientated and aware. A stormy start; smash encounter. Hope they look flash.

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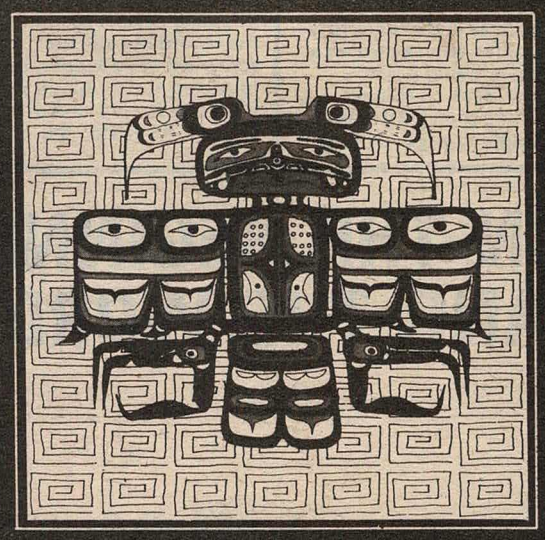

(I don't need this pressure on)

Catherine Deneuve, playing peek-a-boo with the Nazis in Truffaut's The Last Metro.

Going underground

The Last Metro

Directed by Francois Truffaut Starring Catherine Deneuve, Gerard Depardieu, Heinz Bennent and Jean-Louis Richard (Gala)

PARIS DURING WARTIME: Its citizens endure the hardships of the Nazi occupation as best they can. Some supplement their rations through black market dealings or choose to butter their bread by collaborating with the enemy. Others nobly join the resistance, but the majority — quite naturally — just keep on keeping on.

Numbered in the last category are the Theatre Montmatre players at the heart of *The Last Metro*. Few directors other than Truffaut would view the war exclusively through the eyes of the theatre world, but his choice of microcosm isn't really so strange. The acting fraternity is traditionally distant enough from real life to be allowed to behave frivolously, selfishly and occasionally abominably — in short, like typical Truffaut characters — without offending the audience's sense of self - righteousness.

Wartime Paris had been invariably depicted in terms of resistance and collaborators — according to the director in a recent interview — whereas the true picture embraced a wider middle range of more commonplace activities.

The theatre's role during the occupation was quite an honourable one, he said, providing as it did a refuge from reality for the beleagured people — not to mention a warm auditorium to sit in for a couple of hours. The bone of contention was, of course, how far it was prepared to go in satisfying Nazi censorship.

The Last Metro's fictional Montmartre has the additional obstacle of its pre-war connection with German - Jewish director Lucas Steiner (Heinz Bennent). However, his gentile actress wife Marion (Catherine Deneuve), left to run the theatre in his absence, is coolly adept at appeasing the authorities without betraying her husband. She has a harder job keeping him happy.

Though supposedly in South America, he is really hiding in the cellar, listening in on the current production's rehearsals through an air vent and secretly directing the play via his wife. His eavesdropping more unfortunately reveals the growing relationship between Marion and her leading man Bernard (Gerard Depardieu), which heightens the frustration of his exile.

Bernard, for his part, jeopardises both his potential affair with Marion and the theatre's existence by noisily abhorring the necessary compromises made with the Nazis. He procrastinates about joining the resistance and, worse, gets into a brawl with the vile pro-Nazi, anti - semitic Daxiat, whose destructive reviews decided the fate of plays of the period . . .

Though *The Last Metro* is basically a conventional backstage story, Truffaut manages to say a lot about the bitter times without souring the film's warmly humane tone. Through Lucas' sardonic jibes he lets slip a heap of details about the disgustingly widespread French help in the round up of Jews.

■ *Continues over page*

The Competition is an American oddity. Paul Tickell reviews the film (right) and Monty Smith meets its maker, writer-director Joel Olianski (below)

A LITERATE, even witty, film *The Competition* is certainly well out of step with mainstream American cinema's current obsession with lasers and long knives. How's it doing?

"Mediocre," says Joel Olianski, matter-of-factly. "Did very well in New York and LA, nice business in Chicago. It's doing as well as *Tess* without half the prestige. Spotty, I guess, is the word."

A burly, curly-haired bear of a man with an engaging line in mildly self-deprecating humour ("It's not," he shrugs, "a film by Antonioni"), Olianski sprawls back in one of Claridges' comfiest chairs, pulling on a menthol cigarette. On the sideboard behind him is a row of empty Coke bottles. He directed *The Competition*, his first feature, from his own screenplay. Oddly enough, he loathes writing, even though that's what his reputation is based on, from novels through Emmy-winning TV drama.

"I hate to write, but it's the only way I can get to direct. I grew up in theatre, directing Shakespeare, Chekhov, Tennessee Williams — it's a come down to do my stuff, I'm used to better. I'd like to think that one day I'll be in the position where the best scriptwriters in Hollywood submit their scripts to me. I'm not thrilled by my own ideas but at the moment I'm the best writer I can find, so I'm stuck with it."

Cheap, too? "You bet."

Olianski was born in New York (his grandparents were Russian). At Long Island's Hofstra University he edited the literary magazine and published stories by one of his classmates: Francis Ford Coppola.

Encouraged by Olianski to direct, Coppola went to UCLA's film school; Olianski went to Yale Drama School as playwright in residence, and later founded the Hartford Stage Company. It was here that he caught the directing bug: "In theatre, I directed ten plays in eleven weeks one summer. Nothing will ever frighten me again in theatre. I would like to have that same confidence with film. And you can only get that with repeated work."

Surely there are more dissimilarities than similarities in directing stage and cinema?

"Absolutely. They're distant cousins at best. The only real similarity is the necessity to understand the actor's problems. I prefer film, now, as a director.

"I was very inept as a child and I continued to be inept as a man — I could barely change a light bulb or fix a flat on my car. And I find now I have a certain amount of technical proficiency with film, and that really thrills me."

His next film, the current Writers Guild and forthcoming Directors Guild disputes permitting, will be a biography of Charlie Parker, starring Richard Pryor as the legendary jazzman.

"When Elvis Presley died, everyone wanted a national day of mourning. Charlie Parker, an authentic American genius, has been lying in Kansas City since 1955 and no one in America knows who the fuck he was. It's tragic. You have to explain to Americans who he was, to black people as well as white. I want to establish in Americans' minds that they lost a genius in 1955. It didn't all start with Chuck Berry, you know?

"I just hope I can make it. Richard Pryor wants to do it badly. I'm not the greatest fan of my work but I think I'm the only person who can do the Charlie Parker story — and I have no idea how I'm going to do it."

That's a healthy attitude.

"Yeah — I said that to Richard Pryor. It's the only film I'd love to do like Fellini — go out and shoot a whole bunch of stuff, then take a look at it and see what kind of film to make of it.

"It's too bad it's no longer economically viable to do that."

Pic: Peter Anderson

Joel Olianski: "Please, God, when I open my eyes let Catherine Deneuve be at the top of the page."

The Competition

Directed by Joel Olianski Starring Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving, Lee Remick and Sam Wanamaker (Columbia)

ROCK 'N' ROLL has had more than its fair share of spoilt egocentric brats, but they have nothing on the six classical pianists in *The Competition* who limber up in San Francisco for a glittering prize of 20,000 dollars and two years studying with the most distinguished music teachers in Europe.

Against a background of bad nerves, 15 hours per day practising and tortured nights tapping on the pillow, two of the contestants fall in love. Richard Dreyfuss (looking uncannily like Elton John) plays a spikey, dedicated type; he's getting on a bit, has problems with his parents and this is his last big chance. Amy Irving is younger, more straightforward, new to the lonely game of long-distance piano playing. They just can't resist each other . . .

But they can't always be playing duets — who's going to win that prize?

Although there's a good deal of talk about "competitive edge", independent females and uptight males, this is just to whet your appetite for the old-fashioned love story which is the film's soft centre. Incidental dramas are provided along the way by Sam Wanamaker as a handsome dope-smoking conductor (Leonard Bernstein?) whom Dreyfuss tells where to get off for not putting the beat into Beethoven. Lee Remick is Irving's teacher and mentor, and the audience are meant to enjoy some kind of frisson when this hardened old culture vulture drinks and swears. Look what competitions did to her: burnt her fingers and broke her heart.

In spite of Remick over-etching her cameo role, it must be admitted that there's some spot-on acting, especially from Dreyfuss. All this is matched by a certain technical accomplishment; the actors were taught to 'finger' reasonably authentically while professional musicians were dubbed on to the soundtrack.

American cinema always takes loving care, even when the end result is going to be a heart of goo.

JODY STREET

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■ *from previous page*

Elsewhere he caricatures those who prostitute themselves to the Germans in the shape of a seductive marketeer. But it's the evil Daxiat who bears the brunt of the film's conscience. He's brilliantly played by Jean-Louis Richard as a thuggishy oily slug revelling in his Nazi-endowed power of life and death over a play. His look of hurt indignation when his authoritative advances are spurned by both Marion and Bernard is genuinely affecting — quite an achievement with such a despicable character.

Truffaut's casting of Deneuve as Marion is masterly; the combination of her subtle sensuality and aloof diplomacy saves the theatre and her husband from falling into Nazi hands and, more importantly, *The Last Metro* from lapsing into a typical Truffaut trifle.

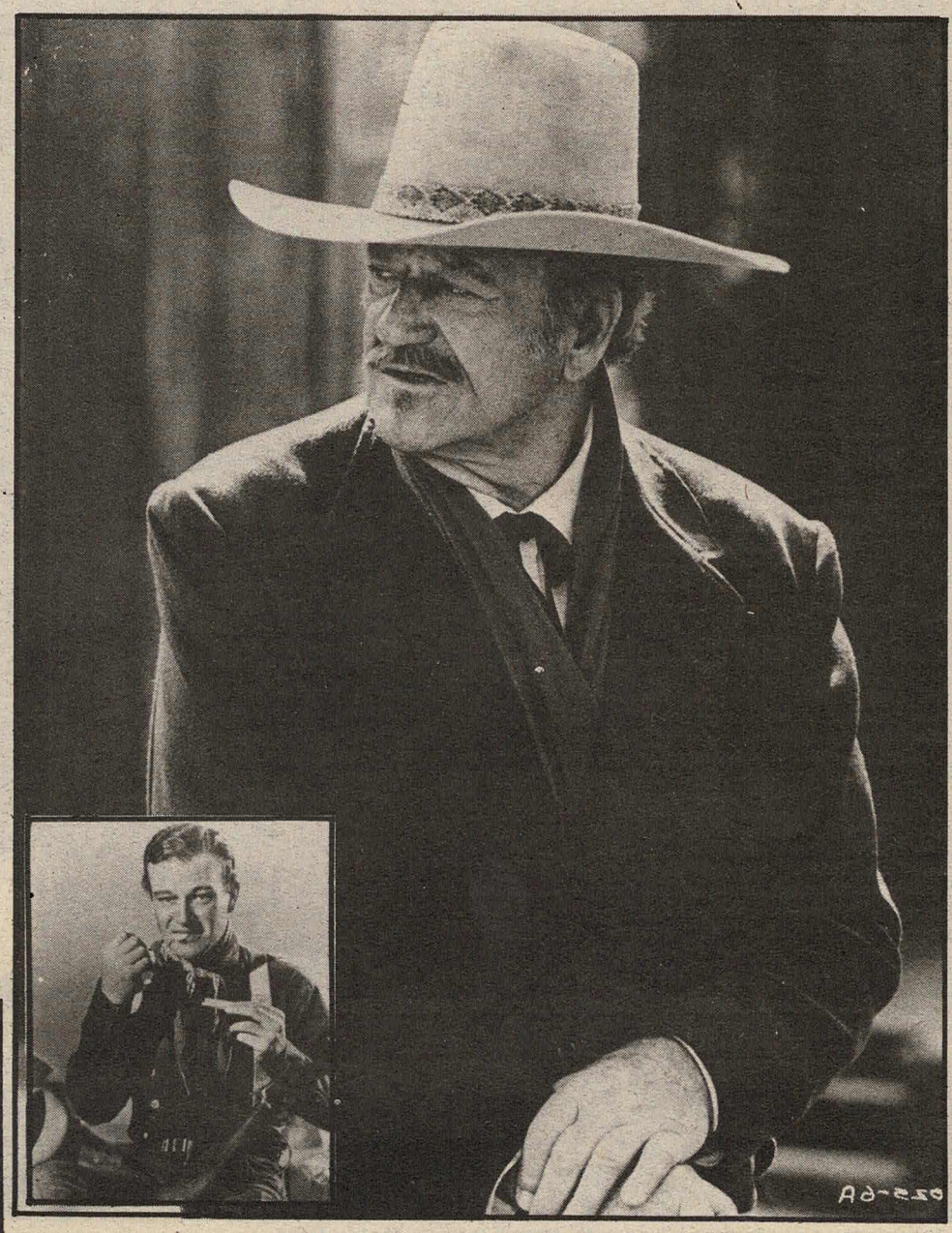
For once Truffaut has found a heroine capable of existing on her own terms and not just as the object of male desire. It is a vital discovery for him, resulting in his most emotionally rounded and entertaining film in a long time.

Chris Bohn

Picture Parade

JOHN WAYNE: remember him this way, as the dignified, dying gunfighter of Don Siegel's *The Shootist* — not as the blinkered propagandist of *The Green Berets* (as seen in last week's *Picture Parade*). To leave the Wayne legend on that awful note would be unfair, not to mention misleading. Sure, his bigoted views as a Vietnam apologist and Nixon supporter exposed him to ridicule, but the simplistic attitudinising of his real life persona shouldn't be used as grounds for dismissal of his onscreen virtues. His overbearing presence was never really suited to the restrictions of the 20th century — a fact his best directors (Hawks and Ford) recognised by placing it in the harsher times and territories of the Old West. Here his blustering, sometimes brutal and invariably coarse character — always kept in check by an unerring if primitive sense of right and wrong — could be used to bring peace and stability to newly born communities. That it was at the expense of the exciting Indian civilization was later recognized by John Ford, possibly the director who best epitomized Wayne's nostalgia for crueller, less complicated times. Consequently he took Wayne away from heroic cavalry officer roles and put him in sadly disillusioned pictures that questioned the validity of their earlier brand of frontier justice. The sombre conclusion of the brilliant *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* was that civilization no longer had any room for the righteous gunslingers who had helped clean up the West — the Wayne character Tom Doniphon — resigned himself to the fact and died ignominously. As Siegel's *The Shootist* (1976), he has survived the turn of the century only to discover that he's dying of cancer. Made shortly before Wayne's own death after a long, brave struggle with the disease, it is a moving and suitable epitaph to the Duke's legend — even if the shootist managed to die in a blaze of glory with his boots on. Remember him this way?

Chris Bohn



*(A BBC Howard Hawks season opens next Thursday with **Red River,** starring John Wayne and Montgomery Clift. Don't miss it).*

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TITANIC REFLOATED
"We are now hopelessly divided.
We should admit something's gone wrong
and look for ways to prevent them going wronger."
by RAY LOWRY

IAN PENMAN replies to Ray Lowry's plea to raise the Titanic

"IF WE'VE come all the way from the goddam 'Memphis Flash' through the psychedelic '60s and the Sex Pistol-whipped '70s to wind up celebrating UNDEMONSTRATIVENESS then it's time that some of us started getting very DEMONSTRATIVE indeed!"

SO CONCLUDED a piece of something-or-other in last week's *NME* called *TITANIC REFLOATED* by Ray Lowry — the Titanic in question being the one which went down in the infamous (to some) tract written by Mick Farren in 1976, which foreshadowed (precipitated, some say) that summer's rock'n'roll rebellion.

The trouble is . . . Captain . . . some of us *haven't* "come all the way from the goddam" 'Memphis Flash'; in fact, some of us don't even know what the goddam (sic) 'Memphis Flash' is, was, or ever shall be.

We didn't travail through the psychedelic '60s either, and, speaking for myself, weren't really 'into' the Sex Pistol "whipped" '70s. The whipped cream of mid-'70s soul, maybe; for the record, I've come full circle from being a soul boy in provincial discos on rum'n'black & Pro Plus to being a soul boy in the city on . . . well, the list is a bit longer now. I wasn't that whipped by Punk — tickled pink, maybe: I liked the confusion and social input but never really connected with the music or sartorial style. You know what?! I've never even heard 'Never Mind The Bollocks' or the first Clash LP all the way through.

Captain Birdseye View's raising of the Titanic is headlined with a fragment from his polemic which reads: "We are now hopelessly divided. We should admit something's gone wrong and look for ways to prevent them going wronger (sic)". Besides sounding something like the poorly translated last words of a hillbound and harried Napoleonic general, this pretty much sets the tone of the piece.

So, first enquiry: who is this "we"? Do I qualify as a member, and if so, who proposed my membership? I certainly never bought a ticket. And this "Titanic"!? As a symbol it's terribly limited: for a cartoon, maybe not, but for the written text . . . the extensions (lifeboats, bloated corpses, polarised bears, etc) are *too* predictable. What meaning does it actually impart as a symbol? It sank long ago . . . it's *a priori* doomed, or what? Obviously, this particular Titanic only has any meaning within the pages of the *NME*.

Not to put too fine a point on it, Ray Lowry the indisputably good cartoonist is an indisputably amateur essayist. The aforequoted rallying cry sets the tone, as I said, for what amounts to little more than an amphetamine tatty (simile not libel) extrapolation of Lenin's old chestnut *What Is To Be Done?* The disastrous *Hamlet* of an actor who's spent a happy 20 years in comedy . . .

What comes across is a trad old rocker with a grave attack of menopausal guilt about *his* attitude to r'n'r for a good number of years and *its* shortcomings.

It's the guilt by extension — this unsolicited "we" — that I personally find offensive. I'd hate anyone to think it was an *NME* Editorial. And it does have that tone: the classic style and syntax of the clarion call pamphleteer, trying to reinscribe the 'immediacy' of conversational or shouted rhetoric. It's the rhetoric of *The* Political Answer that motivates most such "big picture" or "overview" orientated discourse — the burning need to assert a 'POLITICAL' position HERE AND NOW. There is a hidden assumption in such existentially wrought harangues that codes the term "politics" for particular interpretation — very loud, straightforward, masculine, hammering home points at the expense of style, subtlety, sexuality, humour. It sees political action (suggestions for which Lowry makes none, incidentally: quite an anti-climax) as motion, as something physical like marching, engineering or motorcycling. Hence near automatic tasks on the assembly line (preferable to unemployment, supposedly) are *active*, whereas writing about pop stars isn't; a strict, romantic division between 'arts' and graft.

Lowry suggests that "we ought to start some serious talking" (note the constant emphasis on *talking*, as opposed to unhealthily introverted things like reading and writing). WE HAVE BEEN! WE DID IT! You drew sarky little cartoons about 'pseudo intellectualism' — Paul Morley and I sitting in dark rooms (sic) discussing things that had 'nothing to do with' plain old, good old (sic) rock'n'roll. You're the sort of bloke who says that reading books is no good when *there's people out there being beaten up.*

THE GLARING contradictions that well and truly surface (a nautical phrase!) in *Titanic Refloated* have been evident for some while in Lowry's (increasingly wordy) cartoons. The savage — verging on paranoid — condemnation of the Spands, Futurist, Cure, etc, enclave is only equalled by a continued dotage on the young Elvis, Hank Williams, early rock'n'roll. The dandyish flunkies of reactionary intrigue are decimated because of their obsession with style, and because (Lowry speculates) they do not spend every minute of the day being depressed about unemployment, Reagan, et al life's larger worries.

Now Ray, tell me do luv, about your hero the young Elvis. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't *think* he was too quick off the mark in conveying his concern about the Cuban missile crisis, McCarthyism, American racism, etc, through the medium of rock'n'roll (quite the opposite as regards the last of those three, in fact: didn't he once say 'coloured folks' were only good for two things — writing his songs and buying his records?). He was a young speedfreak who chose — as many do — the easy and glamorous (to begin with) routes . . . and ultimately reactionary ones.

What exactly do you find so offensive about the *new* pop movements? (I shan't bring age into this. Well, I will actually.) The Spandau B. and their ilk make pop music — and it's not actively offensive, as compared to the usual macho/lovey dovey slop — for *kids*, and for adults who can accept it as just that. But here comes our one-man Stalinist purge from Salford and no one is allowed to have FUN anymore.

Why not, Ray? I refer you to your recent Blue Angel review, where you say, apropos of this group's treatment of love in their lyrics — "they make it sound fresh and new again and can you really expect anything more from pop music than that?" Of course, Lowry knows only too well from his distant experience that r'n'r as (dangerous) fun can be 'politically' liberating — as a transitional choice for a young person in confrontation with dogmatically long adult faces and often repressive sexual and social mores.

The difficulty comes when such viable instances are reduced or prolonged to a dour set of rules — to what r'n'r is 'all about' — which is what the old guard of rock writers (and cartoonists?) thought and did for years. Stale, mate. . .

I THINK THAT, on the whole, *NME* points at and out the more pernicious outcrops of pop language and subculture . . . but otherwise, pop *is* USEFUL. It's as useful as any sedative or stimulant, drug or drink, muzak or march — *provided you don't let it get the better of you.*

The championing of Sex Pistols and early Clash as 'socially relevant' relies on a putative but ill-considered sense of political opposition to naughty and seldom analysed *isms* like Capital-, Conservat- and, the latest crush, Monetar-. Possibly the most ridiculous passage in *Titanic Refloated* is one where Lowry hysterically lambasts his chosen victims with this: "Aren't you concerned about reports of increasingly authoritarian measures being proposed by government and police spokespersons on one side

■ *Continues over*

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TITANIC RESUNK

■ *From previous page*

and shootings and bombings worldwide on another side being used as justification for further curtailment of civil liberties?" This amounts to gross defamation of character on a grand scale. Does Prof. Lowry *really* think people don't know these things — haven't known them for fucking years!? These things are so frightening they're (unfortunately) cliches!

What would Citizen Lowry make of someone who might spend an afternoon studying political theory or an evening sorting out their local Labour party branch *before* dressing up to go nightclubbing? I think it's an accurate picture of a lot of people involved in things Lowry considers Futuristically damned, but it seems to be an inconceivable picture, as far as his world is concerned. Everything in the *Titanic Refloated* rant is anguish and misery.

Personally, I'm happier with the available selection and structure of music these days then I have been since the mid-70s soul/reggae boom. And as NY critic Glenn O'Brien said recently, good dance music "takes off where Prof. Reich left off. A dance culture is obviously the best antidote to racism, *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* and the elimination of neurotic muscular armouring." *And* I can still be alarmed/analyse/activate as far as both Politics and politics are concerned.

"We should be talking about (sic) the best ways of doing something constructive with our good intentions," says Lowry. Again, I say WE ARE! WE HAVE BEEN! WHERE WERE YOU!?

The way you 'talk', urgent discourses are yet unborn. They're there, my dear! Whether you recognise it or not, discourses such as the women's movement, racial equality movements and advances in political theory affect and contribute to your everyday life.

Stop your self-pitying blather Lowry, you could join any number of local or national organisations, discussion groups, Rock Againsts, etc, who are all for maximising the potential of 'minority' protest. They're not without their own faults and contradictions — but they do do a lot of 'talking', and that's what you want, isn't it?

You seem to think 'politics' in rock stopped when Strummer & Co made a duff second album, but ever since '76/'77 people have been grouping together to arrange gigs, distribute records and writings, airing common grievances and so forth.

AND ANYWAY, *NME has* been doing this "serious talking" — some would say overdoing it — and if you think otherwise, complain to A Tyler, A MacKinnon, I MacDonald . . .

I would like to know if a two-page Lowry cartoon in one of the posh Sunday colour supplements advertising an expensive brandy is such an ideologically pure act? Besides which, you were recently handed over sections of the *NME* LP reviews section and what did we get? Reviews stuffed full of domestic trivia and personal angst.

Don't get me wrong — I don't object to frivolous writing: just pointing out contradictions.

Which brings us nicely onto your curious critique of the rock lifestyle, with particular reference to The Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, The Beatles (???) and Bob Dylan ("anyone feel like tackling Dylan on the subject of Reagan when he comes over?"). Ray, you must be in a very bad way indeed if you expect answers from the likes of those. They're rock musicians, not intelligentsia. *Why on earth* should they have access to any insight more enlightened than the rest of us?

The type of 'political' intervention *NME* might contemplate is not one of lyrical agitation or incantatory propaganda. What we are doing is writing, designing, printing, publishing (within or by IPC) and so, modestly, what we are involved with has to do with acts and problems those things throw up — as interpretation or relay of rock and pop and related culture(s): a regional struggle, a village rebellion, not the storming of the Bastille (some would say we work for the overlords).

You don't need a good pop single (or a review of it) if you are going to occupy a factory or join a picket line or solve unemployment at a stroke. But if you go into the pub for a swift one just before the revolution begins, then a good tune on the jukebox might set you up a treat; then again, it might provide a much-needed lift each and every day of your week, revolution or no revolution. I personally get it from a lot of songs and writing — and in turn, hope I *give* it.

Lowry helpfully condemns the tone and haziness of *Titanic Refloated* in his recent heartfelt piece on the March For Jobs: "I'm sick of hearing woolly nonsense about the necessity for us all to work together to sort out the country's problems."

I'll continue to feel *un*-divided in conversations with cineastes, feminists, disagreeable allies and drinking buddies. As far as I'm concerned, *little words can make all the difference in the world.* Now I'll 'say' that again, only slower this time . . .

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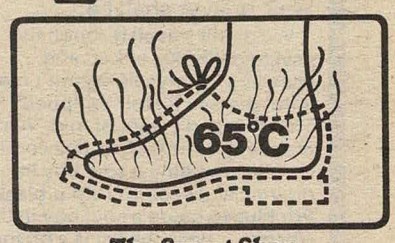

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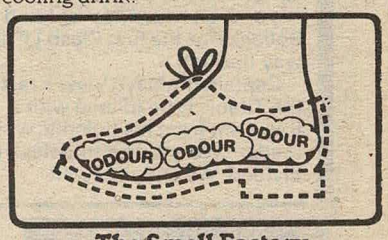

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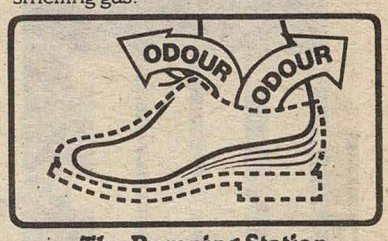

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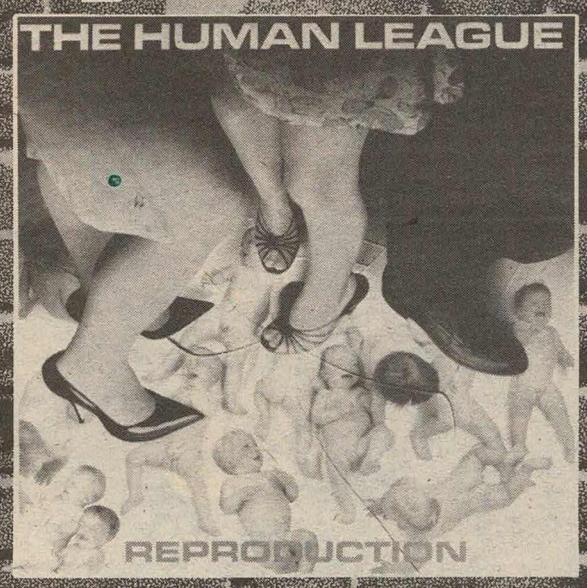
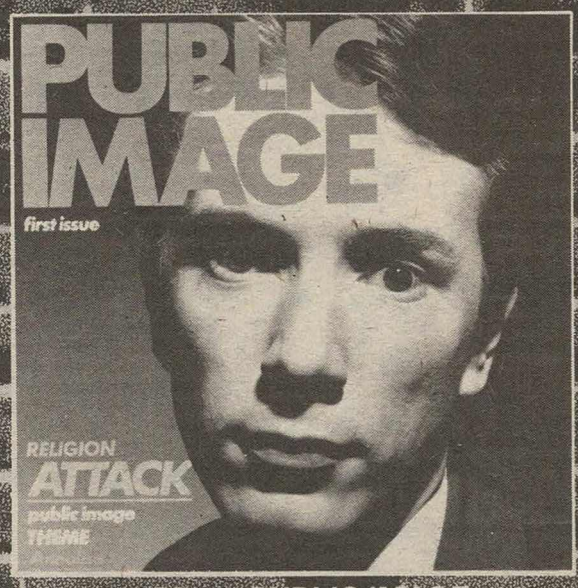


HUMAN LEAGUE — REPRODUCTION



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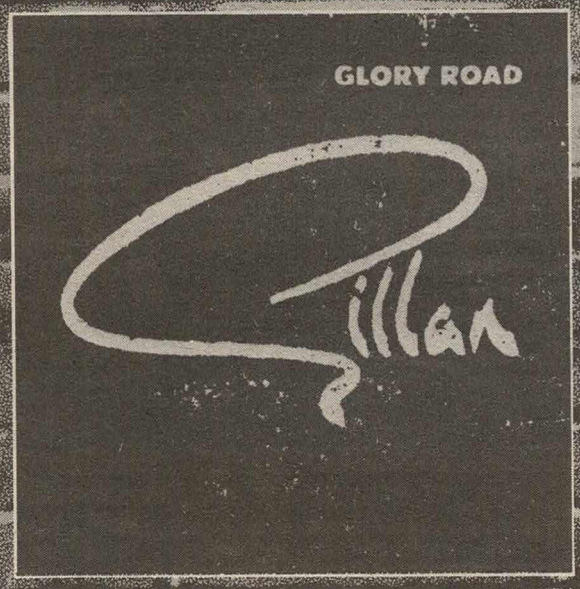

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Above: would you tangle with these Guardian Angels?

Down in the New York subway at midnight the muggers, junkies and thieves come out in force, and ordinary citizens fear they'll be robbed, raped or murdered. But it's where The Guardian Angels — a bunch of tough, unarmed kids — dare to tread as an unofficial, unpaid peace keeping force. Chris Salewicz (words) and Joe Stevens (pix) join an all-night patrol.

MUGGERS DELIGHT is what they call the elevated Livonia Avenue subway station in Brownsville, Brooklyn. The area has the worst social services programmes, the most illiteracy, and the maximum crime of any district in New York City.

The east New York station is also served by the riskiest subway line to ride, the IRT 7th Avenue line — known aptly as The Beast.

One muggy night two summers ago the resolute Curtis "Rock" Sliwa was riding the Brooklyn subway system as one of a three-man unarmed volunteer patrol looking after the safety of citizens who might otherwise find themselves violated by the illegal whims of others.

Around ten in the evening, the patrol stepped off a train at Livonia Avenue. Walking along the platform they could make out at the far end the sound and shapes of scuffling, and amidst this sinister commotion were the sobs and shrieks of a woman plainly in great distress.

It was a gang rape: six men were in the preliminary stages of a mass sexual assault.

Sliwa and his two companions went to the woman's rescue. This resulted, says Sliwa, in something "like a scene out of a kung fu movie, with punches and kicks flying in all directions."

One of the would-be rapists, however, pulled out a sawn-off shotgun, pumped it, and aimed it at the woman. She fled for her life down the nearby subway steps. The armed man followed her, and at the top of the stairway levelled the weapon at her back as she stumbled towards the safety of the street.

"He is prepared to pull the trigger and blast her to smithereens." Sliwa flips his words at you in the tight, leathery mouthfuls of his native Brooklyn. "So I throw a flying kick, hoping to hit the guy and knock the gun down.

"Instead of knocking into him, though, I kick the gun from out of his hands. The man falls down the stairs, and I crash into the railing and fall 30 feet to the ground below.

"Why," he continues, an ironic smile arching across the right side of a face normally sternly stiff, "my body is not halfway to England and halfway to China is exactly *because* of the type of neighbourhood it is. . .down on the street were cans, newspapers, mattresses, old washing machines, refrigerators, bags of garbage — an accumulation probably of the past five years.

"So I crashed into that mountain of garbage, bounced off it and hit the street. Thankfully nothing was broken, and I didn't lose my life."

AT THE time of the Livonia Avenue incident, Curtis Sliwa was the leader of the romantically named Magnificent 13, a volunteer force which had developed from an earlier concept, The Rock Squad, formed to clean up the filthy streets of the South Bronx.

Today, the 26 year-old Polish-Italian bosses the operation into which The Magnificent 13 turned — The Guardian Angels, an 800-strong unarmed outfit whose young members come mostly from deprived immigrant backgrounds and about whom every single person in New York City seems to have an opinion.

And a lot object to this outfit who in patrols of between eight and 20 wearing their scarlet berets and white T-shirts emblazoned with their group name, police the flashpoints of the city and the subways, the latter being only 40 per cent of their operating territory.

The cops — and particularly the transit cops — vehemently object to The Guardian Angels. Until recently this has been with strong support from the city's Mayor Koch, though last month he agreed to co-operate with Rock's team — after all this is election year.

"The objections of the police," asserts Sliwa, "have gone beyond those of just a verbal nature. It's gotten into physical abuse. There are a number of different Angels who have been arrested on trumped-up charges: disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, asault and battery — but *never* against a civilian, always against a transit police officer."

Yet in every single case the charges against these Angels have been thrown out of court.

"I just think it's a very sick attitude," Sliwa adds, "when the head of the Transit Police says that The Guardian Angels should be disbanded and that the City Of New York, meaning the government officials, should do

THOSE ANGELS WHO TRIED TO TAME THE NEW YORK BEAST

everything it can to eliminate The Guardian Angels from patrolling the subways."

In the Bronx the minimum waiting time before a squad car will arrive to answer an emergency call is 40 minutes. The New York City police department, Sliwa claims, admit they alone can no longer carry out their allotted task — for years they have been requesting assistance on a volunteer level.

"So why," he demands," do they go so far out of their way to try to dissolve the group, to try to dispute its success, and basically discredit it and crucify it?

"It doesn't seem to make *any* sense, unless, *one,* they view it as an attack on their professional efficiency; *two,* they're so used to going after young blacks and Hispanics and locking them up that they can't even conceive that young blacks and Hispanics could be doing anything on the right side of the law; *three,* their union has convinced them that for every Guardian Angel that volunteers there'll be one less Transit Police Officer hired, which means less pension and welfare, less benefits, and maybe the lay-off of some police officers.

"Also, they claim that young people don't have enough maturity to deal with violent, criminal situations. But look at these streets: most of the cops don't live here anymore — they live out of the city. And who do you think would have more experience of the crime that goes on in the streets? The cop that spends eight hours on the streets of New York? Or a kid who lives there 24 hours a day and is involved with crime from the moment he wakes up to the moment he goes to sleep? The kids are gonna be far hipper to the situation than the cops."

Another favourite criticism of The Guardian Angels — a point insisted on by a cop on duty at 42nd Street — is that they are akin to right-wing paramilitary forces like Hitler's Brown shirts.

This is paranoid nonsense.

"I don't think there's a single politician about whom you could ask me if I'm favourably disposed," says Sliwa. "I'm very negative about the whole bunch. We'll never, ever accept a dime from the government or from the federal state or from the city government."

But does Sliwa have political ambitions himself?

"That's something that everyone implies. But I think I'm much more effective in what I'm doing now."

BROUGHT UP in Brooklyn Curtis Sliwa had, he says, "One big advantage: whenever I wanted to do anything of a volunteer nature, I was always encouraged by my parents, no matter how crazy or whacked-out it sounded."

At the age of seven, he was sent to karate classes by his merchant seaman union organiser father, who had seen his share of waterfront stiffs. Today, all Guardian Angels undergo unarmed combat training.

At the age of 14 Sliwa became involved with a project for recycling garbage, and cleaning up the trash-strewn streets of the Bronx. It was something he thought needed doing.

He moved over to a non-denominational high school for a few days, but his acadamic fight and ambition had gone out of him. He quit and started night work at a nearby filling station. After a succession of bad experiences, he would stand in front of each car as it was being filled, holding heavy metal weights. If the driver tried to pull away without paying he'd put the weights through his windscreen.

Later he took a job at a McDonalds concession in the Bronx, quickly rising up the career ladder to managing the joint. It was then that he moved into the first floor apartment in the nearby Fordham Road area which is now the headquarters for The Guardian Angels.

The interior of his home/office displays evidence of a recent break-in: the letters "KKK" (of the racist Ku Klux Klan organisation) are daubed over entire walls. In the bathroom, the Angels' enemies have scrawled "You who are white have turned on the whiteman. Be prepared to pay the price". It is signed by "The Euro-American Brigade".

Before he got this place, Curtis would go to his parents' Brooklyn home after work on the all-night subway. Often, he'd travel with a big, tough Chinaman who worked at the same McDonalds. Some grim business occurred on those trains: beatings, armed robbery, sexual assault . . .

On these journeys Curtis would wear a three-piece suit with a gold watch and fob-chain in the waist coat; he'd also deliberately travel in a separate carriage to the Chinaman. Invariably characters would approach him and try to remove the carats. But Curtis, apparently alone, was carrying an electronic bleeper and as soon as the action started he'd send out an alarm signal to the Chinaman. Very coolly he'd come into the car where something unpleasant was about to happen to his partner, and the pair would bust the attackers.

"So that's who we tested out the procedure for making a citizen's arrest," explains Sliwa. "Which every citizen in the United States has the right to do under the constitution as long as, *one,* you visually see a crime being committed, *two,* you have a complainant, which was me obviously, *three,* you have a witness.

"When we first brought up the concept of citizen's arrests, the cops couldn't deal with it at all. But because we had the procedures down pat, they *had* to get involved."

number one.

"Even in straight society it's the 'Me, Me, Me' routine, presented from a tremendous public relations point of view ...

"And then they'll come along and say, Look at this guy Sliwa from The Guardian Angels. See how media conscious he is. And I'll say, Yeah, guilty. *Guilty!* And I'm not even going to make any excuse for it, because we have a potential solution to the problem that is working with one another, regardless of who they are.

"One of the things that pleases me about The Guardian Angels is that they're now being established as role models for young people. It's not just the patrols. If the Angel concept was just the patrols, then it would be ineffective, because we have not stopped the rise in crime. Crime is still sky-rocketing.

"What we have been able to do, though, is to establish the Angel concept as a new way for young people to look at things. We've been a catalyst, and we've been a very successful one."

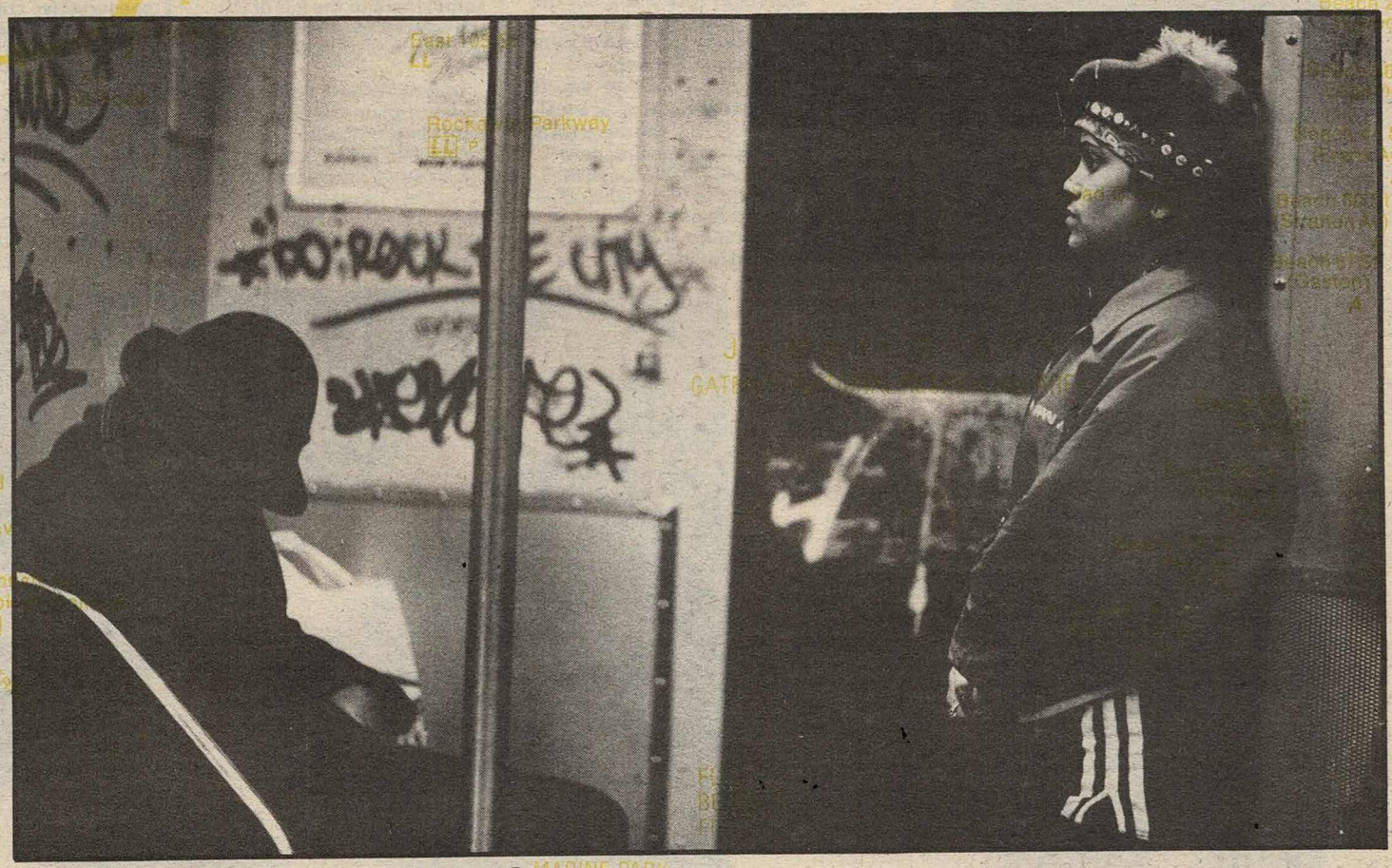
WHERE THE Guardian Angels have a real edge is that they are *cool* — much cooler, much hipper, and much sharper than most of their grey detractors, in fact. The Guardian Angels are not Boy Scouts. A good few of them have seen a fair share of illegal action in their time. Like Bobby Ellis, for example, one of Sliwa's two bodyguards.

Sitting in a Bronx coffee shop with Michael Kabaolero and Vincent Colon, two Puerto Rican Angels in their late teens, the black 28 year old Bobby Ellis tells of his teenage membership in one of New York's most notorious gangs, The Young Lords, and later in The Black Panthers.

"But," he adds softly, "I don't really like to remember those times too much, man. 'Cos the cops, one day they got my uncle, and they just filled him fulla holes. . . But now, doing this, I love it. Though all the time I get people saying, why are you risking your life when you're getting no money from it?"

"Yeah," adds the tiny Kabaolero in his Puerto Rican accent, "people sit on the trains and in front of them someone gets mugged, yet they'll just pick up their papers and pretend they can't see what's going on.

"If my mother was getting mugged and I wasn't there to protect her, I'd like to think that someone would get up and help. In the past, even before I was a Guardian Angel, I've helped people, and I've gotten into fights that way . . . which is why all The Guardian Angels do martial arts, because if you come up against someone doing a mugging, they're likely to have maybe six or seven friends with them who're going to try and jump you."



A young Angel guards an old man on the infamous Beast.

CRAZED, MINDLESS assaults are everyday characteristics of life not just in New York City, but throughout most major cities in the United States. The USA is still a land of cowboys and outlaws, still the frontier. It's a country in love with its own myth, a myth perpetuated by cinema and TV to such an extent that the line between reality and fiction is frequently indistinguishable.

In such terms, Fantasy Continent is not getting better, it's getting worse, as can be seen simply by the symbol of a gun-totin', B-movie cowboy star rising to the highest office in the land, only to be nearly blown away in a shoot-out reminiscent of the final reel of many of the movies in which he'd made his name. And that myth exists just as much in New York as in the wide open spaces of Marlboro Country. In the city the life of an outlaw is a glamorous and easy one to lead, often financed by illicit drug dealing.

But the US isn't all random nuttiness. Most Americans are good and honest, and as the violence of the minority has escalated beyond the control of normal, official policing, there has been an increasing need for unofficial groups — such as The Guardian Angels.

It was a similar deal a few days before Christmas, 1970, when he was out at 5a.m. walking his dog before starting on his paper round. He spotted a burning brownstone house and dived into it three times to bring out all its occupants. Only one died.

Again, it was the same attitude that earned him his "Rock" nickname at Brooklyn Prep (his Jesuit High School) after he noticed members of The Outlaws gang creating havoc in a local delicatessen.

"One of the guys picked up an Entenmann's cake," he told the *Village Voice* last year," and I said, 'You're gonna put that cake back'. Then they started in on me. They hit me with a brick that left a knot on my head, but I put one of them right through the front window and that was it. If you're gonna be a pushover, you're gonna pay the price."

At that rigorously disciplinarian Catholic school, Curtis Sliwa was a bright, arts-inclined pupil with provisional scholarships offered by several universities. He never graduated, however: a few weeks before the end of his final term, Curtis led a revolt over the wearing of ties and jackets and the lack of a student common room. He was expelled.

THE UNAVOIDABLE existence of the altruistic Guardian Angels naturally questions so much of what their detractors stand for. In a land where the dollar is God, it is deeply disturbing to see someone doing something for nothing. In fact, this permits a further line of attack: that because they are not obsessed with becoming rich obviously Sliwa and the Angels are "losers".

But funnily enough, it seems as though a lot of The Guardian Angels' detractors are people who just never ride the subway. But in any case Curtis Sliwa has his own opinions on contemporary social values.

"Our society," he says, "has sunk to its lowest level of sensitivity. Everyone wants to do just one thing: grab the big brass ring, we've only got one life to live, etcetera, etcetera . . .

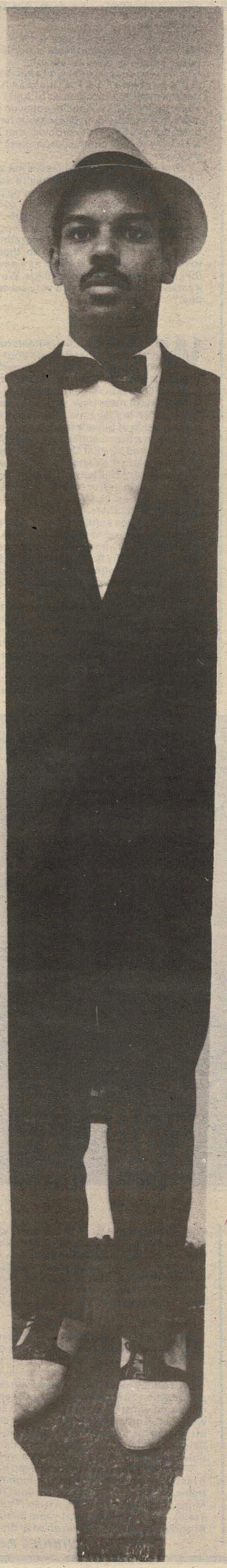
"And it's understandable: who are our role models in this American society? For youngsters in a neighbourhood like the South Bronx it's pimps, pushers, dope addicts, gang members, prostitutes, high-money rollers who don't give a damn about anybody else . . . People whose attitude to life is that the only thing to do is to look after — and *be* —

AT ELEVEN P.M. there is a rendezvous of all The Guardian Angels patrols on northbound platform four of the subway station at 59th Street and Lexington Avenue.

On a Friday night that ends a seven day period when 22 New Yorkers have been murdered, mostly gunned down, and 24 wounded, Curtis Sliwa is down at the station inspecting the troops; these days he rarely patrols himself, though he appears at this meeting-point three or four times a week.

Those Angels present have arrived from all over New York. They've been on high-risk trains like the Lexington Avenue line (The Mugger's Express) and the A train (The Zoo Train). The patrol that's just come in from Brooklyn is not being given an easy time.

CONTINUES PAGE 55



THE THIN BLACK THERMONUCLEAR THREAT

Adrian Thrills meets Joe Bowie, brother of Lester and Byron, father of Defunkt. Photos by Anton Corbijn.

JOE BOWIE looks cool. Razor sharp in a baggy blue mohair suit purchased from one of Manhattan's fabled First Avenue thrift shops, he walks with inquisitive Chaplinesque stoop but cuts a cool and impressive figure: the classic '40s movie mogul's uptown US Male.

His jet black hair is sharply shorn and keenly crowned with a straw Panama hat almost identical to the one which adorns the sleeve of 'Defunkt', the astonishing Hannibal debut album by the radical New York funk-jazz sextet of the same name.

Joe Bowie is Defunkt's mainmind and mouthpiece. On the stage of a crowded club or concert hall, he blows a tempestuous trombone and sings with a wide-eyed, wired-up urgency as exhilarating as his songs are chillingly caustic.

Offstage — in a compact interview room provided by Hannibal's British distributors Island — he is hardly any less animated, sipping white wine from a polystyrene mug and rapping incessantly. Bowie's band grew out of New York City's avant-garde jazz joints and seedy rock clubs, but the man himself speaks in the slack-jawed southern drawl of his St. Louis, Missouri, hometown. Sock it to 'em JB!

"What Defunkt do is a fusion of rock 'n' roll, southern R&B, creative jazz and standard jazz. . .*JAZZ-PUNK-FUNK!* If you want to find a label, that's as good as any. It's a combination of all those things. It's hard for me to describe because it all depends on how you listen to it.

"I wanted to do something different with funk. There's only so much you can do with something unless you add to it. I like funk, but you need to add some new elements to brighten it up, to make it a little different."

To call Defunkt a little different is something of an understatement. Rather than subtly dislocate the funk-jazz norm, what Defunkt do to the basic beat constitutes more of a major upheaval. They check out the groove and then turn it completely inside out, savagely twisting some of the disco cliches radically to rejuvenate the genre.

The outcome — as showcased on the 'Defunkt' LP — is edgy and unsettling in all the places where Disco was bland and comforting.

Live — at their recent London date at The Venue — the group were disappointing, but only because they went on far too long, lazily stretching out instrumental breaks that would have had far more impact being kept short and snappy. For the first hour — they played for two — they were great, instantly transporting me back to the Kool, Fatback and Ohio Players shows I saw six years ago in Dunstable's California Ballroom.

Defunkt are heavyweights. The blood-brothers of other New York-based newfunk pioneers like Prince and James 'Blood' Ulmer, they lie somewhere to the left of the raunchier end — Material, Was (Not Was) — of the mutant ZE cast.

Defunkt take the groove *forward*, distorting their music with disturbing dischords, jarring jazz juxtapositions and subtle sub-beats. At the same time, they never lose sight of their basic dance floor objectives. For all their unsettling — and sometimes unmelodic — hairpin turns, Defunkt retain their grasp of the fundamentals with a groundswell of foot-itching funk punch.

"What we do is polyrhythmic for sure," says Bowie. "But funk should always be polyrhythmic. It is basically African music. It all goes back from James Brown to the African with his drums, all those different rhythms working together to get a pulsation, to create a feeling of movement.

"And it's that motion that makes it danceable."

JOE BOWIE'S musical career spans well over a decade, dating back to the late '60s when, as a teenager, he played trombone behind old blues masters such as Albert King and Little Milton in and around St. Louis. The assortment of jazz (primarily), funk, rock and blues ensembles he has blown with since those early days is bewildering. He can list over a dozen groups linked only by his constant search for a different — more eclectic — approach to the tried and trusted formats.

Born 27 years ago into a "comfortable middle class black family", he remembers St. Louis as a tense, segregated city.

"They tried to bring about integration between the black and white areas with school 'bussing' and that caused a lot of tension, because Missouri is basically a very *southern*, very conservative state.

"I was 'bussed' so I was going to school with a lot of white kids when I started. But, by the time I graduated, the same school was predominantly black. The whites pulled out whenever the blacks moved in anywhere."

An involvement in music was practically pre-ordained for the young Bowie. His father was a music teacher and both his elder brothers were professional musicians, one of them — Lester Bowie — the famed trumpeter of The Art Ensemble Of Chicago (the *other* brother, Byron, is the big, *baaad*, bald saxman with Defunkt).

Bowie's first band *proper* were the Black Artists Group, a collective who worked in the ghetto areas of St. Louis, fuelled by the fervour of the late '60s black American civil rights movement. After a year studying trombone at university in Jefferson, Missouri, under one of the instrument's acknowledged masters Marshall Penn, Bowie moved to Paris with the Black Artists Group.

"That group were very much an avant-garde jazz thing — four horns and a drummer with no bass player, but a lot of miscellaneous instruments. It was a good experiment. Basically, they concerned themselves with black creativity — creative music, dance and drama arts, actors, dancers and conga drummers.

"At that time, free jazz was very popular in Europe so we had a lot of opportunities to work. It opened me up to a lot of creative aspects of music."

When the Black Artists Group finally splintered in 1973 — after cutting an LP in Paris — Bowie retreated to New York's Lower East Side to form the eulogised Human Arts Ensemble with percussionist Charles 'Bobo' Shaw.

Although Bowie and 'Bobo' — who was to turn up later on the 'Defunkt' LP — were still essentially jazzers, their new arts ensemble was a far more cosmopolitan, open-ended affair, losely embracing anything from funk to be-bop. A taste of what was to come.

For Bowie, however, a further series of unfruitful flirtations lay ahead before he was to gel his ideas in Defunkt. Among them were a stint playing

Left: Joe Bowie as 2-Tone man. Above: Joe reflects on himself.

behind soft soul smoochers The Dells, a period as Tyrone Davies' band leader in Chicago and a spell as the vortex of the St. Louis Creative Ensemble, a rootsier jazz/R&B crossover which eventually transformed itself into the New York Blues Allstars.

But it was a Chance meeting in 1979 which sowed the seeds that were to blossom into Defunkt. Bowie was approached by an old friend from the days of the Human Arts Ensemble, James Seigfried — AKA James Chance/White — and asked to put together a horn section for his group The Contortions.

Bowie quickly located some top brass. More than that, he also came up with an entire new group of musicians for Chance's backing band. The team — Bowie along with guitarists Kelvyn Bell and Martin Aubert, bassist Melvyn Giggs, drummer Ronnie Burrage and trumpeter Ted Daniels — were eventually to form the nucleus of the line-up which recorded the 'Defunkt' LP last year.

Solely through their efforts behind Chance, the group's reputation grew and eventually — inevitably — they decided to go it alone. After opening Chance's Manhattan show with their own set, they progressed to their own shows and augmented the line-up with the addition of Joe's brother Byron on sax and Martin Fischer — tragically killed last year — on synth.

The association with Chance is not completely over, however, and Bowie still guests with him when Defunkt are not playing. He even contributed trombone to two tracks on Chance's recent 'Live In New York' cassette.

"It wasn't really a split," recalls Bowie. "He (Chance) was in a strange situation. He was playing with an all black band and it was hard for him to maintain the respect of all the musicians. Not all of them could relate to what he was into.

"Personally, I find him very interesting, but he has trouble in finding musicians that can fit musically and emotionally with him, so he goes through a lot of musicians.

"Defunkt had to go their own way just out of necessity. There was no animosity, but we just had to take care of ourselves."

DEFUNKT STRUCK out on their own last year with class and confidence, Joe Bowie seizing the moment for which he had waited 12 years. The Defunkt LP was bold and brassy, certainly not the sort of record that one might have expected from a group who had been playing the part of a backing band only six months beforehand.

This was the real thing, brother! Not only do Defunkt reject and reverse most of funk's standard musical cliches. They have also re-invested black American music with a lyrical toughness and purpose it has largely lacked since the early '70s.

Songs like 'Make Them Dance' and 'We All Dance Together' might initially sound like the archetypal dance floor denunciations. But don't be fooled by the wicked black humour at work in Bowie's lyric-writing: the first song is a vivid account of a horrific car crash while the latter is a wry comment on the humdrum uniformity of city life and city love: *"With parallel movements, many people wake up and go to work/With parallel movements, many people go home and go to sleep."*

Bowie also has a knack of taking someone else's song and totally transforming it, both musically and lyrically: James Brown's 'Cold Sweat' becomes the altogether more harrowing 'Thermonuclear Sweat', while Chic's 'Good Times' is transmuted into the bitterly sarcastic 'In The Good Times', an attack on the twin evils that Bowie believes have put the minds of Young Americans to sleep — mindless disco muzak and drug addiction.

"I liked that 'Good Times' tune, but I just wanted to give it another slant. I like the idea of taking a vehicle that people are used to hearing and putting a new meaning to it. I wanted to give that song a more serious tone so that people could get more out of it.

"Right now, *there are no good times!* The cities in the States are full of drug addiction, unemployment is higher than ever. The youth are getting bewildered and disillusioned. Things are in a bad way. Everybody's tripping and nobody's thinking. But we've got to wake up again and Defunkt are part of that resurgence of *thought*.

"I think there's going to be a lot more street activity in the States this summer. When it gets hot, the poor people get restless. They are the ones with no air conditioning or anything so it is more frustrating for them.

"And when the social riots come this time, they are going to be different. It won't only be the blacks. The economic situation is starting to hit the whites this time too, so there are going to be a lot more people in the streets when the riots come this time."

Bowie is adamant that music can be one of the greatest weapons in any battle against mass mental pollution and sedation.

"What I'm trying to deal with is *TRUTH* and music is a great way of making people aware of what's happening. The media in the States have made music into something that makes people forget and sends them to sleep. I don't like that too much. The media feels more comfortable pushing out music to make people forget about the shit they're living in. That's why the radio stations in America are all such garbage.

"The media created the big disco thing as a control to put young people to sleep. Disco has a very bland format. It's what I'd call a synthesised form of music. It's factory-made, like a piece of cake. There is nothing to it, but the disc jockeys like pushing it because it keeps people stupid. It's controlled genocide against youth. You put a young man's mind to sleep and ten years later you have a dumb man.

"That's why the radio stations keep down certain types of music. That's why jazz has always been repressed — because it is *thought* music."

Defunkt themselves are now coming across the same problems, the same media barriers.

"As far as I'm concerned, we have a band as good as any other in the world. But we don't get half the radio play of some of the others. But our music is still really loved by most of the people who come and see us.

"Can you imagine what would happen if they started playing Defunkt on the radio stations all over the States? People might start thinking about the shit that they're living in! That's why the radio stations feed the youth with bullshit music. That's why the government feeds them with drugs — they get a damned fool at the end of it!"

I ask about the track 'Thermonuclear Sweat' and Bowie's grim prophecy of a holocaust before the end of the century.

"The trouble is that a lot of people don't even see what's going on around them. When I mention the possibility of nuclear war, people look at me like I'm crazy! But there is a war being manufactured right now. People don't like to admit it to themselves but I think it's obvious. Just watch the news and you can see all the events stacking up towards a war."

He brushes off my accusation of possible paranoia and sheer fatalism.

"I don't think its paranoia. I think it's inevitable and we are powerless to do anything about it. The people who are in control of these things are just fools. The US is still based on a wartime economy. History has proven that when the US is in an economic depression, it takes a war to get her out of it.

"I'm not saying it will happen overnight, but give it 20 years and I just think it is inevitable."

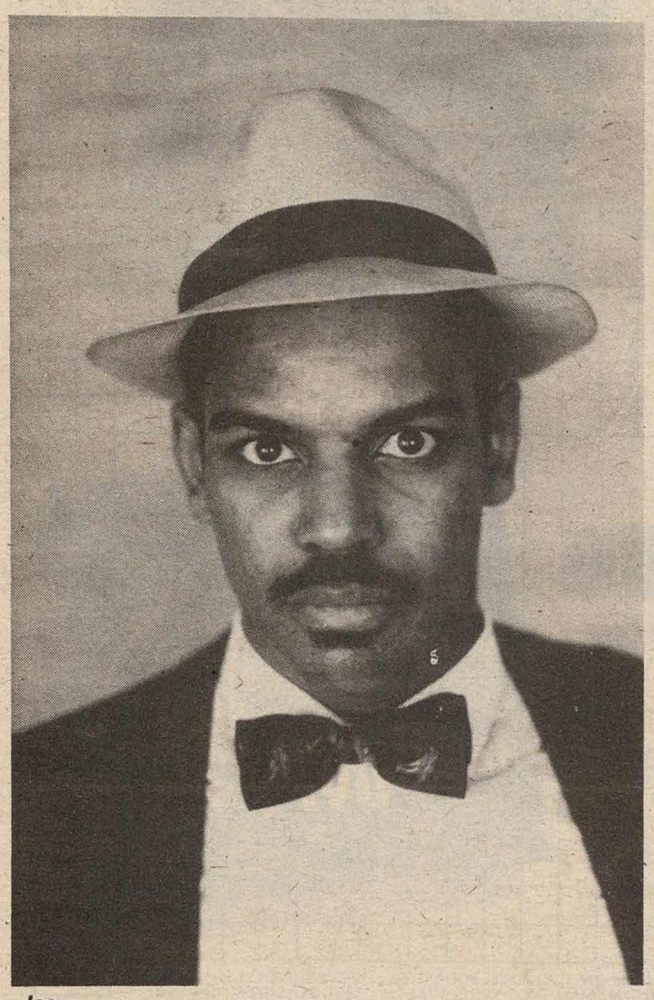
Bowie's gloomy predictions leave our discussion at a dead end until the talk turns back to the music.

"I'm not a politician. I'm a musician. When we play live I want to be able to play naturally and creatively and freely. I just play things by ear. Every day is different, every audience is different, so I react differently every night.

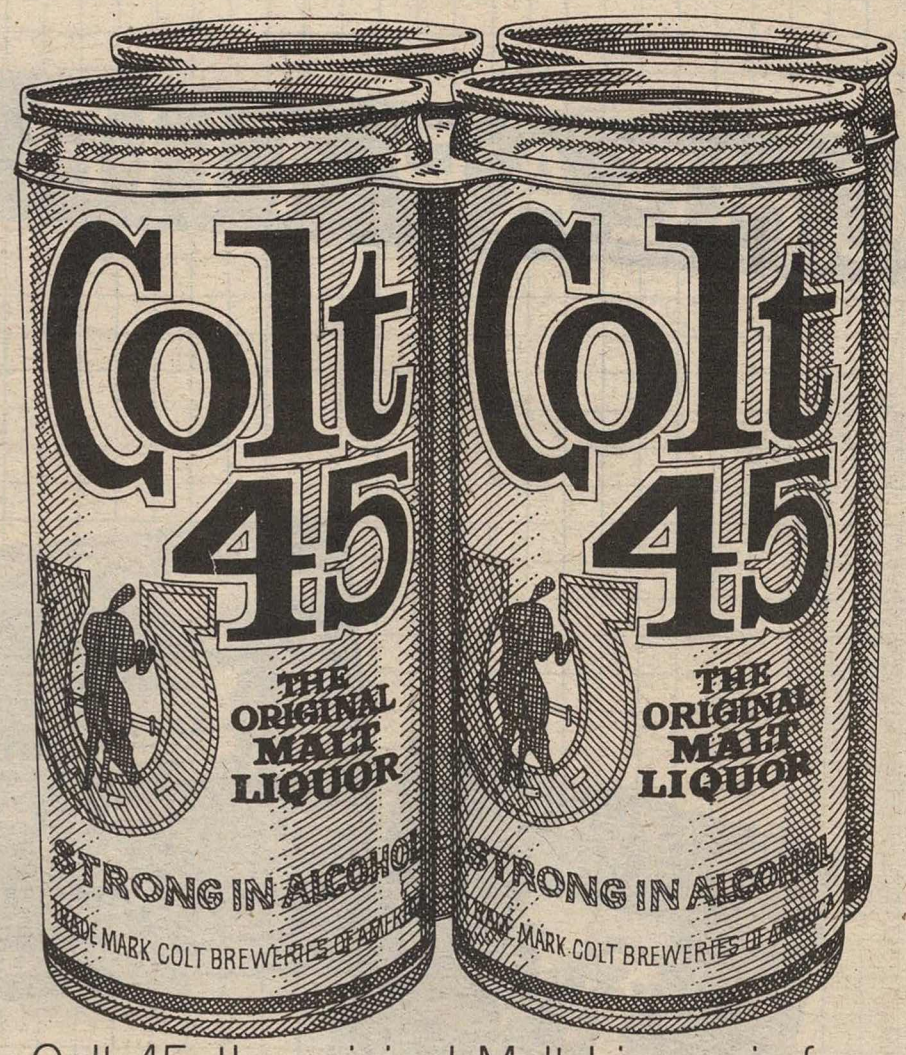
"But I just like to see people *aware* of what's happening around them. I just like people to look around and weigh things up . . . the judgements are obvious."

But can you dance to it? I hear a voice whinge in the distance.

Do us a favour! Don't lose those shoes . . .



Joe



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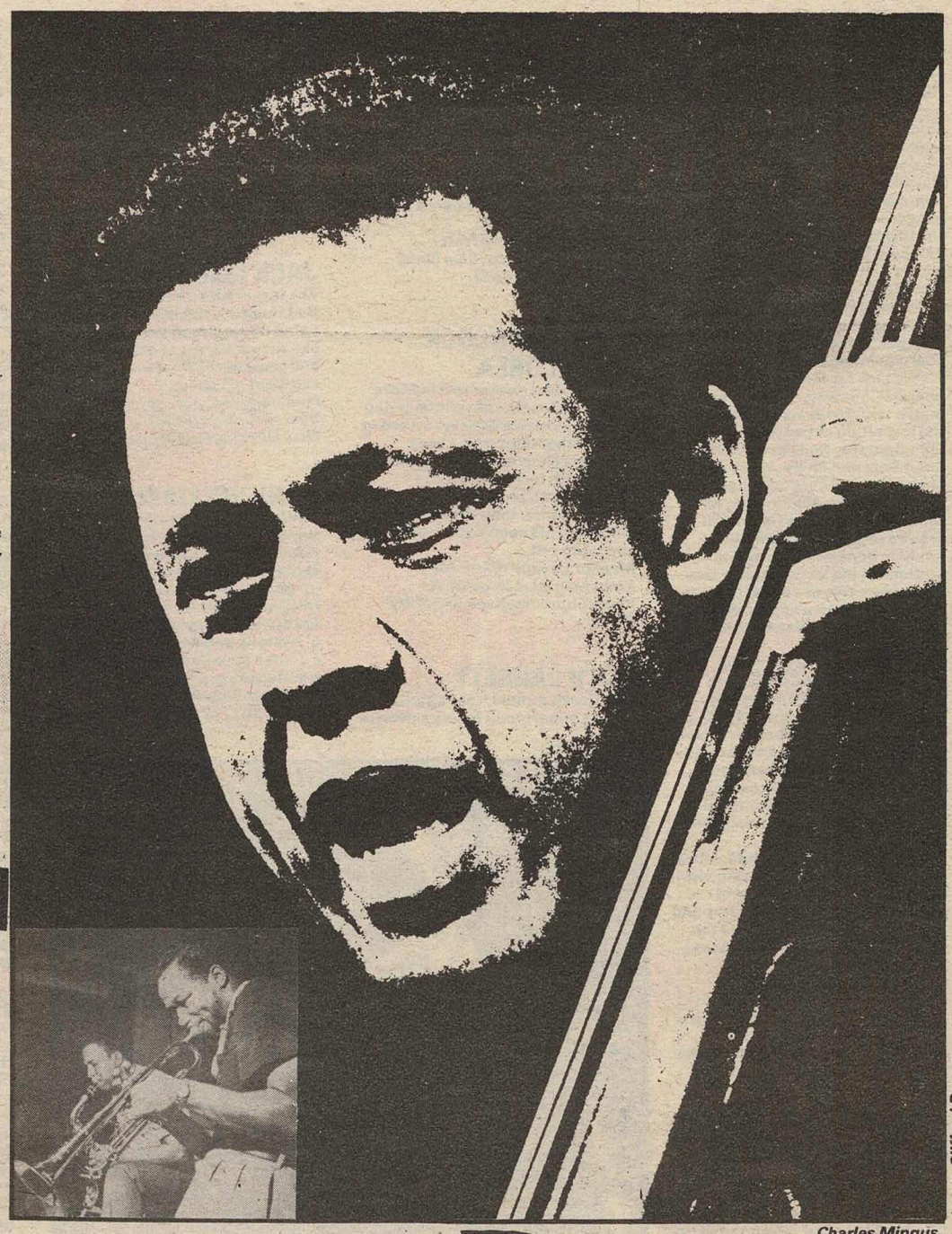
JAZZ FROM THE '50s TO THE '80s

Out of the cellars, into the lofts, the cool, the free, the spirits rejoicing . . .



Charles Mingus.

BLUE NOTE RECORDS

No one record company has ever dominated a particular era in jazz with such passion and influence as New York's Blue Note label. Founded in 1939 by Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, Blue Note began calling the shots in the early '50s when — as an antidote to neo-academic cool — Hard Bop caused a stampede in the direction of basic red-blooded blowin' sessions and minimal orchestration.

Whilst jubilantly flying the Hard Bop colours, drummer Art Blakey and his one-time sidekick, pianist Horace Silver, made a slight detour back to their roots and christened the result, *funk*. Blakey called his combo The Jazz Messengers whilst Silver went off to form an identical unit under his own name. They both became very famous. Meanwhile, a young Philly-Town bop pianist named Jimmy Smith switched to Hammond organ and reinvented the electric beast's use as a major jazz voice. He lugged it around America in a hearse, became an international celebrity and gave the impression that he released a new album regularly each Friday!

Between them, Blakey, Silver, Smith and their innumerable soulful sideman were to inaugurate the Jazz-funk movement. But it was the seemingly endless crocodile of heavyweight hornmen that spilled out of Blue Note that left one breathless and light in the wallet: saxmen Hank Mobley, John Coltrane, Johnny Griffin, Jackie McLean, Stanley Turrentine, Wayne Shorter, Sam Rivers, Cliff Jordan, John Gilmore, the grossly underrated Tina Brooks. Then there were the trumpet players: Clifford Brown, Thad Jones, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Donald Byrd, Blue Mitchell, and Kenny Dorham.

The subject of a number of takeovers, Blue Note is now part of the EMI multinational complex and the focal point of at least four independent reissue programmes (USA, France, Japan and Britain) and a scheme to make available for the first time dozens of hitherto unreleased sessions.

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS

Having already — alongside Roach and Clarke — wholly changed the style of jazz drumming, Blakey then built the Jazz Messengers to bring an altered emphasis to small group playing. The 'hard bop' unit as exemplified by the Messengers was designed to present a unified clout, bop's headlong tempos slowed to maximise the overall punch, the horns shoulder-charging out of the thunderous piano-drums heartland.

Though dominant solo voices were effectively discouraged, Blakey ironically towered over all from the rear by dint of his colossally powerful drumming. More recent records feature lesser players than in the '50s heyday, but as a unit the JM's remain committed preachers driven by the ageless Blakey.

At The Cafe Bohemia (Blue Note)
Buhaina's Delight (Blue Note)
Mosaic (Blue Note)
Free For All (Blue Note)

HORACE SILVER

The pianist must be credited as a leader in the development of the hard bop and soul-jazz movements. As co-founder of the Jazz Messengers with Art Blakey in 1954 he set up the options for the hard bop rhythm section — a steaming, percussive taunting of the horns — and went on to lead his own group in 1956. His piano, a pared-down, rootsy reappraisal of bop and boogie, remained the constant, and 'Home Cooking', the title and track from 'The Stylings Of Silver', sums up his appeal.

Horace Silver And The Jazz Messengers (Blue Note)
The Stylings Of Silver (Blue Note)
Song For My Father (Blue Note)

CLIFFORD BROWN

Nothing short of disaster, it seemed, could prevent trumpet player Clifford Brown from becoming the biggest jazz star of his generation. But, just as this life-affirming maestro was about to stake his claim, the odds abruptly ran out on June 26, 1956, when the car in which 25-year-old Brownie was riding plunged off the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

Though, to this day, he continues to influence/inspire successive brigades of hard-boppin' buglers, such was his elusive nature that no one musician has emerged as his rightful successor. It's as if it's impossible for just one individual to corral Brownie's preponderance of ideas, unerring wit, heartfelt lyricism and sparkling tone into a single entity.

Brownie's recording career may have only spanned a fraction under three years, but thankfully, he was extensively showcased (even up to the night of his death) with the best talent: Tadd Dameron, Lionel Hampton's raucous big band which barn-stormed Europe in '53 and Art Blakey's first draft Jazz Messengers. However, it was as co-leader of a quintet with fire-brand drummer Max Roach that Brownie gained international attention. With tenorist Harold Land (replaced by Sonny Rollins for the last six months of Brownie's life) as an admirable frontline foil, the Quintet all but dominated the modern scene at that period. It's often argued that, had Brownie lived, then perhaps Miles Davis might not have enjoyed such a clear run!

The Complete Paris Collection (Inner City)
Roach-Brown In Concert (GNP-Vogue)
The Quintet (EmArcy)
Live At The Bee Hive (CBS)

WELCOME back to The Hip Hiker's Guide to Jazz. *Really* hip hikers may have noticed a few errors in the presentation of last week's guide, which were due to circumstances beyond our control — to atone, a free plastic saxophone will be given to the first hipster who can make sense of it all!

Words: Richard Cook, Roy Carr.

Artwork: (last week) Keith Breedon; (this week) Jill Mumford.

Acknowledgements to Nevil Skrimshire, *Jazz Journal International*; Ed Dipple, Mole Jazz; Tony Williams, Spotlite Records.

Art Blakey.

CHARLES MINGUS

Be-Bop may have smashed more icons than when Hannibal sacked Rome, but whereas the frontrunners succumbed to their own hand, Charles Mingus continued to wilfully upset convention through a highly tempestuous career of 30 years.

Bassist Mingus — invariably with drummer Dannie Richmond kicking up the dust — readapted his seminal influences (the most notable being Duke Ellington), devising a unique system whereby his Jazz Workshop band allowed for soloists of the calibre of Eric Dolphy, Booker Ervin, Roland Kirk, Jimmy Knepper, Clifford Jordan or Clarence Shaw to spontaneously expand his highly-emotive and often politically vitriolic compositions in any direction they chose. In doing so, they produced some of the most organic music ever made.

Mingus, who died in January '79 after a crippling protracted illness, was ironically the object of a posthumous reassessment by virtue of Joni Mitchell's controversial collaborative 'Mingus' album. The man's autobiography, *Beneath The Underdog*, is currently back in print and makes for compulsive reading.

Tijuana Moods (RCA)
Mingus Oh Yeah (Atlantic)
Mingus Ah-Um (CBS)
The Black Saint & The Sinner Lady (Impulse)
Blues & Roots (Atlantic)
The Great Concert Of Charles Mingus (Prestige)

SONNY ROLLINS

For many, Rollins is still the man. As a gangly youth he played bop tenor alongside peers like Parker and Powell, but by his first sessions as leader in the early '50s he'd already assimilated bop and swing modes into a hugely powerful, personal style that began to nudge the barriers of chord-change playing. His time with Max Roach forged an enthralling partnership with the drummer that led eventually to 'Blue 7' from 'Saxophone Colossus', one of the most astounding exhibitions of sax playing you'll ever hear. At the peak of his powers he amazingly retired for two years (1959-61) just as the New Thing was about to explode, repeating the sabbatical in the mid-'60s; his return on each occasion showed a greater interest in tone variation, but he's remained essentially the same. More mellow now but palpably a survivor.

Saxophone Colossus (Prestige)
Way Out West (Contemporary)
The Freedom Suite Plus (Milestone)

MILES' BOYS

MILES DAVIS

The influence of Miles Davis pervades every phase of jazz in the last thirty years. As a youngster he played opposite Bird on the Savoy sessions, his nervous, flighty trumpet a strange adjunct to the leader's soaring passion. By 1949 he was stalwart enough to organise the 'Birth Of The Cool' band, a commercial failure but its forward-looking charts helped set the course of the cool players. The '50s saw Miles honing his style: a silvery, vibratoless tone and tightly incisive phrasing were used to forge a new kind of funky excitement, sudden stops and unexpected changes instead of bop's overwhelming rush.

Two sets for Blue Note and the famous Christmas 1954 needle match with Monk were followed by the formation of the classic quintet with Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. Their bag of LPs set new standards for small group modernism: Miles' cool, lynx-eyed lines trading off Trane's urgent attack and the intuitive genius of the rhythm section. At the same time he was exploring a role as soloist against the richly etched orchestrations of Gil Evans ('Sketches Of Spain', 'Miles Ahead').

In 1959, with a larger group including Trane and Bill Evans, Miles recorded the masterpiece 'Kind Of Blue'. He wanted to try and release the players from the prison of a set chord pattern and instead turned the tunes on a particular scale of sequence of notes. The music shares the same timeless quality of Ornette Coleman's first albums.

With Coltrane's departure, Miles moved to a more mainstream view of hard bop until the arrival of Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams and (later) Wayne Shorter moved the group into a mysterious Sargasso Sea of stillness and spatial elegance. With the addition of electric piano and guitar it was a small step to jazz-rock, heralded in the luminous modality of 'In A Silent Way', Miles paring the horns to the bone over rippling tides of keyboards. 'Bitches Brew' and 'Live/Evil' also brooded over marathon work-outs on the slimmest of themes with John McLaughlin's guitar as the pagan roar. 'On The Corner' saw an almost impenetrable jungle-funk take over; the 'Agharta' concert swept out the ornamentation but only pointed up the limelight given to the guitarist over the face-down trumpet. The riffs were suitably wired but plain for all that.

Poor health has postponed the *quo vadis* dilemma but a reappearance is now on the cards.

Birth Of The Cool (Capitol)
Miles Davis Vols 1 & 2 (Blue Note)
Workin' And Steamin' (Prestige)
Sketches Of Spain (CBS)
Kind Of Blue (CBS)
ESP (CBS)
In A Silent Way (CBS)
On The Corner (CBS)
Get With It (CBS)

WAYNE SHORTER

Joined for 'ESP' in 1965 and stayed until the formation of Weather Report. His grainy, abrasive tenor seemed at odds with the yearning lyricism of the tunes he contributed and his quizzical series of Blue Note albums showed the balance fascinatingly struck.

Speak No Evil (Blue Note)
The All Seeing Eye (Blue Note)
Native Dancer (CBS)

HERBIE HANCOCK: CHICK COREA

Piano held an anchor role in Miles' bands. Hancock was an interesting second division player who liked to comp rather than solo; Corea preferred chocolate box Chopin on speed with technique as the callsign. Both progressed to fusion superstardom, their essentially minor talents soon overstretched and worn out.

Maiden Voyage (Blue Note)
Empyrean Isles (Blue Note)
Piano Improvisations Vols 1 & 2 (ECM)

KEITH JARRETT

The pianist moved from Charles Lloyd's supergroup to join Davis for 'Live/Evil'. He's since built a vast following for his acoustic recitals, based on one masterpiece ('Koln Concert') and a lot of lesser pleasantry. A gushing, virtuosic romantic; *he* reckons he's the best.

The Koln Concert (ECM)
Belonging (ECM)
Death And The Flower (Impulse)

JACK DeJOHNETTE

The last of Miles' great drummers, DeJohnette's kept ahead of the game by recording with hot names like Arthur Blythe and David Murray and securing ECM patronage. An excellent pianist and credibility-laden leader.

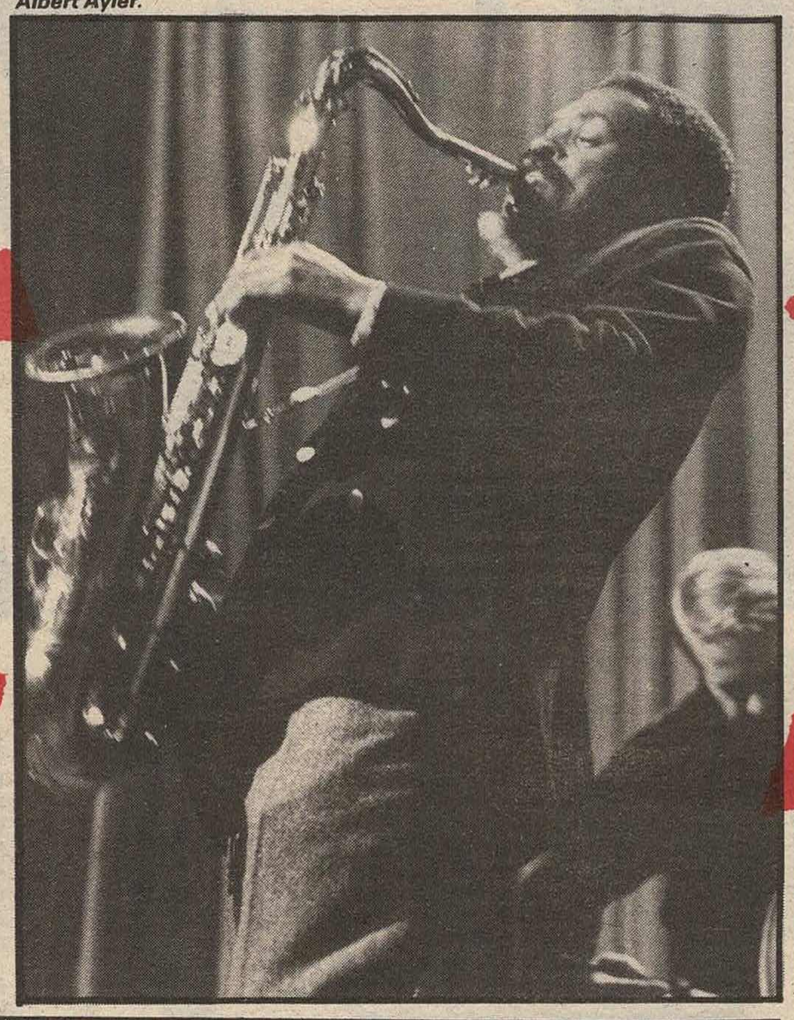
Special Edition (ECM)
New Direction In Europe (ECM)

TONY WILLIAMS

Williams joined the post-Coltrane group as a teenager. His restless polyrhythmic drive with its skittering waves of cymbals firmed up the slimline spray of the horns. His group Lifetime saw the excitement congeal into a pudding of hysteria and he now seems set on a course of undeserved obscurity as a middleweight fusioneer.

Life Time (Blue Note)
Spring Song (Blue Note)

Albert Ayler.



Miles Davis.

JOHN COLTRANE

Listeners and players alike bestowed messianic adulation on John Coltrane. In Trane they had the colossus who bestrode the older music and the new: he was essentially a hard bop player who took note of certain elements of the New Thing — the modal experiments of 'Kind Of Blue', the concern for rhythmic freedom and the expressive possibilities of pure sound — and used them to colour a vocabulary that remained rooted in harmony. Tied to an unfaltering spiritual purpose and a repression of arrogant rhetoric the impact was/is spellbinding.

With years in jazz already behind him the tenorman joined Miles Davis in 1955, his playing often garrulously intense with the great conception *almost* at his fingertips. The first classic quartet albums with McCoy Tyner and drummer Elvin Jones — 'Giant Steps', 'Coltrane Jazz' — see the flowering of the sheets of sound and magisterial tone and a uniquely tender approach to ballads like 'Naima'. He progressed to help revitalise the forlorn soprano sax on 'My Favourite Things', cut marathon club recordings like 'Chasin' The Trane', worked on towering conceptual dates like 'Africa/Brass' and 'Ascension' and produced his clearest devotional statement in 'A Love Supreme'.

Looking for another step beyond he brought in the raggedly charged second horn of Pharaoh Sanders and sought a new resolution in a turbulent freedom. With this last phase inconclusive, jazz was numbed by his death in 1967, aged 41.

Giant Steps (Atlantic)
My Favourite Things (Atlantic)
Live At The Village Vanguard (Impulse)
Africa Brass (Impulse)
A Love Supreme (Impulse)
Meditations (Impulse)

ALBERT AYLER

Ayler burst out of nowhere to either enrapture or appal jazz audiences. His first 'proper' album, 1964's 'Spiritual Unity', remains an overwhelming charge of unadorned energy and emotive playing, the unfettered wildness of the tenor paced by Sunny Murray's dramatic tides of cymbals. As the '60s progressed, Ayler scoured the deepest roots of the music, even going back to the New Orleans march form, but when the New Thing took stock he sought fresh areas of communication — the notorious rock'n'roll of 'New Grass' resulted, which seemed a complete sellout of freedom but was probably just confusion.

With his enormous sound, cavernous roars railing off into high register screams coloured by the wildest of vibratos, Albert was at once the most basic and the most far out of black musicians. His simple themes were the vehicles for a unique imagination and an appeal to the emotions so uncompromising it is impossible not to react. His body was found in the Hudson River in 1970.

Spiritual Unity (ESP)
Prophesy (ESP)
Spirits Rejoice (ESP)
Bells (ESP)
Vibrations (Arista Freedom)
The Hilversum Session (Osmosis)

ROLAND KIRK

Kirk was a blind man brimming over with music, starting out in R&B bands and joining Mingus in the late '50s. His own albums feature a maelstrom of runaway horn playing on saxes, flutes and whatever else he found to blow; he soon mastered playing three horns at once. Disabled by a stroke in 1976 he fought back to carry on playing but the strain killed him the next year. If his records suggest he was never *quite* as good as people remembered they still show an enthusiastic vision of the ways to harness black music's legacy.

The Inflated Tear (Atlantic)
The Vibration Continues (Atlantic)

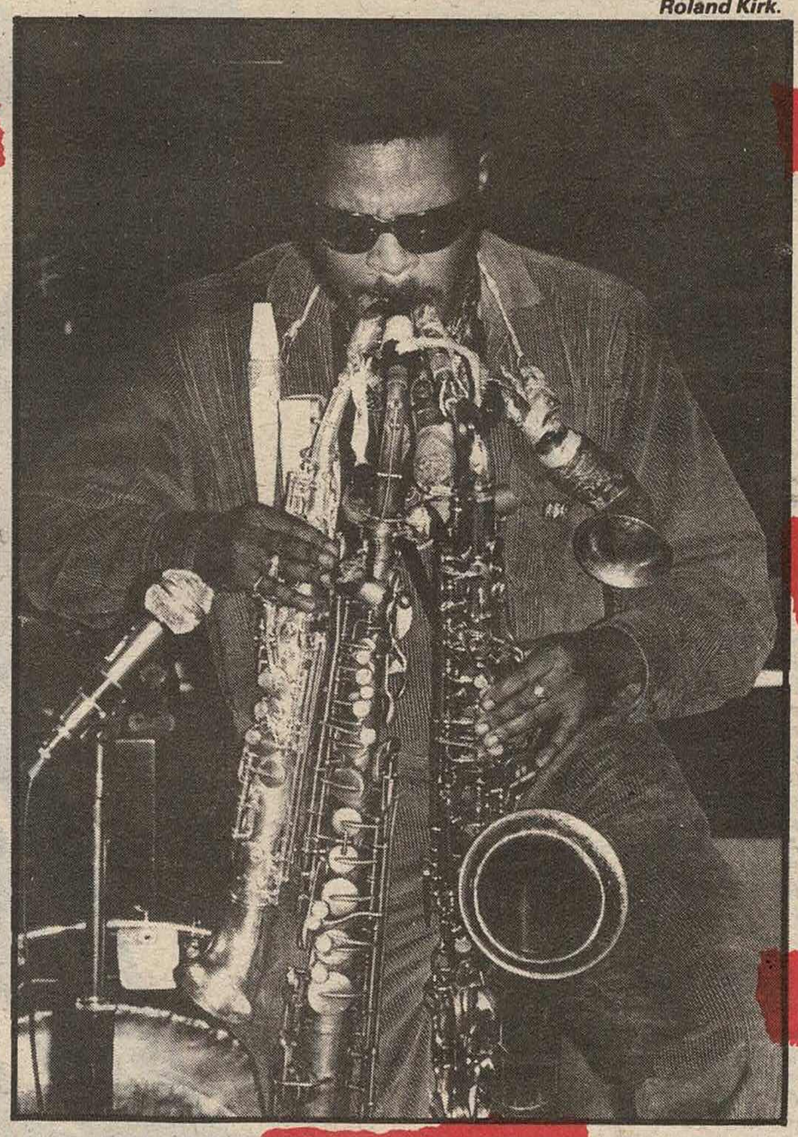
ERIC DOLPHY

In any context Dolphy would have sounded exciting; in the sometimes reserved hard bop units he often played with the sounds like a wildcat breaking loose. Though he played sweet-toned flute and brooding bass clarinet it's as an altoist that he's remembered: that crying, piercing tone matched to scatter-gun lines of hurricane velocity is unforgettable once heard. He made New York audiences sit up in 1960, played with Mingus, Coleman, Roach and Booker Little before joining John Coltrane, who took him to Europe. Disillusioned with the apathy of the US scene, Dolphy stayed — but his European records show an untamed spirit turned in on itself with the inadequate support of other players. He died in Berlin, age 36, in 1964, some say of a broken heart. For all its intensity there is no rage in Eric's music. He was the most gentle of men.

The Great Concert Of Eric Dolphy (Prestige)
The Berlin Concerts (Inner City)
Out To Lunch (Blue Note)
Status (Prestige)

John Coltrane.

Roland Kirk.



NOT ONLY NEW THING. . .

With musicians growing less and less baggable in the '60s, anyone who sounded weird tended to get labelled 'New Thing'. With tenorist **Archie Shepp** this was hardly accurate; he played with John Coltrane and Don Cherry but his roots lay in the Harlem jump bands of the '40s — for all the tonal blurts and exaggerations in his sound he remained an accessible, driving, bluesy player. **Pharaoh Sanders,** on the other hand, was totally committed to extremes of sound, energy and freedom. The inchoate savagery of much of his playing soon saps its impact but at his best (with Coltrane and Cherry again) the force does connect.

Sam Rivers avoided the trap altogether by retaining an insistent logic: his reed and piano playing, delivered with a shredding power, is disciplined by a tough intelligence. He's become something of a father figure to the newest wave, with his Studio Rivbea as a centre for New York's hottest cats in the late '70s. Like **Sunny Murray,** the chief progenitor of free drumming — forget the time, fix on metre and flow — the backburner behind Ayler and Taylor and a great group leader in his own right.

ARCHIE SHEPP
Fire Music (Impulse)
Steam (Enja)
PHARAOH SANDERS
The First Album (ESP)
SAM RIVERS
Contours (Blue Note)
Contrasts (ECM)
SUNNY MURRAY
Sunny Murray (ESP)

ORNETTE COLEMAN

With players like Rollins and Coltrane pushing the barriers of chord-based jazz as far as they would go, the late '50s were a ripe time for revolution. When the Texan alto sax player Ornette Coleman made his first records in 1958, it was realised.

Ornette chose to direct his ideas away from harmony altogether and instead tunes were based on melodic or rhythmic notions. With his own heartfelt, organically swinging alto and Don Cherry's puckish trumpet as front line, Coleman's Atlantic LPs remain, alongside Louis Armstrong's Hot 5 & 7 and Parker's Savoy records, the most durable, exciting and timeless jazz recordings. They flow easy as breathing, courtesy usually of Charlie Haden on bass and Ed Blackwell's drums, prancing on the sunniest of melodies or drifting through the most elemental of blues. The series culminated in 'Free Jazz', a 38 minute unrehearsed improvisation which astounded the jazz world.

Subsequent progress has been fascinating if uneven. A memorable mid-'60s trio (captured on 'Golden Circle'), then a wayward run to the '70s with various groups followed by a semi-retirement. His current immersion in Prime Time's funk density has distressed some but his drive to keep up is in itself an inspiration.

The Shape Of Jazz To Come (Atlantic)
This Is Our Music (Atlantic)
Change Of The Century (Atlantic)
Free Jazz (Atlantic)
At The Golden Circle Vols 1 & 2 (Blue Note)
Dancing In Your Head (A&M)
Soapsuds Soapsuds (Artists House)

Ornette Coleman.

CECIL TAYLOR

The pianist's concept of musical freedom ran chronologically parallel with Ornette Coleman's and must be accounted of equal importance; but Taylor was less lucky with recording. It was not really until the monumental 1962 Cafe Montmarte set ('Nefertiti The Beautiful One Has Come') with altoist Jimmy Lyons and drummer Sunny Murray that his ideas received proper exposure.

Taylor's music intensifies at bar one and stays there: the great spreadeagled runs, multi-layered slabs of chording and disregard for conventional patterns of rhythm and harmony are placed at the service of a rapacious imagination and seemingly endless reserves of stamina — Taylor can play for literally hours. His groups are powerhouses of invention but the less draining solo records are a good place for new ears to start. Intellect, poet and another connoisseur of hats, Taylor's deep belief in the African basis of his music lets feeling triumph over music school artiness.

Nefertiti The Beautiful One Has Come (Arista Freedom)
Unit Structures (Blue Note)
Silent Tongues (Arista Freedom)
One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye (Hat Hut)

Cecil Taylor.

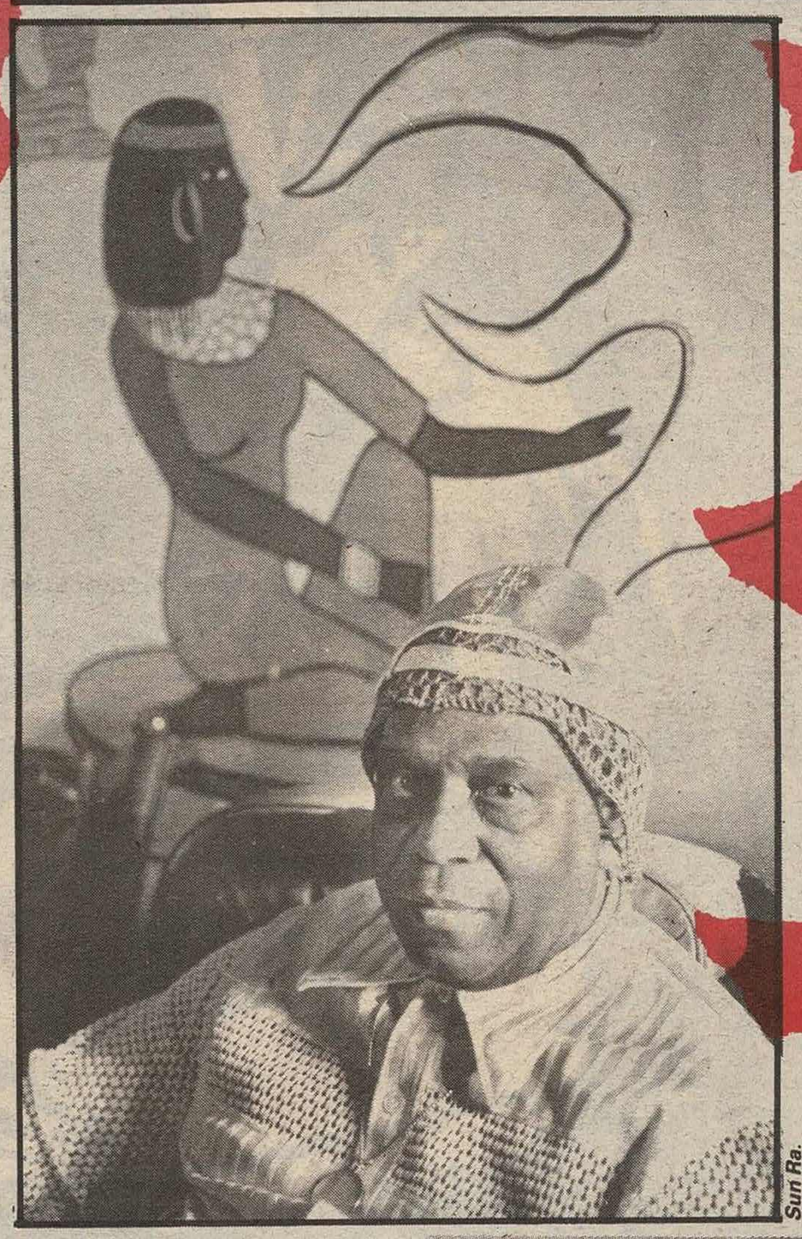
THE NEWEST THING

In the absence of a single major figure, the music is surviving in movements of players. New York, Chicago and St Louis are the principal breeding grounds for young players, and regards continue to pour out on independent and European labels, though practically none is released over here. The latest wave has come mainly from New York's loft-jazz scene of 1974-6, a rumble similar to rock's punk wave.

Saxophonists are as ever the leaders. The **World Saxophone Quartet** — David Murray, Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill and Hamiet Bluiett — are all great players in their own right. The Chicago groups **Air** and **Ethnic Heritage Ensemble** keep the melting pot of interplay on the boil and search the African base of the music. Players like violinist **Leroy Jenkins**, flautist **James Newton** and trumpeter **Leo Smith** diversify the sound-texture possibilities. **James Blood Ulmer** and others attempt the merger of the rawest R&B elements with post-funk rhythms and free-ranging blowing. It's all there. You just go for it.

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET
Steppin' With (Black Saint)
DAVID MURRAY
Live At Manhattan Ocean Club Vols 1 & 2 (India Navigation)
ARTHUR BLYTHE
Lenox Avenue Breakdown (CBS)
Illusions (CBS)
AIR
Air Time (Arista Novus)
LEO SMITH
Divine Love (ECM)
JAMES BLOOD ULMER
Are You Glad To Be In America? (Rough Trade)
ANTHONY BRAXTON
The Montreaux-Berlin Concerts (Arista)

James Blood Ulmer.



Sun Ra.

WEATHER REPORT

Wayne Shorter and Josef Zawinul appeared together on Miles Davis' 'In A Silent Way' in 1969; two years later they formed a group to make sense of the confused scrabblings towards electric jazz. The Reporters' early albums contained some spectacular moments but the recipe didn't score properly until 'Sweetnighter'. Zawinul's deceptively tight arrangements left enough room for everyone to do his bit — we always solo, we never solo — without any renouncing of the theme.

The bassist's role has fallen on the fretless (and fretful) Jaco Pastorius but the drums/percussion duo, WR's eternal problem, seems to change from record to record. Over 10 albums bossman Zawinul has developed an intuitive skill in integrating electric keyboards and bass with what is at (Shorter's) heart a hard bop approach: panoramic themes are sketched out with a meticulous ear for detail. Reticence (Shorter) and egomania (Pastorius) remain troublesome but the renaissance evident in 'Night Passage' shows they're still the best at what they do.

Sweetnighter (CBS)
Mysterious Traveller (CBS)
Black Market (CBS)
Night Passage (CBS)

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

The last two decades have seen the most significant and innovative jazz — or Great Black Music, as they prefer to call it — emerge from Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, founded in 1965 by pianist Muhal Richard Abrams and basically a musicians' workshop operating to a communal ethic — self-sufficiency and mutual respect.

The key group to appear from this conglomerate of highly accomplished players — you ain't got the chops, you don't get no gravy — is the Art Ensemble Of Chicago: Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman, Lester Bowie, Malachi Favors and Don Moye.

AEC gigs are a staggering experience. Playing a giant arsenal of instruments they assimilate the entire language of black music and channel it through a collective vision of pride, elegance and inspiration: the music delivers on every level. Together and separately they've made scores of recordings and there's hardly a duff one amongst them. Jazzers moan about no new Coltrane or Davis appearing to lead the way, but the real reason is that the music has come full circle and returned to the group emphasis of its New Orleans origins. If any group carries the torch it is the Art Ensemble.

Reese And The Smooth Ones (Affinity)
People In Sorrow (Nessa)
The Paris Session (Arista)
Nice Guys (ECM)
Full Force (ECM)

McCOY TYNER

As pianist with John Coltrane from 1960-65, Tyner's exhaustive, percussive style, a thickened approach to Powell's ideas, pushed Trane mercilessly on; but in solo tended to blur into a blue mosaic. His own trio albums and subsequent work for Blue Note clarified his liking for beautific modal melodies and showed a growing interest in a hybrid of world musics. His albums for Milestone in the '70s sealed his success; groups of various size and shape featured in steaming jungles of sound, richly hung with percussion and with Tyner's own piano as the multi-faceted jewel in the lotus. The great group leader of the '70s — his bands are maybe the acoustic alternative to Weather Report.

Enlightenment (Milestone)
Atlantis (Milestone)
Echoes Of A Friend (Milestone)

SUN RA

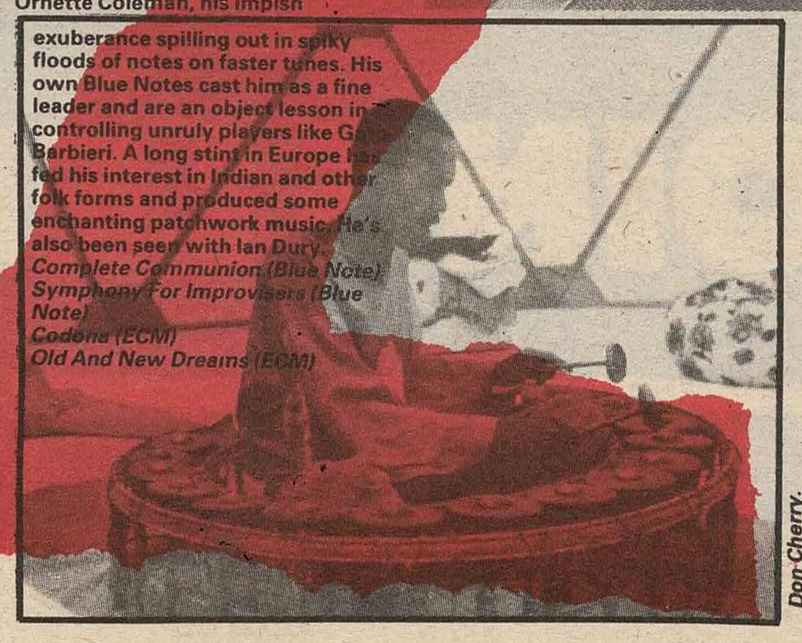
Sun Ra fits nowhere, covers every base and ends up . . . well, probably on Saturn — after all, that's where he claims to come from. Shadowy beginnings as a big band arranger led to his own large group in the late '50s. The Solar Arkestra cocked a snoot at conventions like straightforward composing and lounge suit presentation; their concerts saw the players decked out in outlandish robes, giant ensembles with massive percussion sections carousing through Ra's interstellar musings. Disaster was always averted by the leader/pianist's reserve of swirling melodies and magician's touch with a big band — wild free passages will suddenly gell into focus and hey! There's the tune! Ra's always been 'ahead of his time' — DIY albums, early use of synths, film and musicians marching through the audience — but face it, we're never going to catch up.

The Solar-Myth Approach (Affinity)
Omniverse (Saturn)
Beyond The Purple Zone (Saturn)
Disco 3000 (Saturn)

DON CHERRY

Cherry's pocket trumpet was a marvellously effective foil to Ornette Coleman, his impish exuberance spilling out in spiky floods of notes on faster tunes. His own Blue Notes cast him as a fine leader and are an object lesson in controlling unruly players like Gato Barbieri. A long stint in Europe has fed his interest in Indian and other folk forms and produced some enchanting patchwork music. He's also been seen with Ian Dury.

Complete Communion (Blue Note)
Symphony For Improvisers (Blue Note)
Codona (ECM)
Old And New Dreams (ECM)

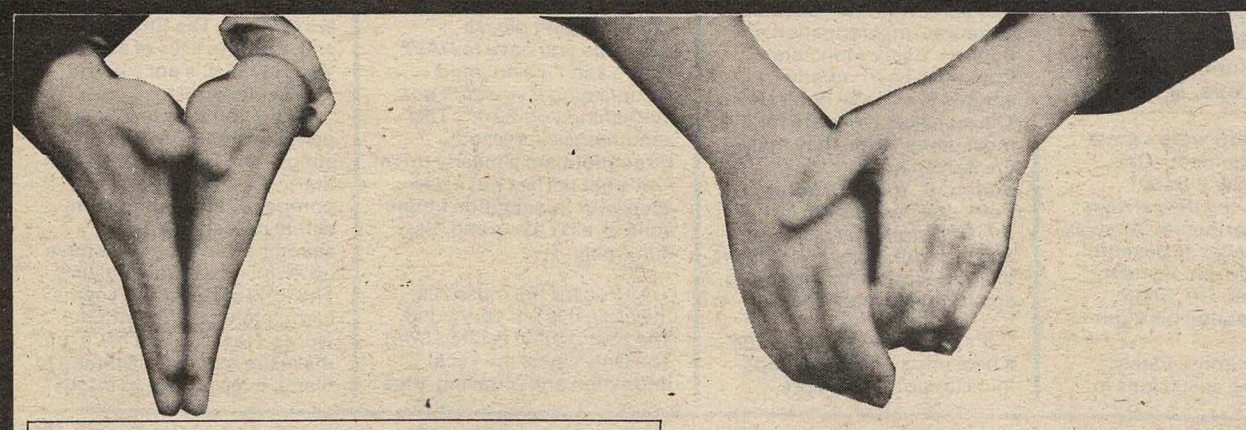


Don Cherry.

DEPARTMENT-S

GOING LEFT RIGHT

NEW SINGLE STIFF BUY 118



LPS

WAS (NOT WAS)
Was (Not Was) (Ze)

AND AS if ... Let's think about the correct discrimination. Who are these creeps? Who are these freaks? Who was the man who elaborated? What to do but hesitate?

Was (Not Was) — modern at all costs, clever at no cost, a grotesque squint, the spilt blood of virginity, a dear distortion of the mystery of life (have you noticed?) a deep drop for profit, a hypochondrical probing of colossal fundamentals. (No) nonsense!

The large amount of attention W(NW) have received is misleading: gifted, brilliant, crafty, loyal, metaphysically manipulative, stupid they *may* be, but overrated by the wounding operatives certainly. So (what.) Let's see — Ze!

W(NW) dislike nothing more than hokum. Whether sentimental hokum or pseudo-heroic hokum. They don't hide their light under a bushel; they want to dominate the situation. Really? (Not.) We now know more about W(NW) than we did in January, when the cry was 'what is it?' So we know less. The point is not to *know* but to *argue*. Was — the game, the fame, the veil, the ordeal, rich style, a stunned horror, the motor city madness, the twentieth century sadness — (Not Was).

Their first shoddily packaged long player — is this Killing Joke or just the joke? and no title is no title is so shruggy — is joy and sorrow, lots of lost voices, vast deserts, muffled sincerity, second hand daylight, a kind retreat, depression and euphoria blended into a kind of intolerable paranoia, a kind of breathless expectation of the apocalypse. A soul (in the least known sense) music full of demons, flat at the top, a little far fetched.

The dynamic decadent propagandists David and Don was and Was are Swiftian sophisticates capable of assimilating cosmopolitan influences, and excellent technicians. They believe in the accidental, in the meeting of moments. They are receptive to a host of influences, from Hugo Von Hoffmansthal to Miles Davis, Mothers to Pynchon, Lowry (Malcolm) to Cannonball Adderly. This is dealt with in fragments and intensively — self-exploration, self-destruction, cosmic baloons, compassionate psychological adeptness. Bend the jazz airy into the rock fairy, slide it into the funk hairiness and begin to count. Dreams, crimes and acute pastiche. To sum up: a swarm of subjective correlatives. To weigh down: time is a thing, things are on offer, and it takes time.

Apart from the Was and his Was there are approaching 50 people who contribute sound, vocals, claps, raps, traps, snips, roots, truth, symbols and the personal touches. It's a boring lot but think of all that heart. I figure, what the heck? Songs and arrangements, if not implications (which look after themselves), are assembled and stitched up with a serious amount of ageing caution: that it all turns out as funny as it's mournful, as fast as it's slow, as soft as it's vast, is due to a talent that's disturbing, distasteful, upside down and one eye on the clock. Remind me! (My favourite songs — 'Out Come The Freaks', 'Tell Me That I'm Dreaming' 'Oh Mr Friction' and 'It'd An Attack.')

The record is a small-time, easy, evacuated equivalent of Carla Bley's moody, mighty, misplacing 'Escalator Over The Hill.' Black comedy, innate scepticism, slipping standards, the decline of the West, the feel for what's best, when it's hot it's hot, when it's not, is it any wonder? Was ride on the space shuttle a little too much but let's not overlook the fact they lived through the '60s. (Can you feel it?) What? It was? Out of joint. It has a point. As of now. Bruise your neck. It was good while it lasted.

The bits I like best are the bits that are missed out. Was (Not Was) are the beginnings of a possible perception: to be developed by contradiction. There is no common denominator for the lively variety, the innumerable shades ... expect little, get paid, stop dead.

Paul Morley

A B N O R M A L

Mr Dynamite. Pic: Gijsbert Hanekroot

JAMES BROWN
Nonstop (Polydor)

Soul and foot refreshment

LADIES and Gentlemen here he is — the star of the show! hard working! Mr Dynamite! . . . JAA-MMES BROWN! Ah, James Brown. James Brown the human fireball! James Brown the scorcher torch singer! James Brown the sex machine! James Brown the inspirer! Ah, James Brown . . . so what the hell else do you want?

From 1956 to 1981 from 'Please, Please, Please' to 'Rapp Payback' and back, has there ever been such a sensational volume of thrilling and compulsive greatness? Give it some (more, more), get on the good foot, get on up and down and all around. James Brown is breathtaking, brainquaking — fingers pop and hearts stop: his work is revolutionary and cathartic, a testimony to communal pride and personal willpower. He moves at his own speed and style, the most amazing self-propelled phenomenon still alive.

And now, nearly thirty years after it all began, a sprightly 50 years old, James Brown is still very healthy and refreshing. 'Nonstop' has more sophisticated deportment than the tense atmosphere of old, the manic attacking frazzle has been forsaken but not forgotten as he schemes and plots himself a new path through his own heritage. No new shapes are formed, but old ones are rearranged to startling effect. The blast and edge given to the music is as exciting as anything you'll hear all year.

Many of the tracks on here are re-writes, re-recordings and revitalisations of former glories. 'Popcorn '80s' and 'Give The Bass Player Some' emerge as sharp and dynamic cocktails of devil horns, percussive flurries and zapping bass. It's everything you expect from James Brown delivered in a fashion which shames most of his present day contemporaries. It's obvious that the youngsters he's influenced — from Bootsy to James Chance — and the prodigious talent he's gathered around him have helped him put his old work in perspective and give it new zest.

'Super Bull/Super Bad' hammers it home — music that is exciting and lasting, with the short solos and corporate drive of the Brown band in fine fettle underlining their excellence. As ever the group remains nameless, save the odd invitation to *"little Joe from the Ponderosa"* to blow up *"a whole bonanza of soul"* or the hilarious section in 'Love 80's' where he takes the limelight to *"make love to his horn"*. But a magnificent band is only as good as its guiding hand and the musicians on this album show they understand that by virtue of their unerring dedication to Brown's superb arrangements. Every jerk charge and scream is in perfect juxtaposition with the other to keep the song at a rivetting climatic pitch. Instead of engaging in their own essentially boring solos they're contributing to a much bigger and rewarding 'solo' which demands the listener becomes a part of it rather than alienate him.

True, there are low moments but 'You're My Only Love' and 'Love 80's' are graceful and dignified — reassuring, placating and reminiscing on the special relationship he's shared with his audience who have followed his schemes and dreams over the past three decades. Make no mistake, it reaps enough rewards elsewhere to excuse these understandably intimate, slightly self-congratulatory touches.

When all is said and done James Brown is still the man who never left, his work always putting him in the thick of the action. After all these years he is still tremendous, dangerous and impeccable. Ain't that loving ya baby?

Gavin Martin

Pale face . . .

SCHLEIMER K (Omega)

SCHLEIMER K are a quartet consisting of one erstwhile Psychedelic Fur, one haunted lyricist, a bass player with roots in dub and a saxophonist.

Their album is a mixture of good electronic sounds and purple passages.

The cover shows three pale young men dressed in black and blue standing on a moor at night. The moor suggests their imaginative landscape: a dark turbulent place where mad psychological adventures are played out, an inner battlefield.

Synthesizers and a drum machine replace the drum kit and electric guitars, and bring a chilly feel to these dark pieces. Electric impulses snapping through their wires are awesome because they are so impersonal. They speak of the fear of the microchip and of unemployment. Appropriately, the first track on the album is so called 'Cold Sounds'.

Cold but cool. There is also a strong Doors feel prowling about within the grooves of this record which adds romance and mystery.

The state of the art of synthesizer music nowadays (if they'll accept that label) is the invention of new sounds and the creation of pictures. It is still a pioneering or experimental instrument. Schleimer K are occupied with quarrying sounds with a strong atmosphere and a vivid visual quality. The newness and strangeness of their music helps evoke the unfamiliar worlds they want us to see.

The alternative to inventing sounds is making music, and here they are sparser and more restricted. The best musical moments are local, haphazard and chancy.

The best piece on the record is their version of Canned Heat's 'On the Road Again'. They radically alter the original phrasing of the words, and in doing so bring something sinister out of them not apparent in the original. The famous riff is made bloodless and artificial by the synthesizer, and sounds like it was designed on graph paper. It's frosty but intriguing.

Many of the tracks have a solid beat but nothing danceable about them. The flesh is frightened in Schleimer K's scary world, so rhythm is not infectious but cerebral, mood indigo. The idea behind a track called 'Women' proves too much for the sensitive vocalist, who stays away and it remains an instrumental. This leads to the next title, 'Hang Ups'.

All this plumbing of the psychic depths gets a bit oppressive, as a fragment of 'The Message' will show: *"Far across the ocean A lighthouse winks/On broken rocks/On broken light/My heart has fallen to the ground /Still it beats/Hear strange sounds,/In one moment all is lost . . ."* etc.

Get down, Schleimer K are saying, do that funky groove thang, but do not disturb the dust on the bowl of rose leaves.

Edward L. Fox

. . . pioneers

T.V. SMITH'S EXPLORERS
The Last Words of The Great Explorer.
(Kaleidoscope, ie CBS)

THE ADVERTS were a great band for a moment, 'One Chord Wonder', 'Bored Teenagers', but they always were a bit peripheral. Anyway Gaye was never as beautiful as they made out. So now, four years on, T.V. Smith emerges, bearing his album.

The cover immediately arouses deep suspicions in me; an Edward Bell portrait in imitation/impersonation of Bowie's 'Scary Monsters'. Could this be a comedy album? Well, I still don't know. The so-called lyrics are for the most part so trite, they make the Barron Knights look profound. *"I can't trust my point of view, Cos I'm not thinking straight, I just walk away"* (Walk Away). What sort of advice is that for the young and impressionable?

It's yet worse on 'Have Fun', a neat intro which develops into classic electro-bore, punctuated by admonitions like *"you can't please everyone you have to HAVE FUN"*, and *"it's no good complaining if you ain't got everything you want"*. The sentiments expressed throughout are similarly drivel — it's not perfect but if you keep your imagination under control, ain't life grand. Very admirable, T.V.

And as for the music, as they say, it is not very good. The best is what is lifted from The Only Ones, the vocal intonation and phrasing, plus some guitar. Other influences are dodgier, The Stranglers and, ugh, the likes of ELP and Yes. Hey, T.V.'s got a brand new synthesizer!

Side 1 contains only one possible single (ie decent song), 'The Servant' which, in the context of the lingering pomposity surrounding the whole package, is quite snappy. Even so, it does have an awful rockestral hookline. The tone of the music seems completely at odds with the words. How can you have fun, make the most etc, listening to bland, over-produced dirges?

Explorer Smiff.

Pic: Ross Halfin

Diabolical and

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Ju Ju (Polydor)

OF COURSE, I watched *Top Of The Pops* last week. It was poor — it's going in four week cycles at the moment, the good, the bad, the sagging, the so-so — but Siouxsie and the Banshees were on. A savage gloss, a slashing glamour amidst the tepid turns, a turn-on like few others.

The Banshees are a terrific vision, an exclusive attraction, a peak in entertainment, Siouxsie and the Banshees — the toy display of hair, skirt, boys, vanity, flash, thigh, smile, cheek to cheek, back to back — are a discerning and devious distortion of *the Pop Group* that can be traced back to The Velveteen Underground, Hendrix, the Doors and the dark side of Bolan: never wise or mellow, meek or smutty, sweet or 'significant'. None of this romantic desire for action.

There is nothing earthy about Banshee music, and nothing gives. Their fourth LP — this far, their second best? — is a gliding, comfortless delivery of self-distrust, infatuation and fetishism. 'Ju Ju' has an infernal quality: nothing majestic or mysterious but a kind of unawed unworldliness. The mistake is to imagine that Banshee words and images are intended to be profound and responsible, or brutally corrective. 'Ju Ju' songs don't deal with dull matters, but with peculiar things in a taut and teasing manner.

The words are not as imposing as people imagine, or expect. Precise syllables and broken rhythms are used to dramatise the music. The mastermood of a Banshee song is disapproval: not a great intensity but an idealistic, vexed profanity. A Banshee pop song is a bitter twist, a grave grace, more than is the general bargain.

"This man is probably England's wittiest and most versatile songwriter; if he didn't exist it would be necessary to invent him though I doubt if anyone would have the imagination".
(Tom Hibbert - Trax).

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Every song on Side 2 is way too long and 'Unwelcome Guest' carries an unbelievably protracted ending with Mel Wesson on synth boring the pants off everything in range. The most exciting bit is a guitar lick nicked from 'Scary Monsters' on 'Perfect Life'.

I haven't a clue what happened to the spark that made the Adverts such a laugh. The LP shows not a modicum of *joie de vivre* or for that matter, *savoir faire,* in spite of the facetious titles. Incinerate.

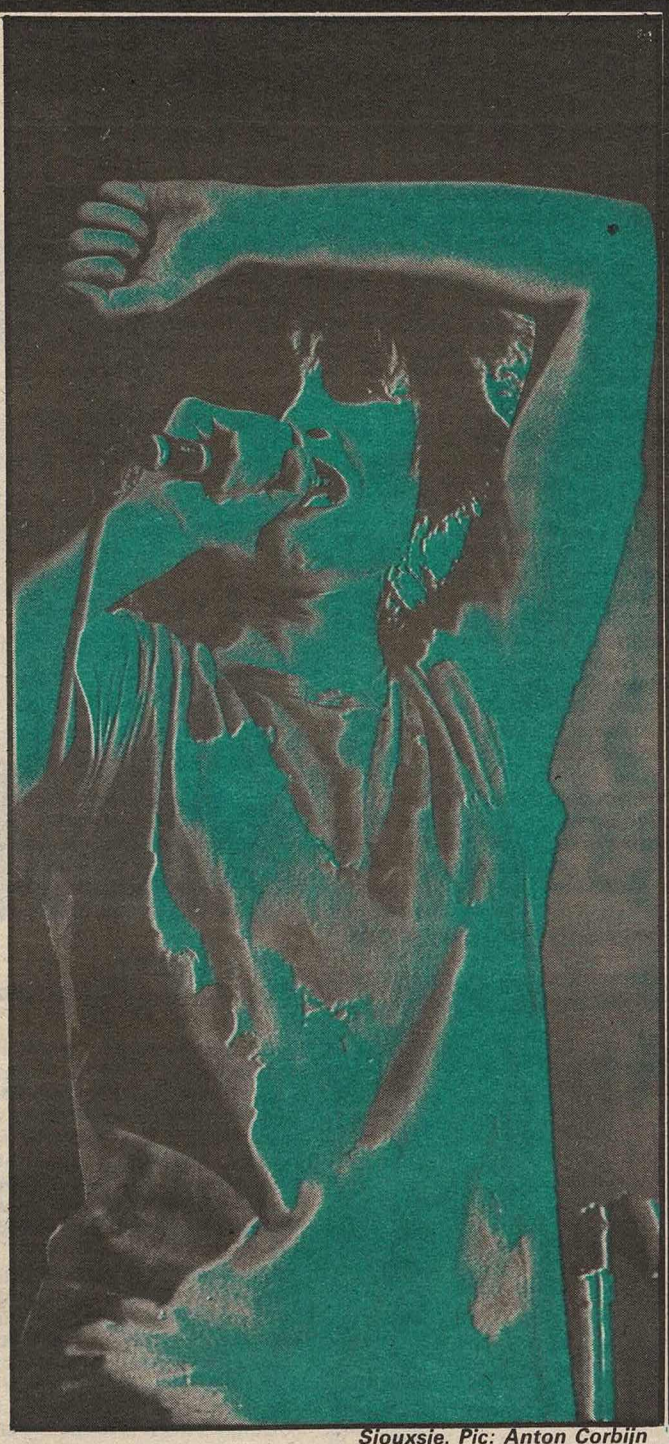
Piers Thompson

poise pose

The diabolical themes the emotional poignancy and remoteness are part of the whole. It's not all a weeping over lost pleasures, neither is it a thanksgiving. Banshee words are an effective way to reject the prosaic, to avoid the vulgar and the grouping of the words, the melodramatic and choric undercurrents enable the glorious Sioux to camp and exult with priceless poise.

Side one's highlights — 'Spellbound', 'Into The Light', 'Arabian Nights', 'Halloween' and 'Monitor'. The most consistent side of Banshee music since 'The Scream'. Side two's highlights — 'Night Shift', 'Sin In My Heart', 'Head Cut' and 'Voodoo Dolly'. 'Ju Ju' is the first integrated and sparkling-complete Banshees since 'The Scream'. 'Electric Warrior' to the 'Tanx' of Toyah's 'Anthem'.

Paul Morley



Siouxsie. Pic: Anton Corbijn

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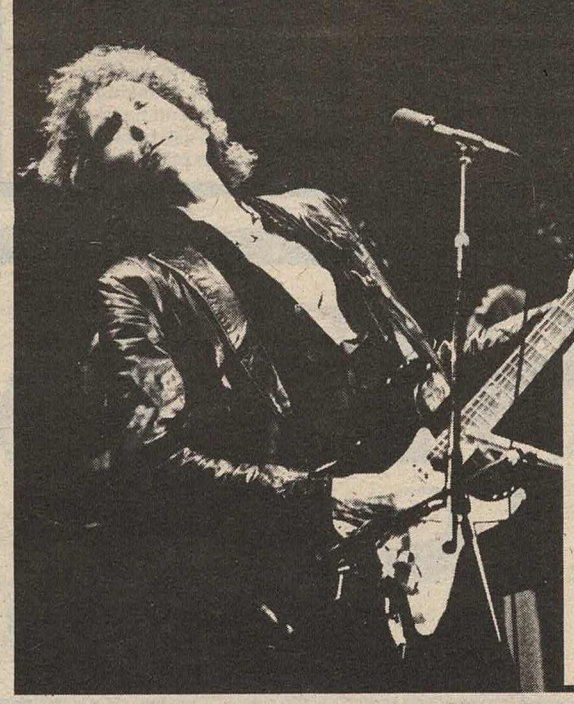

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ONE STEP AHEAD

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X
Wild Gift (Rough Trade)

Passion present

LAST YEAR'S debut album by X, 'Los Angeles', was highly over-rated in America, especially by West Coast critics, and unfairly ignored in England. It wasn't bad, but the group was just finding its voice, telling stories. With 'Wild Gift', X becomes a band speaking strictly from experience.

'Wild Gift' is the most exciting American album released so far this year. Its music is thunderous, raw, complicated. Its songs are brutally truthful, honest in a way that is uncommon in pop or any other form of communication. X remember that punk meant to make music into a challenge, and this music has the stuff to give you a physical kick and an emotional jolt. Not everyone will want to live with something that bares its soul so thoroughly — there's very little sugar coating on this vitamin.

Punk promised to free pop from its conventions. John Doe and Exene, who write the songs here, keep faith with that promise by dealing with love in a new, non-romantic context, outside the bounds of normal pop morality. The clear - headedness with which they look at their lives is itself an extension of the punk revolution.

It works so well because of John and Exene's ability to write about love without sentimentality, to be defiant without posturing, and X's ability as a band to push themselves to the limit of their abilities. This is punk in the hands of musicians trying to make it not more sophisiticated but more effective.

X use a seemingly straightforward, slam-bam punk style as a framework for a multitude of tricks, turns and odd borrowings. When you think they've locked into the kind of riff-raff ramalam you've heard a million times before, they throw in something — a guitar line completely out of context, a soaring vocal trade-off — that you never expected. Billy Zoom's guitar moves among many worlds. Punk power chording, sneaky rockabilly quotes or a Bo Diddley riff, gentle flamingo strumming, vibrato - soaked surf run. D. J. Bonebrake's drumming, though straight-on relentless, is marked by accents everywhere, lots of fancy snare and cymbal work. The band careers around his rhythms, sometimes veering just to the brink of chaos but never going over the line.

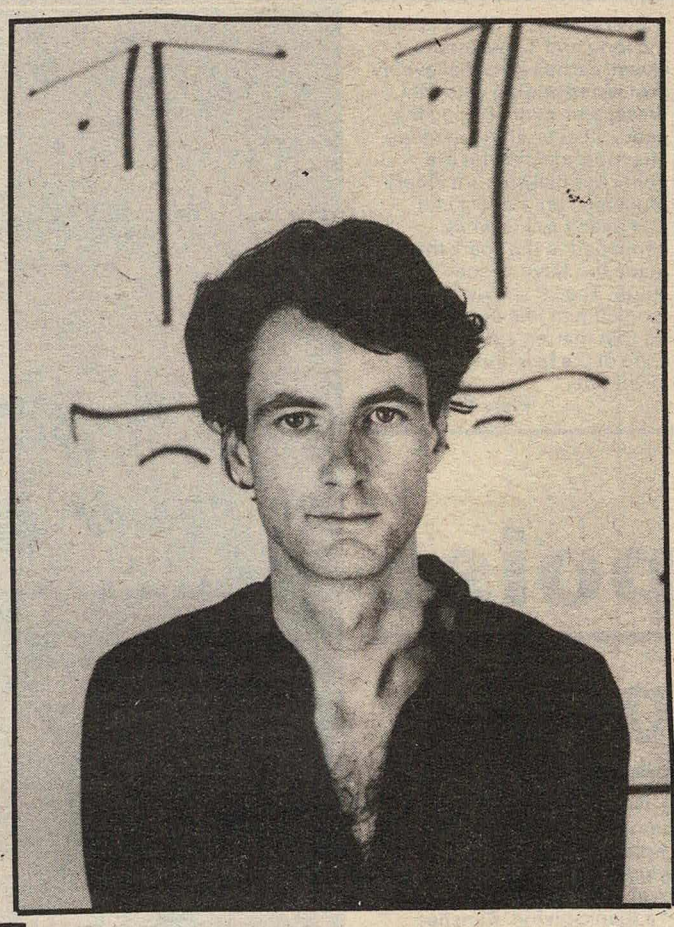
And best of all, the vocals John and Exene work in counterpoint, breaking up both melody and harmony. Their voices call back and forth to each other amidst the band's crashing sounds like lovers lost in a ship wreck. Stately elegance has given way to emotional panic. Their expressiveness comes not from vocal training but from the gut.

Throughout the record the listener intrudes on intimate moments, private thoughts and confessions. The songs are a series of secrets going public. But it is not exhibitionist on their part or voyeuristic on ours. X are intent on blasting down the walls to see what's behind them. The fact that the dirty laundry gets exposed is just incidental.

Ex-Door Ray Manzarek's production is faithful to the band's sound. He's even restrained himself from adding himself on organ, as he did last time round. This is X and that's all and that's enough.

John and Exene have indeed given us a gift. They've opened a door on their life and hearts. That open door is also a mirror for us to look into our own hearts. And X have wrapped this up in the tough, passionate music the songs call for. What a wild, wonderful gift. Send them a thankyou note.

Richard Grabel



Peter Hammill. Photo: Anton Corbijn

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STATIK

THE METHOD ACTORS
Rhythms Of You (Armageddon)

SEVEN scratchy songs on a ten-inch album from Athens' Method Actors, 'Rhythms Of You' is a brittle, distorted dance, stretched skeletal thin and with an awkward angularity.

On these very similar tracks, Method Actors are concerned with structure, with method, rather than content. The effect is dry and too cautious, a busy sound that neither gets anywhere nor gives much indication of what it's aiming at. 'Rhythms Of You' is in irritating transit through an emotionless area. It sounds helpless and suspended, it ticks and throbs to no purpose.

Built on a percussion pattern that achieves an uneasily complicated effect, no bass and a needling guitar that never quite hits the nerve, it fills up the space left by the lack of an instrument by a sense of activity that's a cluttered reflection of Talking Heads' restlessly neurotic conversation. But it's the superficiality and self-consciousness of the Method Actors' approach that keeps vague sketches like 'She', 'You' and 'Privilege' from any meaningful illustration of the modern dance and dilemma.

'Rhythms Of You' is only the sum of its scattered parts and never adds up to something that means more; the sound of priorities turned inside out.

Lynn Hanna

Tales from middle way

MODERN EON
Fiction Tales (Dindisc)

IF Modern Eon are a product of the Liverpool scene, then they're an anomalous one. On the one hand, they're doomy, but never lapse into greyness like Section 25; on the other, they fumble after some elusive stylish quality but don't dress up hollow material in retarded r'n'r finery like The Bunnymen and Corrie Explodes.

The band's very name, conjuring up as it does both the contemporary and atavistic, is anomalous: it's difficult to fit Modern Eon in anywhere. True to form their debut album is by turns adventurous and old-fashioned, lyrical and dull, reflecting an uneasy alliance between pomp, art rock and intellectual synth-etic muzak.

In a way their current single 'Child's Play', taken from the album, says it all. Vocalist Alix — as Max Bell has already pointed out — does come over like Jon Anderson! But the voice doesn't pall, just as ME's arrangements, like *very* early Yes, are well edited.

Numbers like 'High Noon' and 'Waiting For the Cavalry' move from scene to scene rather than grossing out on one redundant tableau. The band also go sparingly on the dynamics and dramatics: they don't, for instance, flog dead (cart) horses with their double beats.

Mind, ME aren't particularly delicate either: their melodic touch remains under-developed, especially

THE PASSAGE
For All And None (Virgin)

WHEN popular music is subversive, it's when it takes the language of the market place and gives it a twist. The cunning Brecht understood: "Start from the bad new things" — a twist, a shout and you're off! The Gang Of Four are Brechtian: for example, they criticise the disco floor, yet utilize its beat.

The Passage have a rather different way of going about things: they don't so much twist what is already there, as bring a totally new set of dynamics and traditions to bear on pop ... chiming oriental percussion, ethereal tempi, modernist classical music (Harrison Birtwhistle, Peter Maxwell Davies, The Fires Of London?), and chords you can't hear anywhere else. Such elements are introduced with the minimum of fuss, and the result is an experimental music of quiet devastation, a sort of highly structured complex — but never complicated — pop.

The listener is hit — by chunks of melody in counterpoint, startling offbeats utterly out of sorts with 4/4 and delicate walls of white noise which may end in acoustic guitar, a sung or

LEE RITENOUR
Rit (Elektra)
HARVEY MASON
M.V.P. (Arista)
DAVID SANBORN
Voyeur (Warner Bros)

PERHAPS the least wonderful development of the '70s was the deep entrenchment of the session-player syndrome in the pop music of the day — which in America still means *today*.

At its highest level, sess ,eering would seem to consist of the almost total removal of anything approaching imagination, and its replacement with yet more reserves of sheer technique, the better to realise the musical dreams of the svengalis and charlatans for whom they work. The perfect session-player is an empty vessel waiting to be filled.

Lee Ritenour, Harvey Mason and David Sanborn are as near perfect as session-players come. Their solo albums are consequently the dullest imaginable confections of "jazzy" pablum — jazzy because that genre (mistakenly) places a greater emphasis on "chops" (technique) than does that nasty, puerile pop. Not that this stuff has anything to do with jazz as such; it's more a kind of musical fuck-fodder, sounds for sophisticats to screw by. The aural equivalent of the hot tub, but nowhere near as warm.

Lee Ritenour is a guitarist from the dreams of Becker and Fagen, which might be someone's else's nightmare of being stuck in a three-star hotel lift with naught but piped muzak for company. 'Rit' shuffles and bumps along with a pleasant but unpleasing pointlessness and the requisite number of creamy-smooth and sugar-sweet solos. That's all. Feeling? Taste? Do us a favour!

Harvey Mason, who co-produced and played on 'Rit', and appears to have some sort of mutual admiration society going with pretty boy Lee, prefers a more contemporaneous, "soulful" approach strikingly akin to the smooth sonorities of Earth, Wind and Fire — but then, Harvey *is* black. (Are Earth, Wind & Fire black? Sometimes I wonder.) 'M.V.P.' — 'Most Valuable Player', apparently — is even more mundane, emasculated and thoroughly passionless than you can imagine, and then some.

Mind you, it's got a deal more life than David Sanborn's 'Voyeur', which sounds as though it was a grinding drudge to make.

Records this dull, I suppose, are even harder to record than to listen to, so I guess we ought to have some sympathy for Sanborn and his hired hacks — which doesn't extend to actually buying this album, of course; just to forgetting it exists.

Andy Gill

Cross marks

PETER HAMMILL
Sitting Targets (Virgin)

FOR more than a dozen years now, Hammill's tortured attempts at communicating thoughts and emotions through his laboured, often agonising music have produced LPs, 19 in all, that baffle, intrigue, infuriate and entertain.

His themes remain the same — discovery, experience, purpose and time passing. From the simpler observations of 'Fools Mate', his first solo album, to the swirling gothic sounds of 'A Black Box', now last year's model, these themes crop up again and again — the artist as analyst — paring feelings down to the bone with a touch as sharp and as clinical as a scalpel.

Pretentious? Sometimes, but consistent and never frivolous. Hammill elected years ago to crucify himself for public consumption — heart for art's sake — and he should know all the criticism levelled against him by now. The man's been a sitting target himself for a long time.

In many respects, 'Sitting Targets' is his most commercial work to date, the sound clean and clear, the rhythm strong. It's also his most consistent, with not a single weak track but this overall even-ness tends to highlight the fact that there's no climax here.

The same synth-drones crop up time after time but fail to give the songs either colour or atmosphere, one possible exception being 'Stranger Still' where Phil Harrison's synthesiser violins lend the song a certain poignancy. But there are some sublime moments — the crashing chords of 'Hesitation' come as a sudden thrill after the quiet electronic brooding of 'Glue' and Hammill's ability to tie himself and a song in knots is perfectly illustrated in the title track which contains enough changes of rhythm and counter-melody to furnish another album.

'Central Hotel', almost a heavy-metal number, brings the album to its conclusion with a promise for the future: *"I think I'd better get out / I'm not feeling so well / I know I'd better check out but anyone here can tell / I'll be coming back, I'll be back"* — with a few more *surprises* from the cross.

Julian Wilde

EARL SIXTEEN
Reggae Sounds (DATC)

THIS album doesn't so much grab hold of you as engulf you. Earl Sixteen is the protege of Mikey (Dread at the Controls) Campbell, which in reggae terms is akin to being the youngest bambino of the Godfather.

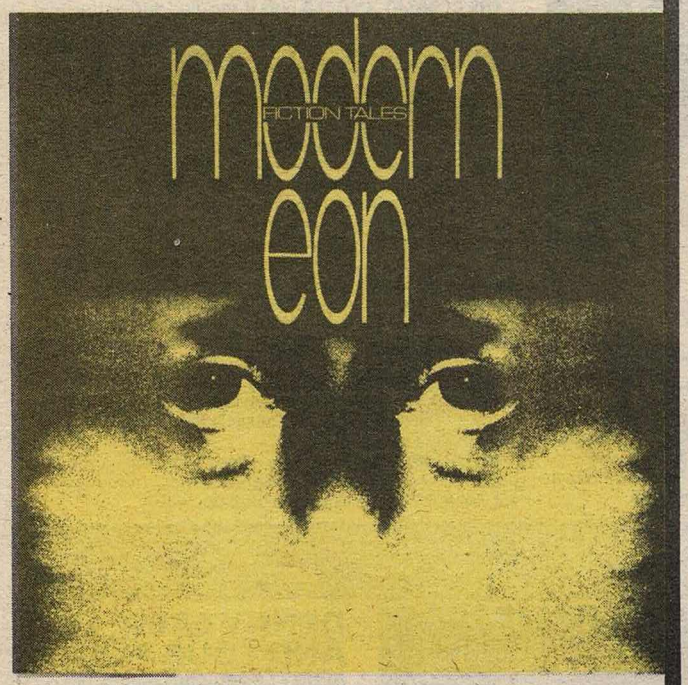
Lots of tender loving care has been lavished on this set to get it sounding right and tight, so when you place it on your turntable you should get some of the same feeling as you would hearing it over a sound system . . .

Sensurround: Think of your favourite musicians, then check the credits on the back of the sleeve: Sly and Robbie, Leroy 'Horsemouth' Wallace, Pablow Black, Ansel Collins, 'Sticky', Skully and Bo Peep. All we need now is 'Family Man' and Earl Chinna Smith to turn this into a real session stars' convention.

And is it all worth it? Does Earl 16 deliver the goods? Well certainly his voice is strong but Earl is more of a crooner than a singer, husky rather than sweet. Because of this, the whole can sound a little monotonous. It needs something extra to give it a lift — like maybe Mikey Dread's quirky style of delivery?

Recommended for hard-core reggae aficionados only.

Roz Reines



on 'In A Strange Way', Jarre's 'Oxygene' in a dodgy aqualung. This track typifies the rest: neither success, nor failure. The only thing over-the-top about the band are some of the words — eg the clumsy poetry of 'Choreography'.

Ultimately, the album performs a kind of balancing act between conventional playing of sax, drums, bass, guitar and synth, and unorthodox shaping of songs which eschew easy beginning-middle-end formats. Also distinctive are uncluttered flurries of sound driven along by tom toms, a low key equivalent of The Banshees vortex.

Modern Eon are more memorable than people have given them credit for, and they've just presented us with something of a pleasant surprise. Is that enough, though?

Paul Tickell

spoken voice, even a swear word.

It's a music alone, stark yet sensual — who else but Dick Witts and The Passage could sing a song of torture ('Do The Bastinado') and not make it sound like political tourism? But it's also, in spite of a certain accessibility, a music aloof, whose tastes are bound up with distates — for the big city ('Lon Don') or young shallow rebels ('A Good And Useful Life').

Not surprisingly the band's major statement about capitalist exploitation ('The Great Refusal') is a fable with a rural setting, an orchard. There's something a bit romantic about it, like the title of the album which is taken from a Marcuse quotation to the effect that art expresses the need for a universal liberation and can come from all and none regardless of their class position. Incorrigible romanticism, if you ask me: art as anthropological impulse rather than the product, however individualistic, of history and class.

Ultimately, the beauty of The Passage's music is disturbing but just not terrible enough. They're too pleased about not having dirty hands. They haven't been to market.

Paul Tickell

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DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

GLITTER IN THE RING

Gary's circus jaunt

GARY GLITTER, always one of rock's most extrovert showmen, has come up with another idea to fire the public's imagination — he's going on the road with a circus! During the summer, he'll be performing a series of nationwide concerts in Gerry Cottle's Big Top, which has a 2,000 capacity.

So audiences will reap the benefit of seeing Glitter's full two-hour stage show, plus Cottle's regular circus attractions — clowns, acrobats and animal acts.

The tent will be erected on the normal circus sites in the towns and cities to be visited — which are Reading (July 3 and 4), Oxford (6), Swindon (8), Bristol (10 and 11), Gloucester (13), Leeds (20, Dundee (29), Carlisle (August 8) and Lancaster (10).

More dates have still to be slotted into this schedule, and will be announced shortly. Tickets at £4 and £3 will be available from on-site box-offices.

Glitter will have a new single released by Eagle Records to coincide with this project, featuring two titles which might be considered appropriate in the circumstances — 'When I'm On, I'm On' and 'Wild Horses'.

Six for Hazel

SUMMER GIGS PREFACE BIG AUTUMN TOUR

HAZEL O'CONNOR is to play six UK concerts during the summer with her band Megahype, as the prelude to a full-scale major British tour in the autumn. The half-dozen shows are at Guildford Civic Hall (July 23), Nottingham Rock City (24), Douglas, Isle of Man, Palace Lido (26), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (August 8), Poole Arts Centre (9) and London Woolwich Odeon (10).

Support acts have still to be confirmed, but it's likely that new Chrysalis signing Icehouse (see *Record News*) and salsa band Havana Let's Go will be playing at least some of the dates.

Tickets are all at the standard price of £3.50, except at Woolwich where they are £4, £3.50 and £3, and they're available now. The reason for choosing Woolwich as the London venue is that it's in an area usually uncatered for by rock bands — but Hammersmith is bound to be back on the agenda for her autumn tour, which will coincide with the release of her third album, this time on Albion Records.

The autumn will also see the publication of her semi-autobiographical book, to which she is at present putting the finishing touches.

● Hazel's gig at Woolwich Odeon is likely to be one of the last rock shows at that venue, which closes in October as part of the Rank Organisation's cutback. Also included in the 29 cinema closures is another periodic London rock venue, the Kilburn Gaumont State.

Soft Cell's hard sell

SOFT CELL are playing a couple of gigs at the beginning of next month — at Kirklevington Country Club (July 3) and Birmingham Holy City Zoo (6) — to mark the belated appearance of their new single. The duo have been involved in contractual negotiations with Phonogram for six weeks, and were apparently getting nowhere fast — but now the single is finally coming out in mid-July.

The A-side is a revival of a ten-year-old northern soul classic titled 'Tainted Love', while the coupling goes even further back and re-vamps The Supremes' first hit 'Where Did Our Love Go'. There's also a 12-incher featuring both those titles, plus a dub version of the A-side.

Manners doing three

BAD MANNERS have slotted in three concerts towards the end of next month — at London Rainbow Theatre (July 24), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (25) and Poole Arts Centre Wessex Hall (26) — aiding promotion of their new Magnet single 'Cancan'. Tickets are on sale now priced £3 at Poole and £3.25 at the other two venues. These will be the band's only UK appearances until the autumn, when they'll be undertaking a full-scale tour to coincide with the release of their third album.

AFT, TIPS TOP HOPS

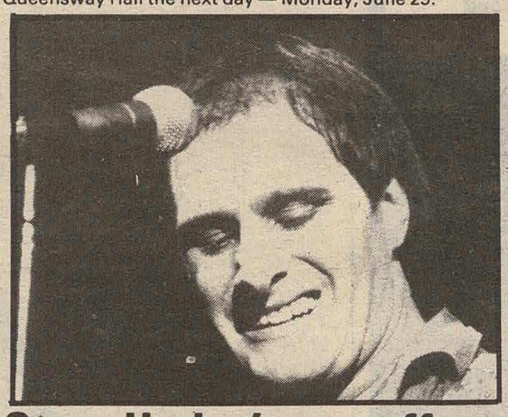
AFTER THE FIRE are back on the road in a double header with Q-Tips. They're appearing in a 'Summer Hop' show, presented by Harvey Goldsmith in association with Radio Luxembourg, whose star DJ Stuart Henry will also be in attendance to provide disco dancing between live acts — and all gigs will feature "star events and surprises". Tickets are either £3 or £2.50, and confirmed dates are:

Portsmouth's Tiffany's (July 19), Poole Arts Centre (21), Southampton Top Rank (22), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (23), Plymouth Top Rank (24), Bristol Locarno (26), Swansea Top Rank (27), Cardiff Top Rank (28), Liverpool Rotters (30), Carlisle Market Hall (31), Middlebrough Gaskins (August 1), Aberdeen Fusion (2), Dundee Ice Rink (3), Glasgow Tiffany's (4), Newcastle Mayfair (6), Sheffield Tiffany's (7), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (8) and Doncaster Rotters (9). There will also be a special London show on August 10, details to be announced.

☐ **SPIDER** have been forced to cancel all dates in their current tour, because drummer Rob E broke a foot when a speaker cabinet fell on it. All their scrapped gigs will be slotted into a new two-month tour, currently being set up to open at Neath Talk Of The Abbey on July 24. Release of their new single 'All The Times', on the re-launched City label, goes ahead as planned — and they'll utilise the time off the road by preparing for their debut album.

☐ **RADIO LUXEMBOURG** 1981 Summer Roadshow will visit two dozen coastal resorts, with beach shows and disco appearances by 208 DJs Tony Prince and Rob Jones. Presented in association with the white wine apertif Crocodillo, it goes to Skegness (August 6), Scarborough (7), Blackpool (8), Rhyl (10), Barmouth (11), Tenby (12), Weston-super-Mare (14), Ilfracombe and Croyde Bay (15), Newquay (17), St Austell (18), Plymouth (19), Torquay (20), Weymouth and Bournemouth (21), Isle of Wight (22), Brighton (24), Hastings (25), Margate (26), Southend (27), Clacton (28) and Gt. Yarmouth (29).

☐ **THE TEARDROP EXPLODES** have been forced to cancel their date at St. Albans City Hall this Sunday, but have slotted in a concert at the near-by Dunstable Queensway Hall the next day — Monday, June 29.



Steve Harley's one-off

STEVE HARLEY & Cockney Rebel make their first London appearance since Christmas on August 18, when they headline at The Venue (tickets priced £4 on sale now). Jane Kennaway is the support act. This is strictly a one-off gig, before the band leave for New York.

Otway-Barrett filming

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT are to make a 40-minute movie for use as a TV special, and for possible release as a B-feature. As yet untitled, it will be produced by Miles Copeland and Otway's manager Maurice Bacon, and directed by Derek Burbidge. Filming will take place at London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre on July 5, with Jools Holland as special guest, and there are a limited number of tickets available at £3.50. Prior to this, the duo play warm-up gigs at Birmingham Golden Eagle (tomorrow, Friday) and Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre (June 29).

☐ **THE ACCELERATORS**, the Liverpool band who've been working steadily on the Northern circuit for four years, have decided to split up. They play their farewell gig at Liverpool Masonic on Saturday, July 4.

☐ **THE AK BAND** are lining up a short London tour to promote their current RCA album 'Manhole Kids'. First confirmed gigs are The Kensington, W14 (July 7), Fulham Greyhound (8), Hampstead Starlight Room (9) and Acton White Hart (18).

☐ **STEVE GIBBONS** has added another three dates to his tour (reported last week) with his new band. They are at Dudley J.B.'s (this Saturday), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (July 7) and the Harlow Free Festival (August 1).

☐ **THE COMSAT ANGELS** play three gigs during the next few days — at Liverpool Brady's (tomorrow, Friday), Newcastle University (Saturday) and Sheffield Top Rank (next Monday) — as the prelude to a full tour to be announced shortly, coinciding with the release of their new album in August.

☐ **ASWAD** appear in concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, July 4, in association with Capital Radio. Tickets are all at £3, and the bill also features King Sounds & The Isrealities and Junior Brown.

☐ **SPLODGE** have a number of dates in July — at London City Polytechnic (1), Manchester Mayflower with Infa-Riot and The Business among others (11), Stevenage Bowes Lyon Centre with the Anti-Nowhere League (12), Bradford Tiffany's with Vice Squad and The 4-Skins (16) and Kidderminster Town Hall (23).

☐ **ALBANIA** promote their debut album 'Are You All Mine' (Chiswick Records) with a tour of Scotland, Ulster and Eire. Among dates in the UK are Wick Rosebank Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Glasgow Waterfront (Saturday), Faslane Trident Club (June 29), Greenock Victorian Carriage (30) and Belfast D.B.'s (July 3). London gigs are being set.

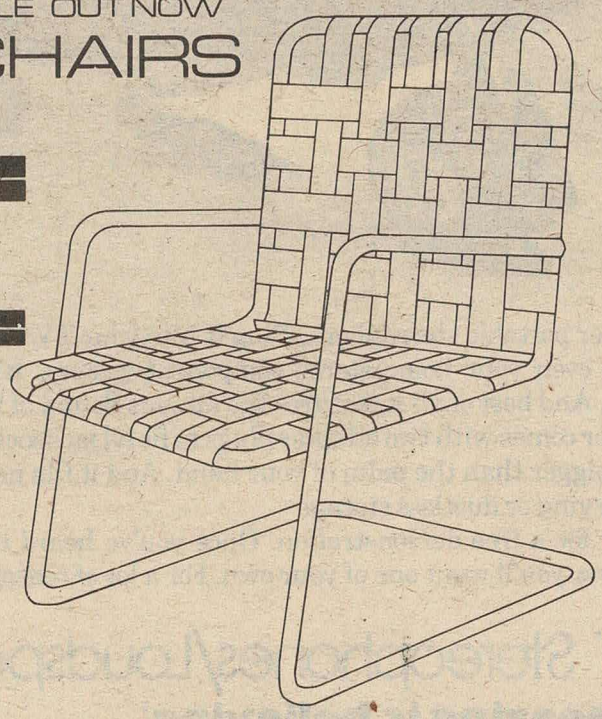
☐ **THE DUMB BLONDES** have added a Central London gig to their month-long one-nighter series, announced last week. It's at the Marquee Club on July 7.

OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING

THEIR SINGLE OUT NOW

LAWNCHAIRS

EA 124



LIVE THE VENUE VICTORIA LONDON JUNE 25

WITH DALEK I LOVE YOU

BONUS EXTRA IN SAXON'S SINGLE

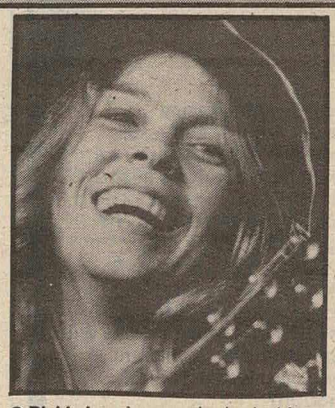
SAXON have their follow-up to 'And The Bands Played On' released by Carrere on July 3 — the new single is 'Never Surrender', packaged in a gatefold sleeve and coupled with a remix of '20,000 Feet' from their album 'Strong Arm Of The Law'. And it comes with the bonus of an extra free single featuring their stage favourite 'Bap-Shoo-Ap!', recorded at the Castle Donington concert last summer, plus 'Street Fighting Man' from the 'Wheels Of Steel' album.

REJECTS ON THE STREETS AGAIN

THE COCKNEY REJECTS are back on the scene with a new single titled 'On The Streets Again', released by Zonophone this week. It's a preview of their upcoming third album 'The Power And The Glory', recorded at Air and Rockfield Studios with producer Steve Churchyard, due out on July 13. The Rejects will be undertaking a full-scale British tour to coincide with the album's release, details to follow shortly.

● **Darts,** currently touring around the UK, have a new single out this weekend on Magnet. It's their first for six months, and is titled 'Jump, Children, Jump'.

● Flicknife Records release a **Hawkwind** single on July 3. 'Motorhead' (previously released as the B-side of 'Kings Of Speed') features Dave Brock, Lemmy and Allan Powell. 'Valium 10' (previously unissued) features Dave Brock, Harvey Bainbridge, Mike Smith and Steve Swindells.



● **Rickie Lee Jones,** who had a big hit last year with her single 'Chuck E's In Love', has her second album released by WEA on August 7 — titled 'Pirates'. It contains eight new songs, mainly written by Rickie herself.

● **The Pointer Sisters,** whose latest album 'Black And White' is issued by WEA this weekend, have a new single scheduled for July 10. The A-side 'Slow Hand' is taken from the LP, but the coupling 'Holdin' Out On Love' isn't.

● Following the success of **Positive Noise's** single 'Charm' in the independent charts, Statik Records this weekend issue a 12-inch remixed and much lengthier version of the same number — and there's also an extra track called 'Moscow Motion'. The band's album 'Heart Of Darkness' is also newly released.

● **Frankie Miller** has his first single out since he left Chrysalis. Titled 'Standing On The Other Side', it's on Good Foot Records, who have a distribution deal with Pinnacle.

DENNY LAINE LP AND TOUR PLAN

DENNY LAINE, who recently left Wings, is currently working at his own Shepperton studios on material for a new solo album. It's being produced by Norman "Hurricane" Smith, who has come out of retirement especially for this project, and whose son Nick Smith is engineering the LP. Laine's new band will be announced shortly, with plans for live work to coincide with the release of the album, scheduled by RCA (with whom he's just signed) for October.

TOP AUSSIES IN BRITISH LAUNCH

ICEHOUSE are one of the most successful bands to emerge for many years in Australia, where they've worked with the likes of XTC, Elvis Costello and The Stranglers. There's been considerable competition from British labels to sign the band for UK distribution, with Chrysalis finally emerging as winners — and this week they release the group's self-named album, which has almost reached triple platinum status Down Under. There are plans for them to tour here shortly.

● **Ski Patrol,** who are supporting Killing Joke on some of their current dates, have their third single 'Cut' / 'Faith In Transition' issued this week. It's on the Malicious Damage label, with distribution by Rough Trade.

● **The Jacksons** have a new single out this weekend on Epic, coupling two tracks from their 'Triumph' album — 'Walk Right Now' and 'Your Wavs'.

ROUND-UP OF SUMMER SPECIALS

Reading line-up almost settled

THE ELEVENTH Reading Festival, and the 21st annual event to be staged by the NJF, will bring together acts from the world over. In addition to the headline attractions reported on page 3, the bill features American visitors The Outlaws, Billy Squier (who guested on the recent Whitesnake tour) and the Marshall Tucker Band. From France come Trust, while Australia is represented by Rose Tattoo and Midnight Oil. And there's even a 37-piece West Indian steel band.

The rest of the British contingent are headed by Steve Hackett — along with Budgie, Nine Below Zero, Fischer Z, the Roy Wood Band, The Lightning Raiders, Long Tall Shorty, Andy Allan's Future, The Parachutes, The Nighthawks and Afraid Of Mice. And there are a number of other acts still to be confirmed, one or two of them of considerable significance.

Weekend tickets for the festival cost £14.50, inclusive of parking, camping and VAT — and they're available by post from NJF/Reading Festival (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ. But as announced on page 3, there will be a special offer in next week's issue, enabling *NME* readers to purchase tickets at an exclusive discount price. One-day tickets, available at the site only, will cost £5.50 (Friday) and £7 (for both Saturday and Sunday), parking extra.

Free trip subdues Port Vale uproar

AN ATTEMPT by local residents to ban the 'Heavy Metal Holocaust' show at the Port Vale football ground on Saturday, August 1, has been dropped following a conciliatory move by promoters Straight Music. It seems that certain elderly ladies, whose houses overlook the ground, were terrified at the prospect of a metal invasion — and, when the local council rejected their plea to ban the event, they took their case to court to seek an injunction. But now the promoter has invited the ladies to take an all-expenses-paid trip to Blackpool, while the concert is in progress, and they have readily accepted this offer. And they all lived happily ever after.

The Port Vale event features Black Sabbath, Motorhead, Triumph and Vardis, with one more act still to be announced.

Rock in the parks

A ONE-DAY festival featuring a number of West Yorkshire bands is to be staged at Keighley Victoria Park on Saturday, July 25 (2-9pm). Confirmed acts include Agony Column, Shake Appeal, Surface Tension, Dawnwatcher, New Model Army, The Shakes, Patrick Moore & The All Stars, Nosferatu V and Goff Jackson & The Huns, with more to come. The event is in aid of the International Year of the Disabled, and the profits will go towards a new seaside caravan for Keighley MENCAP Society. Tickets are £3 — make cheques and POs payable to "Wheelchair Rhythm" and send to Nova Arts, 4 Leonard Street, Bingley, Yorks, enclosing s.a.e.

● BROMLEY Peace Council hold their Peace Festival in Bromley Library Gardens on Saturday, July 4, with music by The Papers, Case, Runn, Smallprint, Mainline and Killerhertz — plus folk music, theatre groups, buskers, jugglers, magicians, stalls, refreshments and food. It runs from noon to 7pm, and admission is free, though there will be a collection to offset expenses.

RAY DAVIES and The Kinks: Sunday headliners at Reading

JUDIE TZUKE AT MILTON KEYNES

JUDIE TZUKE, who this week completed a highly successful UK concert tour, has been added to the bill of the open-air Thin Lizzy concert at the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl on Saturday, August 8. It was announced last week that the Ian Hunter Band, featuring Mick Ronson, would be second top to Lizzy — and the remaining names in the line-up have been confirmed as Q-Tips and Trimmer & Jenkins.

Advance tickets for the show cost £7, and they're available by post from NJF/MK2 (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing s.a.e. — and they're also available to personal applicants at selected outlets. The concert runs from 4 to 10.30pm (gates open 2pm) and the running order will be Trimmer & Jenkins, Q-Tips, Judie Tzuke, Ian Hunter Band and Thin Lizzy.

Ian Hunter releases a new album on Chrysalis on August 7, the day before the Milton Keynes concert — titled 'Short Back 'n' Sides', it's his first studio set for over two years, and features nine of his new compositions. It was produced by Mick Ronson and Mick Jones.

The Hunter band is essentially the same as it's been for some time, with a line-up comprising Eric Parker (drums), Martin Briley (bass), Tom Mandel and George Meyer (keyboards), Tommy Morrongiello (bass) and Hunter and Ronson.

● Judie Tzuke was suffering from laryngitis last weekend and had to cancel appearances at Newcastle City Hall and the Glastonbury Festival. The Newcastle concert has already been re-scheduled for July 3.

THE EXPLOITED IN APOCALYPSE TOUR

THE EXPLOITED, whose debut album on Secret Records 'Punks Not Dead' has been enjoying an extended run in the *NME* Chart, begin a major tour this weekend. They're going out under the banner of 'Apocalypse Now', the title of the show with which they recently filled London Lyceum. Support act is Stoke band Discharge, who've been figuring strongly in the independent charts with their ten-inch 45rpm album 'Why'.

Dates set so far are Cromer West Runton Pavilion (tomorrow, Friday), Northampton Roadmenders Club (Saturday), Leicester De Montfort Hall (Sunday), Glasgow Tiffany's (June 30), Manchester Polytechnic (July 1), Bracknell Sports Centre (3), Wakefield Unity Hall (5), Bradford St. George's Hall (6) and Cardiff Top Rank (8). Further gigs are being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Damned: London date, big UK autumn trek

THE DAMNED headline a rare London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, July 5, the day after completing their current tour of Finland and Germany — they're supported by Ruts DC, Anti-Nowhere League and The Vice Squad, and tickets are on sale now priced £3. They then leave almost immediately for an extensive American tour, and their only other UK appearance this summer will be at an open-air CND rally in Manchester on August 8.

The band have now left Chiswick Records, and are about to sign with another label, which will be releasing their recently completed new album in the autumn. And they'll be going out on a full British tour to coincide with the LP's release.

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES BY BUNNYMEN, PASSIONS & UNDERTONES

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have a new single out on July 3. The A-side is 'A Promise' from their album 'Heaven Up There', and it's coupled with a new track — recorded recently in Norway — titled 'Broke My Neck'. There's also a 12-incher, containing an extra long version of the B-side, running over seven minutes.

THE UNDERTONES: second single on their EMI-licensed Ardeck label is a double A-sider, featuring a new track 'Kiss In The Dark', plus a re-recorded version of a song from their 'Positive Touch' LP, called 'Julie Ocean'. It's released on July 6.

THE PASSIONS follow up their chart hit 'I'm In Love With A German Film Star' with the single 'Skin Deep', issued by Polydor on July 3. It comes in a colour sleeve, with 'I Radiate' as the B-side on the seven-inch, and 'Small Stones' as the coupling on the limited edition 12-inch. The band are now recording a new album for autumn release.

999, currently midway through a massive 60-date American tour, have a new single issued by Albion Records this weekend. It's a re-working of 'Li'l Red Riding Hood', which was a U.S. No. 1 hit for Sam The Sam in the sixties. There are two previously unissued tracks on the B-side, 'Wait For Your Number To Be Called' and 'I Ain't Gonna Tell Ya', the latter having been recorded live in Nashville in 1978. All three titles were produced by Vic Maile, and the first 10,000 copies come in a shrink wrapped sleeve.

● **The Original Mirrors** have a single titled '20,000 Dreamers' — written by Steve Allen and Ian Broudie, and produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley — issued by Phonogram this weekend. The B-side is 'Time Has Come', and on the limited edition 12-inch there's an extra track — a remixed treatment of 'Dancing With The Rebels'.

● **Was (Not Was),** whose background and multi-talented line-up were the subject of an *NME* feature spread last week, have their self-named debut album released by Ze Records (through Island) next week. It's preceded this week by a single titled 'Out Come The Freaks', which is coupled with a discodub version of the same title on the 12-incher, while the B-side of the seven-inch is 'Hello Operator'.

● **Nash The Slash,** just back from a European tour with The Tubes, has a new single titled 'Novel Romance' issued this weekend by Dindisc. It was produced by Bill Nelson, and the B-side is 'In A Glass Eye', from his album 'Children Of The Night'.

● Ed Hamilton has asked us to point out that it was he who wrote the latest **Graham Bonnet** single 'Liar', and not Russ Ballard.

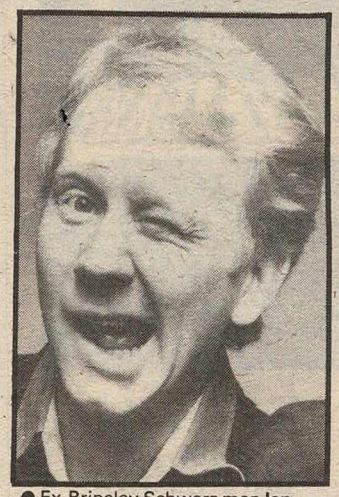
● There are two new releases on the Dread At The Controls label, which has signed a pressing and distribution deal with Rough Trade. The first is a 12-inch disco single titled 'All Nite Jammin' by **Sowell,** with a dub version on the B-side. The other is the debut album from **Earl Sixteen** titled 'Reggae Sound'.

● John Collins, producer of the new Specials single 'Ghost Train', has produced a single for **Victor Romero Evans** — best known for his work as an actor with the Black Theatre Co-operative. Titled 'At The Club', it's on Epic Records.

● **Dean Friedman** has signed a long-term deal with GTO Records. He had three UK hits in 1978, but hasn't recorded since, as he's been concentrating on writing. His first single under the new deal is 'Charles' (a ditty about some guy who's getting married next month), and an album will follow later in the year.

● The follow-up to **Smokey Robinson's** No.1 hit 'Being With You' is expected to be another track from his album of the same name — and the most likely is 'You Are Forever', says Motown.

● **The Associates** have finally signed with Beggars Banquet, following their departure from Fiction Records, and they are to have their own label named Double Hip Records — and their first release will be an album in September. Prior to this, they will release four singles on the Situation 2 label, the first of which — out this weekend — is 'Q Quarters'.



● Ex-Brinsley Schwarz man **Ian Gomm** has his single 'I Like You, I Don't Love You', which he co-wrote with Nick Lowe, issued by Albion Records this weekend. From the same label comes the single 'Motion' / 'The La-La Song' by The Martian Schoolgirls.

● The new **Matchbox** single, due for release by Magnet next month, is a revival of an early rockabilly hit 'Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes' — originally recorded by George Jones nearly 30 years ago. The band's third album is scheduled for September 11 release.

● **Random Hold** are now back in action with their new line-up — comprising Sue Raven, Steve Wilkins, Pete Phipps, Dave Ferguson and Nigel Hardy. Their single 'Walking On The Edge' is issued by RCA this week, and they'll shortly be doing live dates.

WASTED YOUTH'S GHOST-WRITER

WASTED YOUTH's new single 'Rebecca's Room', released by Bridge House Records, is a true ghost story. Written by the band's lead vocalist and founder member Ken Scott, it relates his own experiences when staying in his girl friend's house in February — complete with strange noises and unexplained happenings. Even the sleeve picture of Rebecca, taken in the haunted house, showed her to have two heads when developed! Evidently she was so upset by these ghostly goings-on that she promptly fled the country — and hasn't returned,

● **Carole Bayer Sager,** probably best known for writing hits like 'Nobody Does It Better' for Carly Simon and 'It's The Falling In Love' for Michael Jackson, has signed with Boardwalk Records (through CBS) and has her album 'Sometimes Late At Night' issued next month — with a single titled 'Stronger Than Before' out this week. On the LP, all lyrics are by Carole and all music by Burt Bacharach.

● Nothing Shaking Records of Beckenham release their 'East Of Croydon' compilation album on July 6 — with contributions from **The Heartbeats, The Flips, Calling Hearts, Spoon Fazer, The Big Combo, Greenfield Leisure, Normil Hawaiians, Local Heroes SW9, Janet Armstrong, Bobby Henry, Big Hair, Kan Kan, Sir James** and **A Circle Charmed.** Price is £2.99 and the company is based at 4a Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Dylan with Ringo, Ron Wood

BOB DYLAN has a new single rushed out by CBS this weekend, to coincide with his London concerts. It's a brand new track called 'Heart Of Mine', which isn't culled from an album, though it's likely to be included on his next LP. An interesting aspect of the single is that it features, among the backing musicians, Ringo Starr on drums and Ron Wood on guitar.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

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25 Bauhaus
26 Vardis
26 The Kinks
26 – July 1 Bob Dylan
28 The Slits
28 Sugar Minott
29 Kraftwerk
29, 30 Peter Tosh
29, 30 Joe Jackson
30 Marvin Gaye

JULY
1 Split Enz
2, 3 Kraftwerk
5 The Damned
7, 8, 9 Randy Crawford
9 Duran Duran
10 Diamond Head
11 Heath Brothers
11 Iggy Pop
12 The Staple Singers
12 John Sebastion
13 Fela Kuti
13 Black Uhuru
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz
19 Monochrome Set
19 Robert Hunter
25 Def Leppard
26 Killing Joke
29 Ian Dury
30 Mike Oldfield

AUGUST
1 Black Sabbath/Motorhead
8 Thin Lizzy
18 Barbara Dickson
22 AC/DC + Blue Oyster Cult
24 Siouxsie & The Banshees
26 Foreigner
28–30 Reading Rock Festival

SEPTEMBER
3 Siouxsie & The Banshees
13 Michael Schenker

OCTOBER
11 Steve Hackett
17 Sheena Easton
24, 25 Saxon
30, 31 The Shadows

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96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

FRIARS

AT THE MAXWELL HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY JUNE 27th 7.30 pm
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
+ THE DELMONTES
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT
Unfortunately no tickets will be available at door on the night
Brave Boys Keep Their Promises

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 25th June — £1
SUNFIGHTER
+ Eddie the Cat

Friday 26th June — £1
Country Comedy Rock
HANK WANGFORD

Saturday 27th June — £1.50
CHRIS THOMPSON & THE ISLANDS

Sunday 28th June — £1
Lunchtime
THE SOUNDS INSANE THEATRE CO.
featuring Gaynor Pasco
Evening — £1.50
STAN WEBBS CHICKEN SHACKS
+ The Kicks

Monday 29th June — £1
MODERN ROMANCE
+ Madshadows

Tuesday 30th June — £1
SNAX
(ex Eddie & The Hot Rods)
+ The Parachutes

Wednesday 1st July — £1
CAPITAL DANDIES
+ The Enerjetics

Thursday 2nd July — £1
BILL KRISTIAN TOM O'MALLEY & FRIENDS

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 — Open 8pm–2am

Friday 26th June — Adm £2
Heavy Metal Rock From Australia
ROSE TATTOO

Friday 3rd July — Adm £2
THE SCARS

Friday 10th July — Adm £2
New Wave Rock
THE PROFESSIONALS

Saturday 27th June — £1 before 10.30, £2 after
Upstairs: **FUTURIST DISCO**
Downstairs: **TOP 20 DISCO**

Saturday 3rd July — Adm £2
Sounds Atomic Rock Show Presenting
MORE
+ Videos
inc AC/DC & Blackfoot

Saturday 11th July — Adm £2
A Modern Dance Nite Presenting
SOFT CELL

THE Venue

160-162 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria Tube Station

Main Band on at 9.00 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 25th June — £2.00
DALEK I LOVE YOU
+ OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING
+ GODOT
Late Night — £2.50
LATE DISKOW WITH GUEST DJ

Friday & Saturday 26th & 27th June — £4.00
TAJ MAHAL

Sunday 28th June — £3.00
THE SLITS

Monday & Tuesday 29th & 30th June — £3.50
JOE JACKSONS JUMPIN' JIVE

Wednesday 1st July — £2.00
TV SMITHS EXPLORERS

Thursday 2nd July — £2.00
Y RECORDS SPECIAL DISCO PARTY NITE with
PIG BAG
+ TESCO BOMBERS
+ MAXIMUM JOY

COMING SOON

Friday 3rd July — £3.00
PIRANHAS

Saturday 4th July — £3.00
DARTS

Friday 10th & Saturday 11th July — £4.00
BLUES BAND

Tuesday 14th July — £4.00
THE ROCHES

Friday 17th July — £3.50
ALAN PRICE

Photo by Alan Johnson

TWO names where the word "legend" slips easily off the tongue in the same breath are in this country this week — Peter Tosh (above) and Bob Dylan.

Dylan returns to London to play another season at Earls Court, from Friday to Wednesday inclusive. We would have expected to describe it as an "eagerly-awaited season", but the concerts haven't been an instant sell-out.

There are probably a number of reasons for this . . . the high admission price at a time of recession (and let's face it, Dylan isn't the only culprit who's pricing himself out of the market in this way); concern that his act will have markedly religious overtones, although we're assured that it most definitely won't; and finally, the very real possibility that Dylan's return is a little too soon to warrant an immediate 90,000 sell-out. Despite this there aren't likely to be many tickets left when he goes on stage — though there were still some available at press-time.

TOSH, the former Wailer who might be considered the logical contender for Marley's crown, flies in to play two nights at London Rainbow on Monday and Tuesday — and as a bonus, his backing includes those two Jamaican maestros, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare.

DURAN DURAN, now established as a chart group, are setting out on their most important tour to date. They're headlining at major theatres and halls, kicking off at Brighton (Monday), Southampton (Tuesday) and Leicester (Wednesday).

SPLIT ENZ stop off in the UK during the course of their world travels, and undertake a relatively brief concert series — playing Guildford (Thursday), Nottingham, (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and London (Wednesday).

THE KINKS stir themselves into action for a four-venue mini-tour, promoting their new single 'Better Things'. They're at Ipswich (Thursday), London Rainbow (Friday), Bristol (Saturday) and Coventry (Sunday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **The Tremeloes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Quads/Partizans**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Concorde Bar: **Birds With Ears**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Figures Of Fun**
Canvey Island The Paddocks: **Nine Below Zero**
Cardiff University: **The Beat Roots**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/The Cardiacs**
Cheltenham Copperfields: **Fast Action**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **More**
Croydon Leslie Arms: **Shotgun**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Mark Ryder & The Heroes**
Doncaster New Outlook: **The Afrodizzyaks/East Side**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Durrington The Plough: **The Secret**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Cruise**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Samson**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Dolpins**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Split Enz**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Dolly Mixture**
Hanley The Place: **Hot Cuisine**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Mode/Red Light Turns Blue**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Kinks**
Kingshorn Kuinzie Neuk: **Dark Star**
Leeds Charles Morris Hall: **Darts**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Crack**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Really**
Leeds University: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Leeds Warehouse: **Q-Tips**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leeds Yorkie Bar: **George Little's Cool In The Shade/Fault**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Tubes**
Liverpool Brady's: **It Must Be Love/China Crisis**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter/Eddie The Cat**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Eddie Maelov & Sunshine Patteson**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **SJ & Her Gem**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The Harfoot Brothers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Brian Knight Band/The Penguins**
London Covent Garden Blitz: **Experiments With Ice**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A Flock Of Seagulls/The Reflectors**
London Euston The Pits: **The Little Roosters/Dan Russell Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Johnny Storm**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Los Spectros/The Bronx**
London Fulham The Swan: **The M.G.'s/Quietly Crazy**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Chat's Band/691-0307**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Hidden Charms**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Tich Turner's Escalator/Red Star Belgrade**
London Hampstead Three Horseshoes: **Shirley Collins Band/Martin Simpson/Hot Vultures/Chris Rohmann/Leon Rosselson**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Mainline**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Black Music Co-op**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Trevor Watt's Amalgam**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **Atomic Rooster**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Limehouse**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Blackroots**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stagestruck**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Putney White Lion: **The Feelers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Tracey Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Siam**
London Southall The Cavern: **Mephisto Waltz/Dali's Car**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Crewsy Fixers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bauhaus/Subway Sect/The Birthday Party**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Dip & The He Men**
London Tooting The Castle: **Kleen Heels**
London Tottenham The Railway: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dalek I Love You/Our Daughter's Wedding/Godot**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ski Patrol/The Room**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Cimarons**
London W.1 Gossips: **The Deltas**
London W.1 Gulliver's Club: **Ray Shell Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Temper/Karl Wallinger/Faraway Stars**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Snakejuice/Biggles Light Orchestra/Jah Lizard**
Newcastle City Hall: **Sky**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Newcastle Spectro Arts Centre: **Hibernation Through Stills**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Newcastle-under-Lyne Syd's Bar: **Shader**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Howdy Boys**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
Pershore College of Agriculture: **The Dealers**
Portsmouth Rock Garden: **Lionheart**
Preston Moonrakers: **A Formal Sigh**
Reading Target Club: **High Risk**
Rossendale College: **Modern Eon**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Way Of The West**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Mob/Null And Void**
Southampton Club Manhatten: **The Press**
Southsea South Parade Pier: **Misty In Roots/Unity First**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Jam**
Stockport Smugglers: **China Dolls/The Business**
Sutton-Bonnington School of Agriculture: **Any Trouble**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **Chevy 57**
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Modern English**
Workington Slypt Disc: **Praying Mantis**

FRIDAY

Aldenham The Hartspring: **The Stop Band**
Bath Moles Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Aswad**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Tubes**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Grace**
Birmingham Sutton Carnival: **Helpless Huw & The Hesitations/Valley Forge/The Utensils**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Hotshot**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Marvin Gaye**
Bradford University: **Modern Eon**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Golinski Brothers**
Brighton The Northern: **Meanstreak**
Burton Drill Hall: **The Quads**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Limelight/Megaton.**
Chelmsford The Countryman: **The Fascinators**
Cheltenham Cossack Club: **Fast Action**
Chichester West Sussex College: **The Cheaters**
Colchester Institute of Higher Education: **The Revillos**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **The Editors**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Theatre: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Exploited**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Edinburgh Astoria: **I'man Slygo**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Restricted Code**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Sky**
Ely (Stretham) Plantation Farm: **The Look**
Exeter University: **Chas & Dave**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Peel Bar: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Waterfront: **FactoryPoems/Toxic Shock/H20**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Dark Star**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Nicky Moore Band/4am**
Harrogate College of Further Education: **No Swastikas/ The Vectors**
Holywood (Co. Down) D.B.'s Club: **Setz**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Flying Saucers**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Way Of The West**
Leeds University: **Susan Fassbender & Kay Russell**
Leeds Warehouse: **Wondrous Stories**
Leicester University: **Reality**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Comsat Angels**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Praying Mantis**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **BIM**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Hank Wangford**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Virna Lindt**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bop Natives/24 Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Earls Court: **Bob Dylan**
London Elepant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Jimmy Lindsay**
London Euston The Pits: **The Monsters/The Cyclones**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Brian Knight Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Blue Cats/The Comets**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Tina Jones & The Big Boys/Rubber Johnny/The Electric Bluebirds/Paul Sand & Jim Carter**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Temper/The Stiffs**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Flying Padovanis/Amy**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Dolly Mixture/The Imports**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Johnny Mars**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Geoff Castle Band**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Naughty Thoughts**
London Marquee Club: **The Lightning Raiders**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **The Flood**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jazz Sluts**
London Putney White Lion: **The 45's**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Kinks**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias/Nine Below Zero/The Gas**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Warren Vache & Digby Fairweather**
London St. Bart's Medical College: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers/Darts**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: **Pagan Altar**
London University Union: **Wasted Youth/Manufactured Romance/Dead Or Alive**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Black Market**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Club/Furniture**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Vardis/Lionheart**
London W.I. Cafe Royal: **Rye & The Quarter Boys**
Malvern Nags Head: **Shader**
Manchester Miracle Club: **The Office/Blank Verse**
Manchester Pips: **Modern Romance**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **More**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Taurus**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St Centre: **Grace**
Northampton The Mail Coach: **The World Service**
Nottingham Rock City: **Split Enz**
Nottingham University: **The Freshies**
Oxford Corpus Christi College: **Steve Gibbons Band/The Tonix/The Dance Band**

GIG GUIDE

Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Sunfighter**
Portsmouth Havant College: **The Time/The Astral Bodies**
Reading St. Andrew's Hall: **Any Trouble**
Reading Top Rank: **Angel Witch**
Retford Porterhouse: **Rose Tattoo**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Clocks**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Kraftwerk**
Street Crispin Hall: **The Review/Bikini Mutants/Fractured Entertainment/The System**
Taunton Odeon: **Diamond Head**
Thaxted Church Hall: **Figures Of Fun**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Wallasey Leasowe Castle Hotel: **Paul Costello & Friends**
Warrington Hookey Hole: **Sans Culottes**
York Winning Post: **George Little's Cool In The Shade**

SATURDAY

Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **More**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Modern Eon**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Shader**
Birmingham Odeon: **Marvin Gaye**
Birmingham West Hill College: **The Quads**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **After The Fire/Canis Major**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Brighton Dome: **Kraftwerk**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Kinks**
Bristol Trinity Church: **Johnny Storm**
Caerphilly Checkmate: **The Beat Roots**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Bauhaus/Subway Sect/The Birthday Party**
Cardiff Casablanca Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
Cardiff Nero's Club: **Modern English**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Back Beats**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture/Stolen Pets**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cirencester Phoenix Centre: **The Builders/The D.T.'s**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Zorkie Twins**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Scars**
Crowborough Aldeane Centre: **Flying Saucers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Derby Lonsdale College: **Anti Pasti/Culture Shock**
Dronfield Greenacres: **Haze**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Sky**
Dunholm Four Seasons Hotel: **Denise Nolan**
Eastbourne College: **Tich Turner's Escalator**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Dark Star**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Way Of The West**
Endon Brownedge Club: **Saturnalia**
Exeter Barnfield Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Gillingham Technical College: **Naughty Thoughts**
Harrogate Connaught Rooms: **The Mob/No Swastikas/Vita**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Dangerous Girls**
Huddersfield Birkby Manor House: **Xpozez**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Misty In Roots**
Huddersfield White Lion: **The Motivators**
Ipswich Corn Exchange: **Vardis**
Keighley Victoria Hotel: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Knighton Norton Arms: **The Accelerators**
Leicester The Horseshoe: **Hi-Tension**
Leicester University: **The Revillos/The Dance Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Positive Noise/Soul**
Liverpool Lark Lane: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Split Enz**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rose Tattoo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Paul Kennerley Band/Combo Passe**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & The Island**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Joy Spring**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Victims Of Pleasure/Tokyo**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Release De Beat/Alan Gee Band**
London Earls Court: **Bob Dylan**
London Edgware The Sparrowhawk: **The Chefs**
London Euston The Pits: **Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sore Throat**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Feelers**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Tina Jones & The Big Boys/Rubber Johnny**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Directions/Eat At Joe's**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM/The Act**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Idlers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Blue Cats**
London Islington Pied Bull: **John Taylor-Norma Winstone Quartet**
London Marquee Club: **No Dice**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **London Vintage Jazz Orchestra**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **Results/Snap**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Bert Jansch**
London Putney White Lion: **The Cobras**
London Richmond Bull & Bush: **The M.G.'s**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnite Men**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Calling Hearts**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jimmy Roche Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Franxinatra**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Black Market**
London Victoria The Venue: **Taj Mahal**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Eyeless in Gaza/Felt**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **Wreckless Eric/The Heartbeats**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Bumble & The Beez**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Virna Lindt**
London W.1 Gulliver's Club: **Ray Shell Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Soul Band**
Luton Arts Centre: **Blazing Red/The Nervous Surgeons**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Memos**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Images**
Midhurst The Egmont: **The Secret**
Newcastle Havelock Hall: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle Univeristy: **The Comsat Angels**
Northampton Roadmenders Club: **The Exploited**
Nottingham Rock City: **Judie Tzuke**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Spoilers**
Oxford Wolfson College: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Any Trouble**
Preston Warehouse: **Spider**
Rawtenstall Rossendale College: **Praying Mantis**
Rayleigh Travellers Joy: **Soho**
Ripon Hugh Ripley Hall: **Rough Justice**
Rotherham Herringthorpe Playing Fields: **The Specials**
Salford Moonrakers: **A Formal Sigh**
Seaford Great Dane: **The Fruit Eating Bears**
Shaftesbury Shaston Club: **The Britz**
Sheffield University: **Deemus Mint**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Lazers**
Snape The Maltings: **Roaring Jelly**
Southampton Solent Suite: **The Ebony Rockers**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **The Jam**
St. Albans College of Education: **Essential Bop**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Tubes**
Stockport Warren Bulkeley Club: **Belgian Bitch/Predator**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Killing Joke/Ski Patrol**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Diamond Head**
Watford Red Lion: **Rok Wattz**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Victorian Parents**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **Reality**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Gifford Arms: **Sub Zero**

SUNDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Sky**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Killing Joke/Ski Patrol**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Tubes**
Bristol Patchway Labour Club: **Darts**
Bromley Churchill Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott and Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Tora Tora**
Coventry Theatre: **The Kinks**
Croydon Leslie Arms: **Shotgun**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Random Band**
Croydon The Star: **Stubborn Streak**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Shusha**
Durham Big Jug Club: **Jim Sharp**
Egremont Rugby Club: **The Cheaters**
Glasgow Maestro's: **The Berlin Blondes**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Dolphins**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **H2O**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys/Emma Sharpe**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **720**
Hinckley Corks Wine Bar: **The Editors**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Misty In Roots**
Hull Shapes Bar: **Fault**
Inverness Ice Rink: **More**
Irvine Argyll Lounge: **Dark Star**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Seacroft Hotel: **Fault**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Exploited**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **Future Toys**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Check**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chicken Shack/The Kicks**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Skid Marx Killers/Things In Bags**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Parachutes/The Edukators/Lots Of Zebras**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Earls Court: **Bob Dylan**
London E.11 The Eagle: **Roaring Jelly**
London Finchley Torrington: **Hank Wangford**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Snax**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alternative Cabaret**
London Greenwich Theatre: **Elaine Delmar**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Debbie Bishop/Tina Jones & The Big Boys**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Lee Kosmin/The Uprights**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **The Chocolate Frogs**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Aerial FX/The Refreshers**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Fast Eddie**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Tymon Dogg**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Paz**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Modern English**
London N.11 Standard Sports & Social Club: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bac Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Southall White Hart: **The Attendants**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The London Apaches**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Kraftwerk**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Slits**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Purple Hearts/The Wild Boys**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Black Market**
Maidstone Medway Inn: **The Nice Boys**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Split Enz**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Diamond Head**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Manchester The Squat: **Sans Culottes**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St Arts Centre: **Saturnalia**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Rose Tattoo**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Haze**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **The Britz**
Southport Theatre: **Marvin Gaye**
St Albans City Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**

MONDAY

Billesley Lane: **The Dealers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham University: **Dangerous Girls/Vision Collision/Saturday The XIVth**
Brighton Dome: **Duran Duran**
Brighton The Richmond: **Modern English/Birds With Ears**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Otway & Barrett/The Beat Roots**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Rose Tattoo**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Rapid Dance**
Harlow Benny's Club: **Pre-Set/Easy Action/De-Fex**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds 4 In 1 Club: **George Little's Cool In The Shade**
Leeds Yorkie Bar: **Free State**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Deaf Aids/Andy Allan's Future**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Modern Romance/Mad Shadows**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **The Birthday Party/Dif-Juz/Hugo Klang**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Killer Wales**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Masked Orchestra/On The Beach**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Speedos/Calling Hearts/The Introze**
London Earls Court: **Bob Dylan**
London Elthan Avery Hill College: **'Henry The Perfect Fourth' (mime rock musical)**
London Euston The Pits: **The Telegents/Aerial FX**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Elgin Marbles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Step/The Penguins**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Kraftwerk**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Dolly Mixture/Kids Next Door**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Outer Art**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Low Z**
London Islington Screen On The Green: **The Promenaders/Matchbox Purveyor/A Popular History Of Signs/David Medalla**
London Kensington Royal College of Art: **Richard Strange & The Party**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **Steve Gibbons Band/OK Jive**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Idle Flowers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Peter Tosh**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Southall White Hart: **The Mods**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Black Market**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Shotgun**
London Victoria The Venue: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Almost Brothers/Bumble & The Beez**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Gossips: **Panache**
Preston Guildhall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield Penguin Club: **Sans Culottes**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Tubes**
Southend Zero 6: **Hank Wangford**
Southsea South Parade Pier: **Licks'n'Vixen**
St. Ives (Hunts) Floods: **Chris Barber Band**
Thetford Breckland Sports Centre: **Thumpa/Black Mamba**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Diamond Head**
York Jaspers: **More**

TUESDAY

Anglesey Plas Coch: **The Pumps/A Silly Tree/The Ferrets/The Ghostriders**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Rivington Spyke**
Bristol Locarno: **Kraftwerk**
Burty The Derby Hall: **The Memos**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Otway & Barrett**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Split Enz**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Black Market**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **Spider**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Rama Band**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Aswad**
Glasgow Leon's Waterfront: **Rapid Dance**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Exploited**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Sleep/White Colours**
Henley Sixth Form College: **Between Pictures**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Professionals**
Hitchin Reflection: **Geno Washington**
Holmfirth Rising Sun: **Whipps**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **The Jam**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **And Also The Trees**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Really**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Diamond Head**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Chase**
London Balham The Bedford: **Shotgun**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Siam**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Snax/The Parachutes**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Dan Russell Band/The Tonix**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Volcanoes/Obsession/Kleen Heels**
London Earls Court: **Bob Dylan**
London Euston The Pits: **Charlie Harper & Friends Like These**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Crying Shames**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions/Venigmas**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The V. Babies/The Fallen Heroes**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **A Bigger Splash**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Perfect Idiot**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Temper**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Jody St.**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Marquee Club: **The Blue Cats**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Black Market**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Chords**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Peter Tosh**
London Roehampton Garnet College: **The Dance Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Mephisto Waltz/Red Box/The Attendants/Only After Dark**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The D.T.'s**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **Joe Jackson's Jumpin' Jive**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **OK Jive/The Rhythm Method**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Riff Raff/Gallery Five/Skadoss**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Freshies**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Rose Tattoo**
Newcastle Balmbras: **Zap/The Futurists/The New Romantics/Elle Poseur**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Pinkies**
Oxford Scamps: **Black Roots**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Gladstone**
Preston Guildhall: **More**
Sheffield Limit Club: **T.V. Smith & The Explorers**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Comsat Angels**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Swansea White Swan: **Cwmdonkin/Calennig/Graham Larkbey**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Nashville Teens**
Winchester King Alfred College: **The Revillos**

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen Valhalla's: **H20**
Ayr Pavilion: **Rose Tattoo**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Burton Top Rank: **More**
Carlisle Mick's Club: **The Cheaters**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Chords/The Stripes**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chippenham Alexandra's: **Cair Paravel**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Victorian Parents**
Dunstable Civic Centre: **The Revillos**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Diamond Head**
Guildford College: **Stolen Pets**
Hanley Vinelm: **Saturnalia**
Hull Zoological: **Fault**
Leeds Amnesia Club: **George Little's Cool In The Shade/Free State**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Tardis Club: **Sans Culottes**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Duran Duran**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Chase**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Alan Price**
London Charing Cross Rd. Busby's: **The Mo-dettes**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell Trio**
London City Polytechnic: **Splodge/The 4 Skins/The Business**
London Clapham The Clockhouse: **Shotgun**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blue Cats**
London Earls Court: **Bob Dylan**
London Euston The Pits: **Naked Lunch**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Nicky Moore Band/Positive Signals**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Chris Barber Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Split Enz/Lee Kosmin/Siam**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Panache**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Phil Taylor & Friends**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stubborn Streak**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Mila 18**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Pigbag/Maximum Joy**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
Luton Sands: **The Stop Band**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Oozit's Club: **Motivation**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Exploited**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Steve Brown Band**
New Romney Seashore: **Spitzbrook**
Oxford New Theatre: **Kraftwerk**
Rhyl St. Asaph Community Centre: **Fear Of Playing/Jap Connection**
Sheffield Royal Hotel: **Haze**
Southampton The Victory: **The Motifs**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin' Horse**
Winchester Railway Inn: **Zip Code**
Worthing The Balmoral: **Meanstreak**

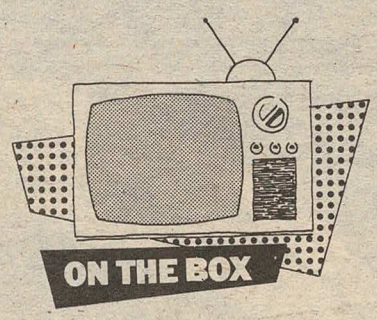
Thursday June 25
WATUSI (Directed by Kurt Nuemann 1959). The modern dance and from whence it originated. Your guide is George Montgomery, waltzing around King Solomon's Mines in the arms of David Farrar. *(Are you quite sure about this one? — H. Rider Haggard).* **(ITV London)**

Friday June 26
JENNY (George Bloomfield 1970). All-purpose film-maker Alan Alda offers his hand in marriage to very pregnant Marlo Thomas, thus avoiding the draft. This kind of stuff gives soap opera a bad name. **(BBC 1)**

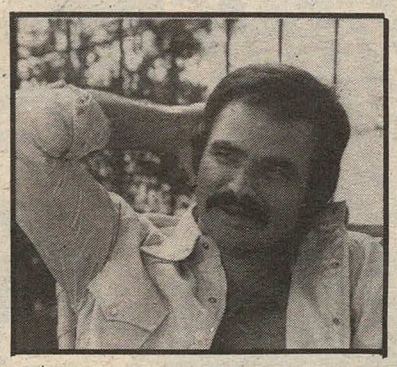
Saturday June 27
DOWN MEMORY LANE (Phil Karlson 1949). With DJ-cum-comic Steve Allen as your tedious host and some dispensable Keystone Cop clips as the staple ingredient, you may be tempted to skip this. But stick with it, because hidden in there somewhere is a substantial slice of one of W.C. Fields' finest, funniest shorts, a faintly obscene rarity called *The Dentist.* **(BBC 1)**

TROUBLE BREWING (Anthony Kimmins 1939). Paul Morley's hero George Formby has everyone falling about when he takes up amateur sleuthing, especially Googie Withers; I used to know a terrible old joke about Googie Withers. **(BBC 1)**

TARAS BULBA (J. Lee Thompson 1962). Yul Brynner and Tony Curtis have it out in the Ukraine in a kind of 16th century *39 Steppes,* but worse, much worse, than you can imagine. **(BBC 1)**



THREE CASES OF MURDER (David Eady, Wendy Toye and George More O'Ferrall 1954). Early example of the British speciality, portmantaue mystery thrillers. Orson Welles stars in the third, as an unhinged statesman. Bet that all of them are better than any of the woeful *Tales Of The Unexpected.* **(BBC 2)**



Burt Reynolds as Action Man in John Boorman's nightmarish Deliverance (ITV Saturday).

DELIVERANCE (John Boorman 1972). Begins brilliantly, with four Atlanta businessmen — Burt Reynolds, John Voight, Ned Beatty and Ronny Cox — immediately plunged into an alien Appalachian world as they embark on a weekend's voyage down the rapids. A bit dour from there on in, with Boorman's studied direction straining for significance, but at its best *Deliverance* has the haunting quality of a particularly vivid nightmare. **(ITV all regions)**

Sunday June 28
THE GREAT GATSBY (Jack Clayton 1974). The strain of trying to please all the Fitzgerald aficianados almost killed Clayton, one of our finest directors, who was here inevitably defeated by the reverence accorded the entire project. It's terminally dull and Robert Redford's a hollow centre, but it's not all bad; there's some good work from Bruce Dern, Karen Black and Scott Wilson. **(ITV London)**

INSIDE DAISY CLOVER (Robert Mulligan 1965). Intriguing Pakula-Mulligan production charting the rise and fall of a talented urchin in the Hollywood '30s. Bark provided by Natalie Wood, bite by Christopher Plummer, Roddy McDowall and Ruth Gordon. Robert Redford is again bland and Andre Previn's score is — oh, I guess, about the best ever written. **(BBC 1)**

SKIP TRACER (Zale Dalen 1977). David Peterson's the tough nut whose job is to locate the people who're behind in their payments, by fair means or foul, in a highly-rated Canadian thriller that surfaced briefly in London last year. **(BBC 2)**

Monty Smith

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BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
SAT. 4th JULY 7.30
tickets £4.50 and £4.00 from
Colston Hall Box Office, Bristol, tel. 0272 291768

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Friday 26th June — **WONDERSTORIES**
Monday 29th June — **BERLIN BLONDES**

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Thursday 25th June 50p — STAGESTRUCK (Rock Show)	Monday 29th June — HUMAN BEANS
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Saturday 27th June (50p) — STAGESTRUCK (Rock Show)	Wednesday 1st July — BREAD & BUTTER
Sunday 28th June — DEUCE (Rock)	Thursday 2nd July (50p) — STAGESTRUCK (Rock Show)

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SUNSETT JAZZ

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Thursday 25th June — KEN COLYERS ALL STARS
Friday 26th June — STEVE LANES SOUTHERN STOMPERS
Saturday 27th June — THE AVON CITIES JAZZ BAND + PAVELS QUARTET
Monday 29th June — TOE RAG (Blues)
Tuesday 30th June — ZILA (Afro Jazz Rock)
Wednesday 1st July — THE WOLVERINE CUBS
Thursday 2nd July — BOB TAYLOR

No Admission after 11 pm

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101 CLUB

101 St Johns Hill
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Thursday 25th June — BRIAN KNIGHT + The Penguins
Friday 26th June — BOP NATIVES + 24 hrs
Saturday 27th June — VICTIMS OF PLEASURE + Tokio
Sunday 28th June — MOTOR BOYS MOTOR + Things in Bags
Monday 29th June — MASKED ORCHESTRA + On the Beach
Tuesday 30th June — DAN RUSSELL BAND + Tonix
Wednesday 1st July — KILLER WALES + New Moon Through Glass
Thursday 2nd July — DRAMA + Answer

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Friday 26th June £1.50 — *BABY AMPLIFIERS* + The Cyclones	*Tuesday 30th June £1.50* — *CHARLIE HARPER & FRIENDS LIKE THESE* + Support
Saturday 27th June £1.50 — ★ *IAN MITCHELL BAND* ★ + Terry Vision & the Screens	*Wednesday 1st July £1.50* — *NAKED LUNCH* + Luna Pork

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Thursday 25th June £1 — BLACK MUSIC CO OP	Monday 29th June £1 — OUTER ART
Friday 26th June £1.50 — JOHNNY MARS 7th SUN	Tuesday 30th June £1 — THE TEMPER
Saturday 27th June £1.25 — THE BLUE CATS	Wednesday 1st July £1 — THE FORCE featuring Deke Leonard & Sean Tyla

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Saturday 27th June — Adv £3.00 — Due to demand — 2nd show — **JUDIE TZUKE**
Wednesday 1st July — Adv £2.50 — **DURAN DURAN**
Saturday 4th July — Adv £2.00 — **ROSE TATOO**
Thursday 9th July — Adv £3.50 — **IGGY POP**
Friday 24th July — £3.50 Adv — **HAZEL O'CONNOR'S MEGAHYPE** *with Special Guests* ICEHOUSE

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Friday 26th
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Friday 26th June 50p
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Saturday 27th June 50p
MARK RYDER + Far Canal
Sunday 28th June Free
THE BLINDERS + Chocolate Frogs
Monday 29th June Free
MILES OVER MATTERS + They Don Boys
Tuesday 30th June Free
A BIGGER SPLASH + Support
Wednesday 1st July Free
FRUIT EATING BEARS + Support
Thursday 2nd July Free
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Friday 3rd July 50p
A BIGGER SPLASH + Support

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Friday 26th June
Heavy Rock
LIMELIGHT
+ Megaton
Saturday 27th June
PARK AVENUE
+ Stolen Pets
Sunday 28th June
Heavy Rock
TORA TORA
Monday 29th June
FIFTIES FLASH ROCK & ROLL & ROCKABILLY SHOW
Tuesday 30th June
BLACK MARKET
+ Nervous Nineties
Wednesday 1st July
THE CHORDS
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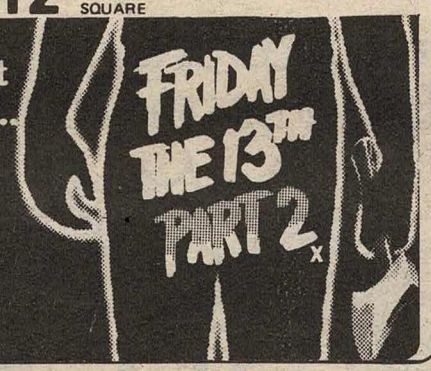

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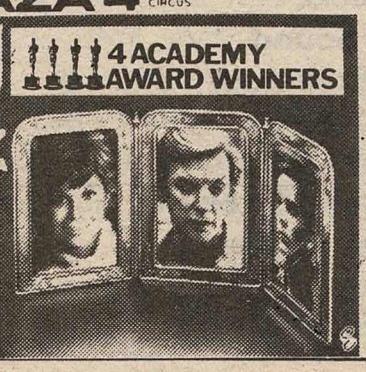

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LIVE!

The Fall

New York

THE LAST time The Fall played here (about two years ago) their performance was effortlessly, automatically revolutionary. How else could they come across in a bastion of rock traditionalism like the Palladium theatre? But how would Mark Smith's sabotage antics work in the atmosphere of New York's new style, state-of-the art niteries, with their multi-screen video hook-ups, classy ambience and seemingly computer-programmed dance-rock DJ's? The answer — like a charm.

At both the Underground, where they debuted, and the Peppermint Lounge, where the madness really came together with the method, The Fall were again an excellent antidote to the stultifying syndrome of rock groups mounting the stage like they were God's gift to Saturday night. But more (and this couldn't have been said two years ago) they made exemplary music, fascinating stuff.

The first thing that hits you about The Fall is their attitude. It's a hard thing to define precisely, being partly down to Mark Smith's casualness as a frontman and the nonchalant expressions of the rest of the band, but it's not only that. The Fall manage to project a concern totally outside the usual spheres. They're not out to entertain, convert, mystify, anger or frustrate — though they might do any of those things, depending on how you approach them.

They are extremely self-absorbed, yet this doesn't distance them from the audience, as long as you like what they're doing, respond to their groove. If you don't, I doubt any amount of showmanship or smiles would change your mind.

Which brings us to a major point concerning The Fall in New York — they divide the audience. At both shows, the set ended with about half as many people in the room as had been there at the start.

But those that stayed were entranced; jumping, smiling, couldn't get enough.

Mark Smith's deadly earnestness hasn't lessened, but his tone has mellowed a degree. Rather than harangue, he now declaims. Words pour from him in a ceaseless, torrential flow. Smith's serious case of the Young-Man-With-Something To-Say blues is rendered less effective because his words come so fast and furious you can't make them out.

That's OK, though, because his droning voice becomes another rhythm instrument crashing and clashing against the others. The Fall's spirited amateurism has given way to a rhythmic coup that goes well beyond anything they've previously attempted. The interplay of two guitars is the central thing. Scanlan and Riley get the rhythm, tone and speed of their instruments to pull, push and fight each other. Hanley's drumming is perfect for this group. His beat surrounds the other instruments, ties them together and pushes them forward.

The Fall's style and attitude, their determined anti-fashionability, make them seem radical. In fact, their form is closer to conventional rock than is the music of some of their most dedicated New York fans, members of groups like Information and Mofungo, who are attempting to dismantle rock music completely. But The Fall go far enough to be more than just eccentrics.

They play some new games with rhythm, melody and vocal line, take these things apart just a bit before putting them back together and letting you jump around in happy recognition. Their music tries to make you work as hard to keep up with it as they work to make it. That's a good thing.

Richard Grabel

Toots And The Maytals
The Cool Notes

Venue

THE COOL Notes are a mild mannered, multi-racial British reggae band veering from ill fitted light and jolly ditties about police and repression to pedestrian jerking rhythms. It's only on rare occasions, such as 'Travelling', that they manage to create something uplifting and seductive out of barely substantial ingredients. Their main problem is an underlying politeness and naivete, cruelly magnified by the sickly pseudo 'prestigious' glare of The Venue.

Switch to an hour later and all around me people are dancing in circles, in surges and in raptures. (Bloody) Mary has given me a push and I'm right there in the middle of the dancefloor enjoying the feisty, joyous brew of soul 'n' ska being cooked up by Toots and his marvellous Maytals. And yet . . . every now and then I stop and give a long exasperated sigh such as Toots organises the group and audience into a rota of chorus cheerleading. The whole exercise goes on for an embarrassing length of time, and what starts off as a well meaning attempt to generate audience participation ends up highlighting the problem of the stifling, life-sucking nature of the event, the sacrosanct Venue playing host to special guest stars, and the redundant stylised mode of presentation that it encourages.

But if the context in which the entertainment was produced wasn't all it should be, the Maytals' music was still as joyous and infectious as anything I'd heard in a long time. It was my first taste of the group and right from the opening salvo of 'Pressure Drop' and 'My Soul's On Fire' I was won over to their mature, eclectic, third generation, third world beat music. They seem to have attained a perfect balance and resilience between calypso, bluebeat, ska, stax and rockers, producing their own individual and original sound.

The set is delivered with a perpetually activating drive which never undermines the sweetness and depth in their many pronged attack. Their songs mix the laconic and instinctive worldview of the country dweller with the heady heat of an uptown street-beat, thankfully steering a course clear of the — for me — culturally inaccessible mysticism and religion which dominates so much JA music.

Stage centre, bearded, closely cropped hair with his robust frame wrapped in leather, Toots exudes natural ebullience. Playing the songs with much more speed and vitality live than on record, he never fails to communicate the genuine love and positivity which runs through his work. What surprised most was the excellence of Toots' vocals — rich throaty and undeniably soulful. Half way through the set his body is drenched in perspiration and as he sang 'Reggae Got Soul', his voice and presence reminded me of Otis Redding — and praise doesn't come much higher than that. It'll be a long time until I forget their fast, physical and sexy reading of the classic 'Monkey Man' with Toots doing his unique body contortions and speedy-dance-steps-bouncing-on-a-boiling-hot-waterbed.

The Maytals are the perfect group for a beach party — too bad the situation they had to play in tonight was more like a pilgrimage. Humbled but certainly not disgraced, they left with a subdued anticlimax consisting of a dowdy old 'Country Roads' and endlessly reiterated religious platitudes. They came, saw and just stopped short of conquering, sated by the hospitality of their hosts, the victims of western modes of presentation. Like a foodie fruite pastille. The Maytals were sweet and tangy but still not free of a somewhat bitter edge.

Gavin Martin

TOOT! TOOT! TOOTSY! A GOOD HIGH!

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ISLAND

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I Spectacle of Style
BEFORE RALF, Karl, Wolfgang and Florian take their stage, it is hidden by a large grey curtain and promised by a sharp piece of computer muzik (which, had it been Kraftwerk at werk, would have captured everybody's attention). It doesn't feel like a 'rock gig' — more like an afternoon panto. Two voices behind me discuss the terrific new production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* that's opened — with full orchestra "and the cross comes up at the end!"

II Technology of Bodies
A DALEK-like voice announces the arrival of the "mensch machine" and Ralf, Karl, Wolfgang and Florian stroll onto their stage, all in black, very neat, and take up their positions. Their soft — or hard — ware (I'm afraid I don't know the difference; maybe I should start watching *Tomorrow's World* again) is laid out in a V-shaped bank, and looks like a long extension of those trendy hi fi amplifiers whose shape is used in maths lessons to demonstrate right angled the triangle. Except, if you look closely you will see little telephones and video screens.

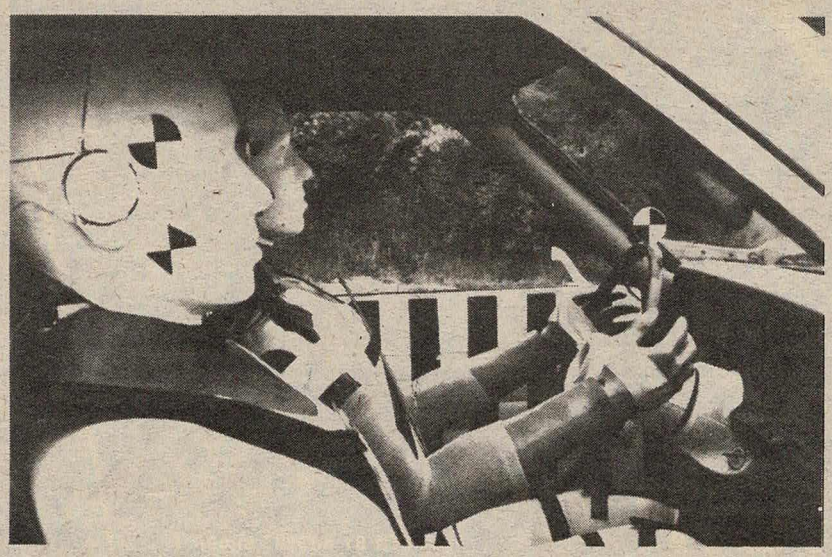
Ralf, Karl, Wolfgang and Florian each have a little sign at their feet with their name in, which doesn't neon-light up until their very last number. Fluorescent tube-shaped lights flash on-off all the while, though, very prettily — a smashing white, pink and turquoise selection for starters. Kraftwerk's style is the spectacle, the music is of secondary importance (it turns out to be little more than a respectful greatest hits anthology) and the audience — me included — is mesmerised. You don't know what's going to happen next! Definitely not a 'rock gig'. Performance art (I use the term stripped of its art language connotation) really. Spectators watch the dub-random computer burps and bumps switch speakers like pedestrians watch a speeding, clanging ambulance.

III The Mode (I)
I think that the robot Kraftwerk taking the place of the flesh and blood Kraftwerk for 'live' performance is a great idea — it makes perfect sense, and cancels out a number of contradictions. In fact, being a little bit out of touch with things, I fully expected to witness the robot Kraftwerk (and be delighted). The nearest Ralf, Karl, Wolfgang and Florian get to it in person is their overall stiffness and the video pictures flashing above each computer operator; and, for quite a while, it was impossible to make out whether or not anyone was actually singing or speaking the words to the songs. It wasn't until an embarrassed Ralf said "I think we just blew one of the monitors" to crack an unscheduled silence that we knew they were 'real'.

IV Torch Singers
In the darkness and recess between each number, Kraftwerk fidget. Sometimes they get out little pocket

Paul Weller by David Corio

PETER HAMMILL



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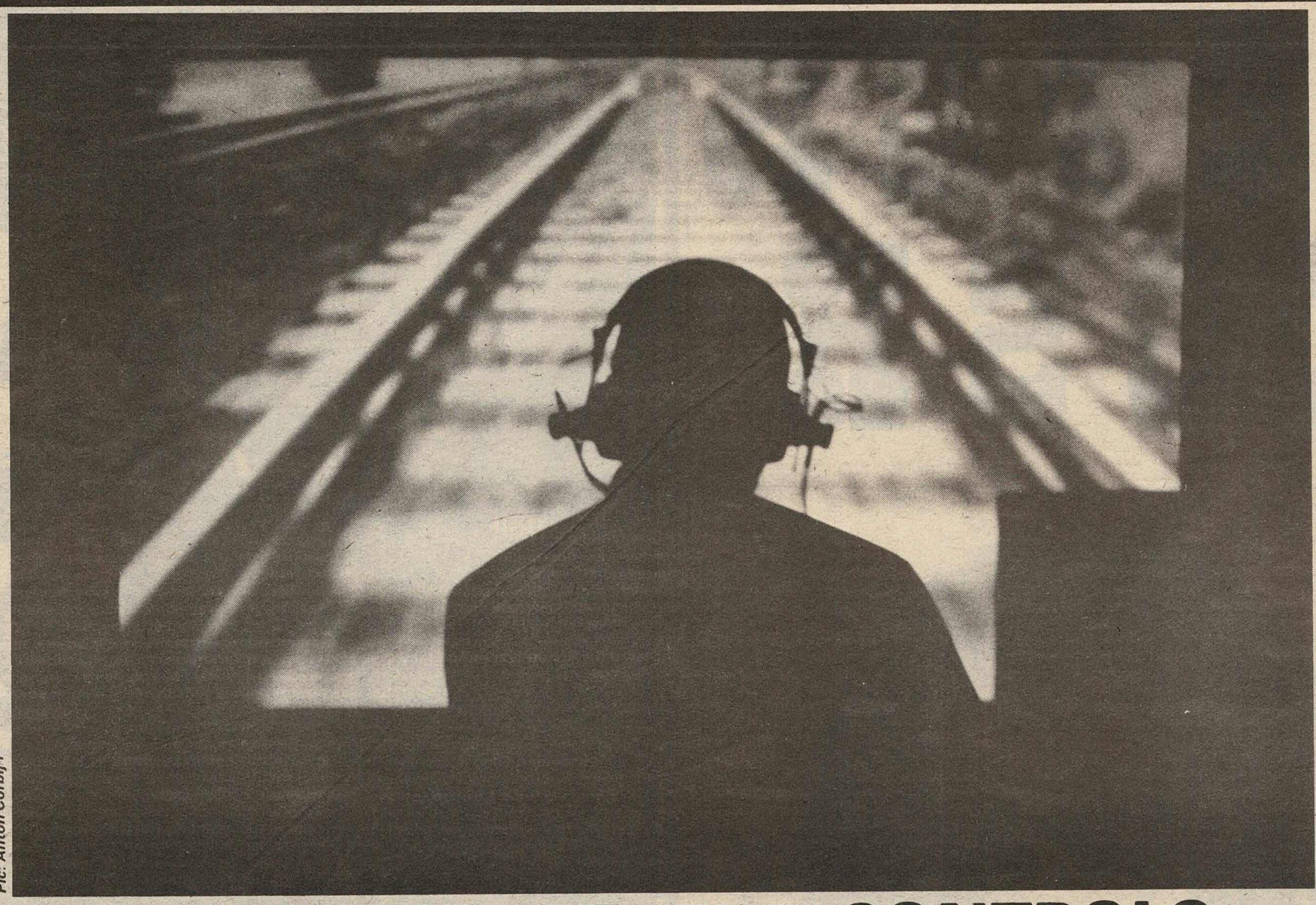

Pic: Anton Corbijn

A SLEEPER AT THE CONTROLS

torches and flit around the computer bank like glow-worms. Mostly, the stops, starts and links are carried out with maximum efficiency. Karl and Wolfgang play their synthi drums with what look like knitting needles. Ralf sings or speaks into a Joe 90 lookalike headset-microphone and does a peculiar little dance. Florian grins. The audience is wholly stationary — maybe the next step after robots is to have the show relayed into people's living rooms? It would avoid the necessity to ask if "anyone was here when we last played in 1975." *And* they did what was for them a *boogie* version of 'Showroom Dummies'. The show lasted two hours.

V Epigrammar, epidrama

KRAFTWERK COME BACK FOR AN ENCORE!!!? Ralf says "Let's disco" and the curtain has risen to reveal the four little signs lit up. Ralf, Karl, Wolfgang and Florian are now standing at the front of their stage, grinning, hesitantly shaking limbs and poking at pocket calculator type hand-held instruments. They play 'Pocket Calculator' *(THE CURRENT SINGLE!!!?)* and all of a sudden the audience is jiggling in the aisles and crowding the front of the Kraftwerk stage. Ralf sings the *"by pressing down a special key it plays a little melody"* line and then holds out the 'pocket calculator' and beckons for audience participation. A little girl plays anything but a melody.

VI Nuclear Physics

Kraftwerk are anything but pretentious (whatever that means these days). The intellectual in me (wherever he is these days) wishes it was all done by robots, and the London hedonist in me wishes the show only lasted an hour (everywhere he goes these days), but over all — performance art you could show on *Blue Peter* — it's a perfect imperfect mix of POP FUN and crafted work. Take the whole family! Better still, pretend to be one.

Ian Penman

The Jam

Rainbow

"We've played here so many times I should have a bed upstairs."

Paul Weller

THE JAM at The Rainbow is not only as regular a fixture as football's end-of-season Home International tournament, it has become just about as empty and redundant a gesture.

Stepping in from a Seven Sisters Road strewn with modish moptops and the odd smattering of gaudy new psychedelics, the first thing you see is the unnecessarily heavy police contingent who seem to appear at every gathering of young people, black *and* white, these days.

Once inside, the second thing hits you — the indescribably dull disco of vintage punk and veteran Who. The sheer predictability of such an unimaginative sound system sets the tone for what is to come — the third thing! — the band, introduced as always by that greying, leonine ex-boxer, Mr John Weller.

The Jam open dead on nine with 'Going Underground', still their finest *single* moment, and career relentlessly on through to 'Little Boy Soldiers' exactly one hour later.

They have a vast wealth of material to draw from — that blockbusting Greatest Hits compilation can't be too far away — but stick largely to their two most recent LPs. The highpoints of 'Setting Sons' and 'Sound Affects' are pecked out at random — 'Pretty Green', 'Start!', 'Private Hell' and 'Set The House Ablaze' — with the older, failsafe standards like 'Modern World', 'Heatwave' and 'A-Bomb' retained for the tatty encore thrashes.

Concentrating on new stuff is fair enough, but both last year's 'Sound Affects' and its predecessor were disappointing, lacking the depth, direction and dance-sense that made 'All Mod Cons' such a watershed. Weller's more recent songwriting, meanwhile, is in an even greater trough: 'Funeral Pyre' might be momentarily lifted by moments of remarkable elasticity in the Foxton-Buckler rhythm axis, but it is still a terrible record, devoid of the hooks that once made The Jam such a great singles group. The Specials' 'Ghost Town' says practically the same thing far more pointedly.

And it is even messier live. Then again, precious few Jamsongs were enhanced on the Rainbow stage, only a haunting 'Butterfly Collector' and an angry, explosive 'When You're Young' standing out in a mediocre set.

Even when the belligerent pace slows momentarily for an intensely personal song like 'To Be Someone' — an 'All Mod Cons' gem — the impact is all but ruined by The Jam's blunt live delivery, a tangled, mangled web of metalthump.

The Jam onstage have become little more than a "good-time" bunch of rockers in slick mod clothing with all the insensitivity and bombast that suggests. Weller himself seems too caught up in the strangling process of making The Jam into The Biggest Band In Britain: he gives his audience what they want — perfunctory, if inferior, versions of the stuff on record — but does so at the expense of offering anything remotely new or artistically stimulating.

Take a yardstick. Compare The Jam with their most obvious peers in terms of age and stature — The Clash — and the Woking Wonders come off a poor second best. While the rejuvenated Westway Rockers — fuelled by their own wider vision and a timely re-injection of Bernard Rhodes' ideas and discipline — still have a certain style, a sense of purpose, The Jam are just drifting aimlessly; blinkered and bewildered, complacent and cowardly.

This was a show essentially no different from the ones I've seen — and raved over —

CONTINUES

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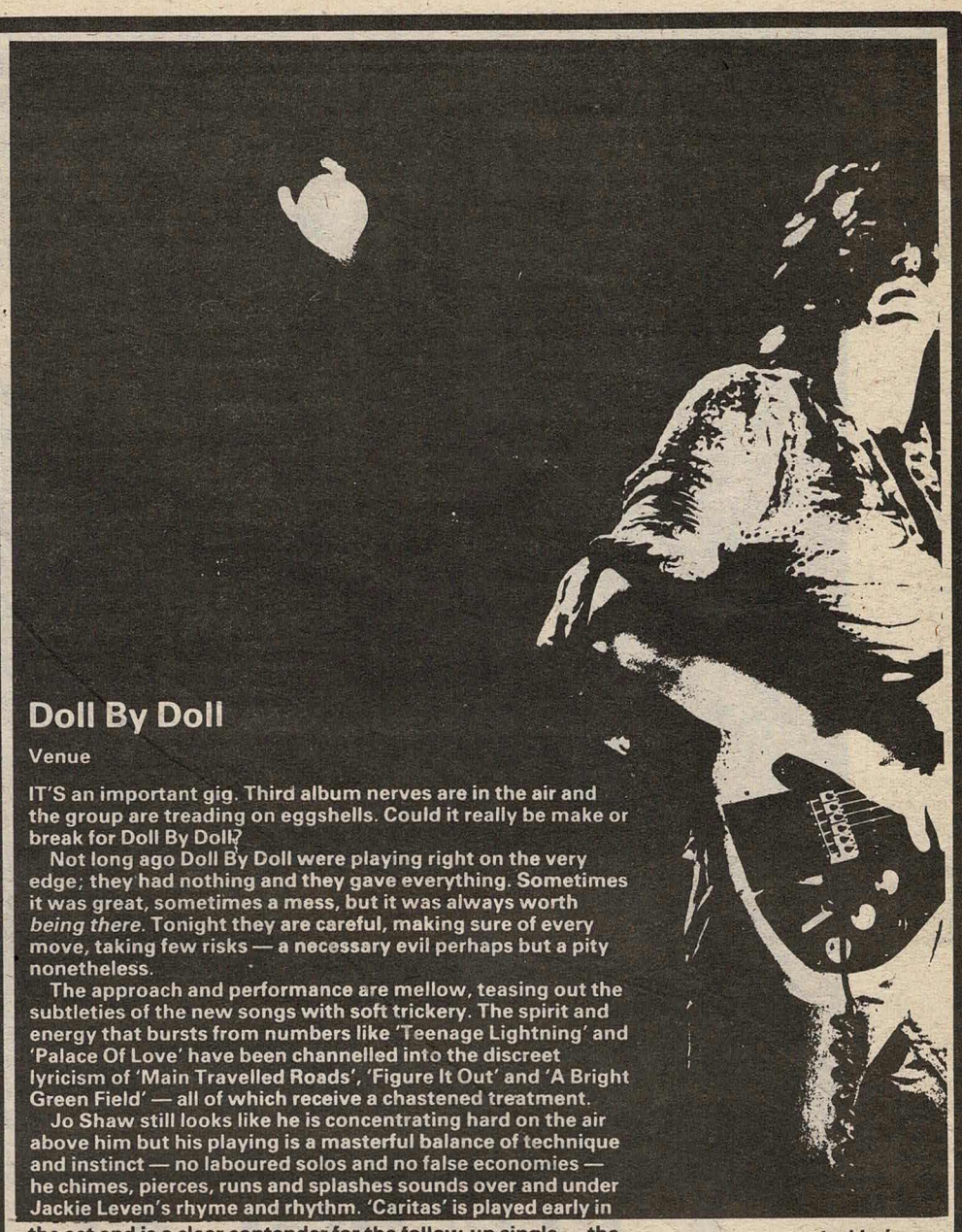

Doll By Doll

Venue

IT'S an important gig. Third album nerves are in the air and the group are treading on eggshells. Could it really be make or break for Doll By Doll?

Not long ago Doll By Doll were playing right on the very edge; they had nothing and they gave everything. Sometimes it was great, sometimes a mess, but it was always worth *being there*. Tonight they are careful, making sure of every move, taking few risks — a necessary evil perhaps but a pity nonetheless.

The approach and performance are mellow, teasing out the subtleties of the new songs with soft trickery. The spirit and energy that bursts from numbers like 'Teenage Lightning' and 'Palace Of Love' have been channelled into the discreet lyricism of 'Main Travelled Roads', 'Figure It Out' and 'A Bright Green Field' — all of which receive a chastened treatment.

Jo Shaw still looks like he is concentrating hard on the air above him but his playing is a masterful balance of technique and instinct — no laboured solos and no false economies — he chimes, pierces, runs and splashes sounds over and under Jackie Leven's rhyme and rhythm. 'Caritas' is played early in the set and is a clear contender for the follow-up single — the crisp delivery and harmonies putting it easily in the same class as 'Binary Function' from 'Gypsy Blood', though this is a much lighter affair and a great dance number. The only other real rockers were 'Fantastic Sensation' and Jo Shaw's 'The Street I Love', and while both were performed with electric husto they were placed too early in the set — which subsequently ended in a low-key mood with 'Main Travelled Roads' and an encore of 'Honest Woman'.

For Doll By Doll it is perhaps the beginning of a new age, though their values remain consistent and unshakeable. Right now they are a little muted, though they have nothing to worry about; they're on the right track. Put the kid gloves away now, boys, you really don't need them.

Neil Norman

Above: Jackie Leven

The UK Subs The Wanderers Brian Brain

Lyceum

MOHICANS, LEATHER jackets and dyed hair dominating the evening as they did, left me feeling like a refugee cast upon foreign shores.

Outside London's Lyceum were the makings of yer British policeman's paradise, a contingent of ticketless punters sprawled lazily outside on the steps. Inside the atmosphere was more that of a funeral, definitely not a gig. Brian Brain appeared on the scene, rapidly turning their gormless skulls into angry moronic minds. Martin Atkins must be the first guy to take on a UK Subs audience single-handedly and win. (A feat not achieved since Wayne County double-billed with them here two years ago). Atkins poured beer over them, spat at them and wound them up to the point of red hot rage, (possibly the only way to deal with such a vacant crowd).

Such a pity then that his music didn't live up to the promise of his humour, and Mr Lydon would've been well chuffed at his embarrassing version of 'Careering'.

Now whereas Brian Brain spat on the audience, The Wanderers shat on them.

It was The Wanderers against the world; and the world never stood a chance. Memories of a disaster night hung over their heads. Fronted by versatile Stiv Bators from Noo Yawk, with the rest of the act completed by ex-Sham Dave Parsons and Treganna — who've certainly met some hostile crowds in their time — they jumped, strutted and danced through their act, Stiv reminding me of a crossover between Iggy and vintage Jagger (circa 1865).

The reception was divided, you either loved them or hated them. I was one of the minority: I loved them for the hard drive to all their songs. The majority sprayed them with their saliva.

"You couldn't even spit up my ass!" snarled the angry yank.

At one point Stiv actually crouched threateningly over the monitors, drooling like a dog with his mouth open, as if waiting for some dumbhead to spit down his gullet.

The point was clearly driven home when Rick, the drummer, let off a fire extinguisher over the punters at the foot of the stage. The audience reacted by throwing punches, hurling abuse and generally causing havoc.

It must've been some sort of disguised intro, as they immediately went into 'I Had Too Much Too Dream Last Night'; as if prepared, the pogoing started immediately. Pogoing to The Electric Prunes? Whatever next?

The finale was the old Dead Boys classic 'Sonic Reducer', and after about five minutes of trash, Stiv had to be carried off the stage before he caused much more destruction, having just dangerously hurled the mike stand inches from the crowd.

The Lyceum looked as though a time bomb had exploded when The UK Subs came on. The stage had just been cleared of all The Wanderers relics — broken mike stands, splintered cymbals. It looked like a different band, donning expensively flash Johnson's togs. Where were the old bondage trousers their fans know so well?

For their first British gig the new line up played well; not a bad bunch of musicians you've got here Charlie! Unfortunately it was a case of nice band shame about the vocals. Predictably the sound was marred with middle aged croaks.

The expected violence erupted, but was quickly halted by the Mecca bouncers. The opening chaos was soon reduced to calmness, and eventually boredom. I didn't even know what songs they were playing. I didn't have a set list, and knowledge of UK Subs' material is limited. But I do recollect them playing 'Keep On Running 'Til You Burn', their latest vinyl testament.

Rounded off with the usual encores, this important 'come back' gig was a bit of a shambles; they played energetically, but not convincingly. They tried too hard, getting nowhere. Lets hope they deliver the goods next time.

Dominic Kenny

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

more than once before in this same theatre. So what made this one such a crushing let-down? Basically, everything it lacked — warmth, dancing space, intimacy, fresh vision, humour, rapport, some sense of *an event*.

The Jam are currently in one hell of a rut and it is going to take all Weller's gutsy determination and songwriting flair to lift them out of it.

Perhaps they deserve credit for setting the house ablaze and keeping the paying customer satisfied. But can Paul Weller look in the mirror and honestly feel content with the corner he's played himself into? Does *he* really want to be the new Francis Rossi?

Somehow I doubt it. I certainly hope not. Knowing Weller, I'd never write him off completely. But someone should give him a good kick up the arse. Now!

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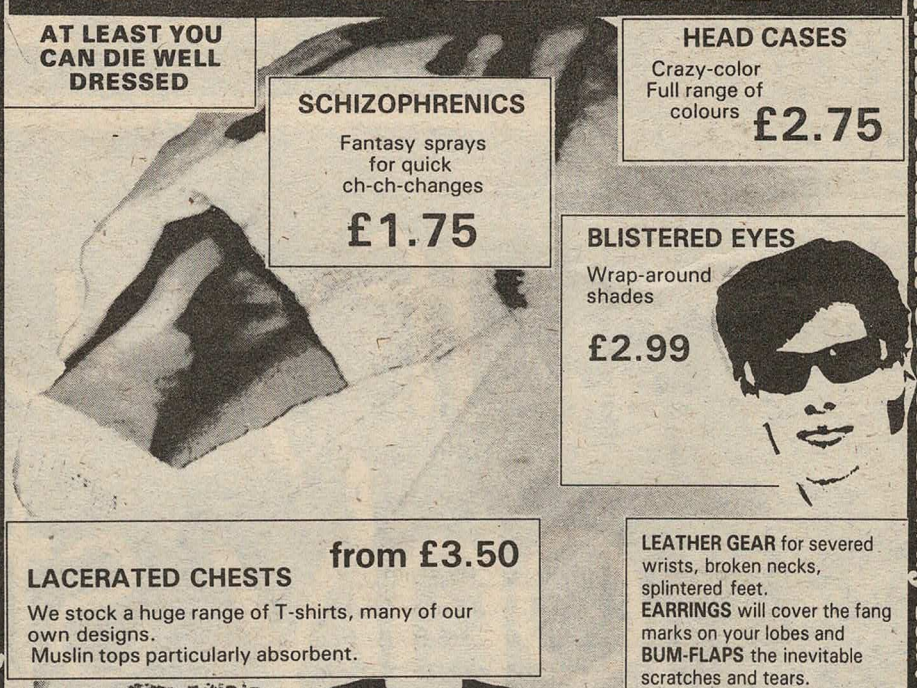

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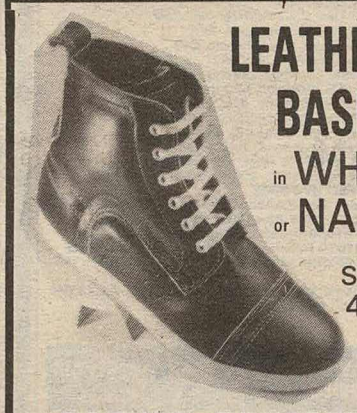

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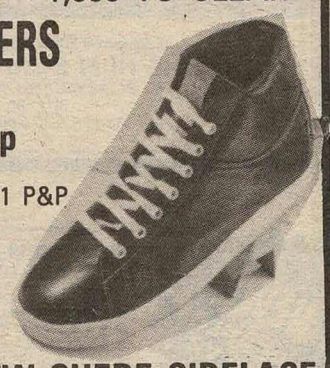

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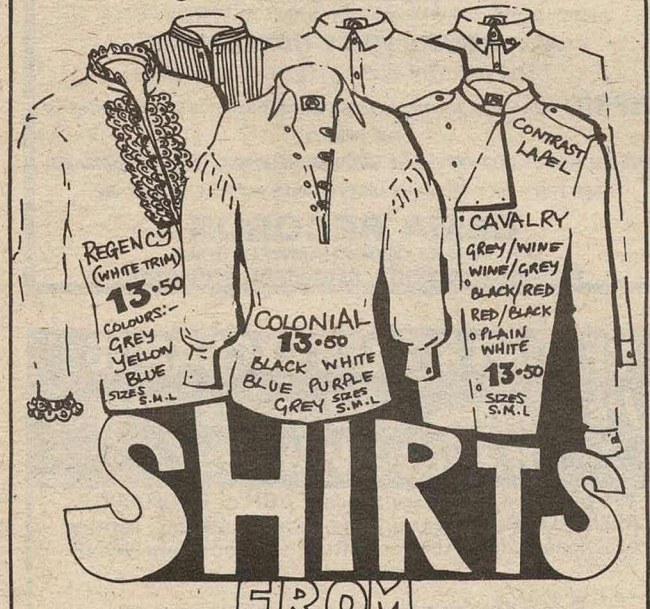
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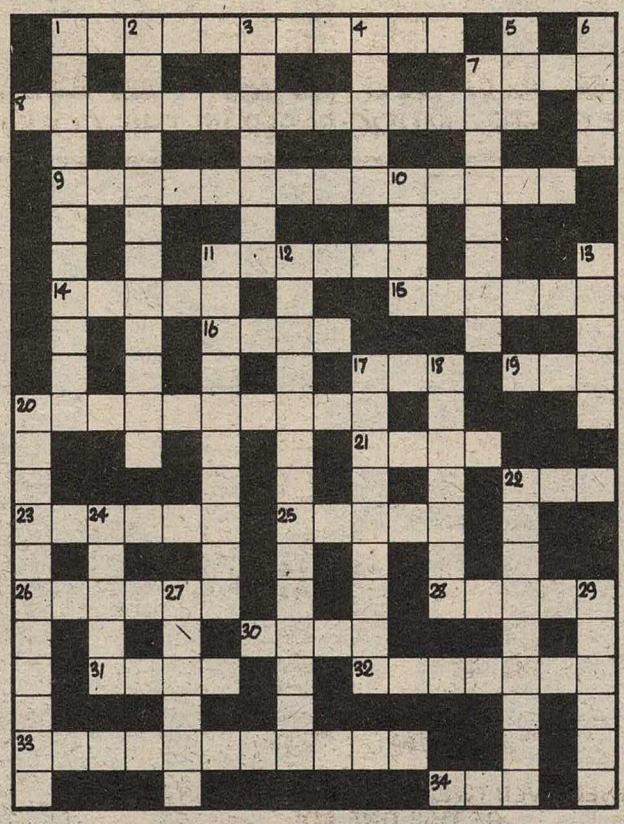
ACROSS

1 Good intentions;sham(e) about the product . . . (5,6)
7 Acting school
8 Rob skinny moose (anag, 2 words)
9 Roy C oldie (7,7)
11 Former Runners
14 Swinging Sixties movie featuring Michael Caine and title song by Cilla Black
15 Them hit covered by Patti Smith
16 Played on an 'axe'
17 **& 7 down** No relation to 8 across
19 Black Strangler
20 His hits included 'Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen' and 'Oh Carol' (4,6)
21 Ms Simone
22 **& 6** American guitarist remembered for the guitar that bears his name
23 Joni Mitchel album
25 Reggae weapon?!
26 Bowie album from Ziggy/Aladdin period (3,3)
28 See 17 down
30 See 18 down
31 Legendary US soul/R&B label
32 Lake & Palmer were the others
33 Formed originally as The New Yardbirds (3,8)
34 Meek or Jackson

DOWN

1 Originally J. Sigfried (5,6)
2 Filed Milk ode (anag. 2 words)
3 Cleveland experimentalists (4,3)
4 '——— On Brightly' (Procol Harum)
5 See 24
6 See 22 across
7 See 17 across
10 See 22 down
11 'Hiawatha' is their debut single (5,5)
12 Formerly Kid, a Doctor of Madness (7,7)
13 See 27
17 **& 28** Veteran Euro-rock combo
18 **& 30** Born Mike Lubowitz, gave his name to '60s R&B group who featured Oxford undergraduate Paul Pond on vocals
20 Classix Nouveaux LP (5,6)
22 **& 10** Seventies Roxy hit (4,2,3,4)
24 **& 25** US Singer/writer whose songs include 'Society's Child' and 'At Seventeen'
27 **& 13** Forerunner of 'Careless Memories'
29 TV series



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 4 Viv Stanshall; 8 'Will You'; 9 Annie Lennox; 11 'Transformer'; 12 'Duke Of (Earl)'; 16 'Bette Davis Eyes'; 18 Four (Seasons); 19 Vic Godard; 21 The (Cure); 22 Ellen Foley; 23 (Four) Seasons; 24 Doll (By Doll); 25 (Frank) Zappa; 26 (Roy) Orbison; 28 Les (Gray); 29 Roy (Orbison); 31 '(Daydream) Believer'; 34 Jello (Biafra); 35 Robert (Altman); 36 Cure; 37 (Doll) By Doll.

DOWN: 1 'I Want To Be Free'; 2 (Robert) Altman; 3 Josef K: 5 Vangelis; 6 'All You Need Is Love'; 7 'Hands Off She's Mine'; 10 XTC; 13 'Heaven Up There'; 14 Marc Bolan; 15 Troggs; 17 Thin Lizzy; 20 'Daydream (Believer)'; 27 (Les) Gray; 30 Tony; 31 Bill; 33 '(Duke Of) Earl'.

FOR LONDON
CINEMA
GUIDE
See page 45

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10. KATE BUSH — May '79
11. STRAY CATS — March '81
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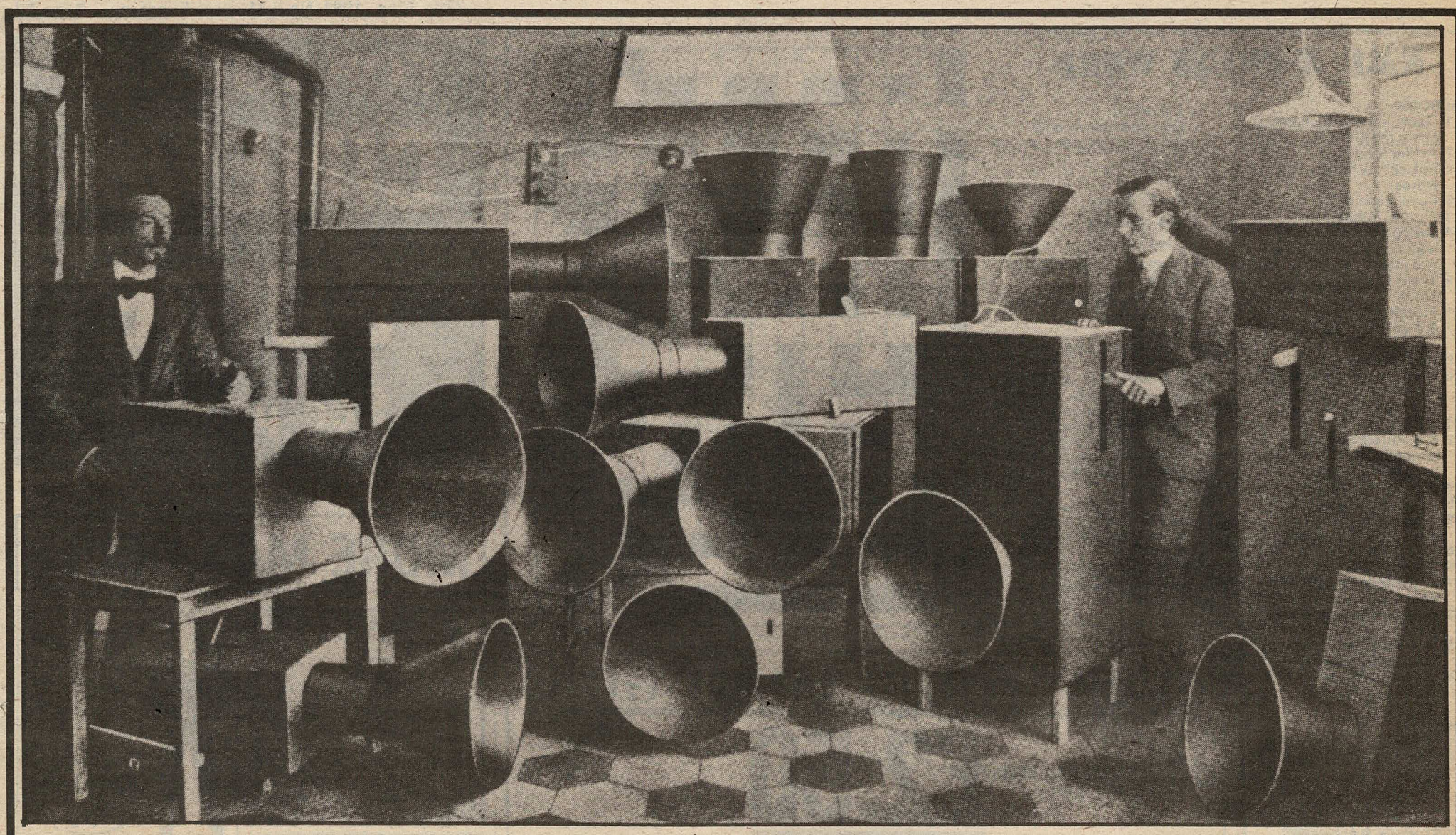


MATHS

A bit of arithmetic . . .

May 30th 1981: *NME* was ten francs for any potential French buyer.

June 6th 1981: it retails at six French francs. This means a sudden 40% drop!

NME . . . Phew!!!

Jeff Bridges.

That's what happens when you elect a Socialist Government, Jeff. You Yanks can expect a price-rise any day — AG.

RANT

I don't think pop music is a very substantial artform these days. The bulk of the material released today is usually so blatantly plagiarised that it's hardly worth its weight in vinyl. Pop music to me lies completely in the periphery of sub-cultural divisions. The medium has been completely vulgarised by the likes of half-baked, incompetent "artistes" who have been led into a state of complete delusion by the likes of tasteless record corporate moguls who relentlessly brandish a knowledge and appreciation of music that's so feeble and turgid. Gone is any vestige of artistic priority, now there's just an amalgamation of puerile cheap derivations of past achievements.

A Volcano.

No need to work yourself up into such a lava about it — AG

BILE

Your paper claims to be pro-youth, but really you are robbing young people and feeding them twaddle. If you really cared about young people you wouldn't stunt their growth with the simplistic theorising, gratuitous emotionalism and tub-thumping nonsense that makes up the *NME*. Being a teenage paper you are not required to grow up, but everyone else is.

All that vacuous drivel about being young plays right into the hands of people who would rather young people rattled their plastic cages in front of a mirror than turned their attention to some of the frightening things that are going on. Youth is a booby prize. Everybody gets it and should enjoy it, but the gross way you celebrate and pander to it is unhealthy. If you know everything now, what are you going to do for the rest of your life?

This middle-aged bile has been brought about by hearing 'Keep A-Knockin' by Little Richard while reading about Johnny Rotten. Records in METAL BOXES! Multi-media experiments? If they made their last video they should pack it in now.

I'd better dash now before my wife catches me writing before I've done the pots.

A Smug Decrepit Shit.

What *are* you getting het up about? Youth is such an abstract, variable concept it's not really worth discussing. For instance, you obviously *feel* a lot older than I do. The term "middle-aged bile" would appear to be awfully well chosen — AG.

Youth? Who needs it? — Sun Ra (a mere 60-odd years young and still grooving).

SEX

I am shocked to read about this 'Prince' fellow who has arrived from nowhere and suddenly is getting so much publicity.

It's not his monumentally tedious music that offends me however, it's the fact that he goes around without any trousers on and apparently attempts funny business with his guitar onstage while wearing black stockings.

I am in a band called The MGs, and we're without a record deal but we still scrape enough together to see we're all decently dressed and that nothing is "sticking out".

The sooner 'Prince' learns some lessons from our own wonderful Prince Charles the better for all of us.

L. Grundy, Putney Bridge Road, London.

I'd imagine the stocking might be on the other leg with regard to that particular teacher / pupil interface, metaphorically speaking — AG.

If Prince is so into his perversions, why doesn't somebody tell him to go screw himself?

Tony Slaughter, Aberdeen, Northern Wastes.

Succinctly put, I'd say — AG.

If Steve Winwood's latest album had been produced by his brother, would it have been called 'Arc Of A Muff Diver'?

Barrie Pike, Eton Place, Plymouth.

Ask Prince. He's always mouthing off — AG.

OBJECTION

Gavin Martin's review of Bill Nelson's Heaven concert was the biggest load of trash I've read for ages, obviously written by a sycophantic little moron who wouldn't know good music if it bled to death on his front lawn.

What's more, such garbage as the first sentence of this letter could quite easily have come from the said hack's pen. The *NME* probably prides itself on the positive, objective criticisms of its reviews, and for the most part rightly so. Gavin Martin's review, however, gave the impression that he'd gone along to the concert with his notes already written, ready to dismiss Bill Nelson as a member of the old school and celebrate Josef K as representatives of the new. This throws up musical barriers which should not exist: there is no such thing as a good or bad type of music, there is simply good and bad music.

David Morrin, North Hill Road, Leeds.

Quite correct. And both Bill Nelson and Josef K are a crock of crap — Positive, objective AG.

"A SCIENTIST" WRITES

There has been much correspondence, not least in the 'World's most explosive music weekly', regarding the concept that large numbers of monkeys equipped with typewriters could, in time, re-produce the complete works of Shakespeare.

I am not a monkey, nor do I possess an infinite amount of typewriters or time, but I did spend a quarter of an hour randomly typing on a sheet of paper eight inches by ten inches — all I came up with were the words, 'igloo', 'kit', 'my', 'jim', 'gun', 'gum', 'git', 'hedge' and 'ted'.

Infinity must be a long time.

Isaac 'nothing better to do' Asimov, Ursa Minor.

Are you sure? Look a little closer next time, No, closer still — AG.

No, no, no, it's no good. *NME* is dead. We've had a meeting.

Graham Barnes, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

So have we. So are you — AG.

OLD FRIENDS

I am writing to you with effect to letter from me to you, namely "Do not send 300 Ghana Dollars for expired 'Where Is Beatles Band?' book". Also likewise with graces for upright stake with *NME* magazine, namely "Samuel K. B. Ampong Column", or also "View of man of world topically". Also Vivien Goldman, my little Venus In Furs.

Misfortune! "SS Boomerang" come back to Australia — visually, you see, Bruce throwing Foster cans at albatrosses in Indian Ocean. "Boomerang" hit iceberg. Leap to shore with Old English "salt", namely Jack The Clipper. I say to him, "Fortunately boat not named "Kangaroo" or else in essence too hole in pot plants manually, Ha! Ha! Ha!" I laugh! I fall back in sea laughing!

You know, Monty, Hong Kong television very good! "Top Of Pops Show" "Legs and Limited" with sexy singer Adam Ad Amants. I say to Bruce, "Likewise in existentialist expression, so to human race". Bruce incoherence at wash-basin with bifold overflow of Fosters.

Well, Monty, soon depart for Mother of Peace and Justice, United British Kingdom, land of Paul McCarthy and sheeps! Leave on "SS Stone". "Stereo funnels," says Bruce to boat. Numbnuts loonie! Tish!! Captain Lord Franklin Lazarus K. B. Ampong. "Funny name, blue," says Gwen. "Blue funny colour," says I. Ha! Ha! Sharp as knife! I fall over laughing!! Love to Vivien. Goodbye.

Samuel K. B. Ampong, Circular Quay, Sydney.

Always nice to hear from you, Sam. Your column's ready to roll, by the way. It's replacing *Gasbag*. It's okay, we've had a meeting about it. Love to Gwen and the kids — AG.

AND SO . . .

And so to Paul Morley: Is it a code he uses, or does his brain work too fast for his pen?

Gunny Bilbert.

Well, boys and girls? Don't you think Paul Morley has a point about you Gas-baggists? I mean, it's all very well having a preconceived idea about "decent" journalism and "fairness", but shouldn't the people who use such terminology also have some similar standard about "decent" correspondence? Okay, calling Paul Morley "absent minded", or guilty of conducting "cheap, dirty, vulgar, despicable and trashy" attacks on groups (*Gasbag*, 13/6/81), is really fab and all that, but it has to be pointed out that you're being a little unfair and forgetful yourselves.

You don't even have the gumption to attempt to justify your reactions, which leaves one doubting that you can, and the credibility, therefore, usually resides in Paul's case.

So look, baggists everywhere, if you still want the prestige of having your name in the *NME*, then you're going to have to learn to write letters that "fairly" evaluate their views. After all, Paul's got to be set an example.

Crispy Nik, Lancaster University.

A fine example of decent correspondence. We do call it "correspondence", don't we? — AG.

Only in some cases — *NME* collective.

The 13th June issue of *NME* is the first I've ever bothered to read all the way through. First, purely subjective:

a) Why is Paul Morely such an egotistical twat? b) *Gasbag* is just that, one big fart.

c) What a wanky name to call the charts, a "hit parade"! Just as much a *Look-In* rip-off as the *Portrait Of The Artist As A Consumer*. Is Bono Vox somebody important?

d) Have I missed some strange symbolism in the dinky signs attached to the sections in aforementioned shit charade?

e) Where's Israel?

f) Get a cartoonist.

Then objectively (well, almost):

Has the *NME* got an inferiority complex? Is this why it has to keep assuring itself of its i) identity ii) viability. Eg, *NME Hit Parade* — after all, no-one else would own up to it. *"NME* — your paper, use it". Both sides? Well, it's softer than the Government Property stuff, but the ink would rub off.

Oh God! Those article headings! Is somebody paid to think them up or do you flush them out?

Well, now for the good points . . .

Um . . .

Graham Lock's Yoko review — constructive criticism at last. He's obviously got a brain up there (has he dyed his hair?). Ignore the one below it, arty-farty neodramatic blurt by that inestimably gittish . . . oops, sorry. Just a gut reaction, you know?

Conclusion:

Stop trying to prove yourself and sack Paul Morley.

Ric, Maidstone.

See what we mean? — *NME* collective.

SMARTIES

May I say how much I enjoy the weekly instalment of ANL's progress. You really show up those racists for the moronic, sheep-like halfwits they are.

I mean, anyone who disregards the multi-racial rantings and propagandising of assorted popstars and celebs, music papers, newspapers, magazines and kiddies comics, TV and radio, the clergy, the education system, the Royal Family and the whole bloody Establishment, just hasn't got a mind of their own.

Uncle Joe.

Sarcasm is the lowest form of wit — Oscar Wilde.

Wit? — AG.

Y'know, one dark, starry night I was staring out of the window and I seen this little bright red light. And it kept getting closer and closer and closer . . . and then I realised — it was the end of me fag, wunnit.

Stockton's Joey Boys, Halfway House, Teesside.

Letters edited by ANDY GILL

GASBAG

NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

A CONFRONTATION between 'Smelly' **Roy Harper** and **Ginger** 'Geriatric' **Baker** was the first thing **Errol** saw when he arrived at the tenth Glastonbury Festival late on Friday evening.

The sheepfarmer was the one the crowd were rooting for, but he was dragged offstage vainly swiping at 'Ginge', who muscled on with his roadies. "He's been doing this on me for years," said Harper as he was led away. Baker, every inch the spoilt superstar, played a deplorable set, hacking lots of old **Cream** songs to pieces. The crowd still wanted a Harper encore and halfway through the set one of several rocks aimed at the stage bounced off Baker's forehead, grazing his brow and leaving his eyeball badly bloodshot. Baker filed a complaint with the police and succeeded in getting the bar closed for a short time on Saturday (notably) after he'd finished using it. All in the cause of love, peace and CND, maaan . . .

Keen to exploit the magnificent conceptual irony of the situation, **Tony Wilson** spent the day armed with a video camera filming **New Order** from the moment they left their van right through to when, high onstage in the specially constructed silver pyramid, they faced a star-filled sky and a disgruntled audience of **Hawkwind** freaks. Finding it and the pre-gig refreshment all too much, singer **Bernie Albrecht** took the only way out and fell over . . .

NOT THAT **Errol** is inclined to spread or even start malicious gossip, but aren't all these transatlantic telephone calls between **Bob Dylan** and British radio DJs just a touch indicative of poor ticket sales for his upcoming British concerts? Errol's dozing radio monitor caught Dylan talking to the BBC's **Paul Gambaccini** for *Rock On* last week and a Capital minion on Sunday. However, his new eagerness to talk has nothing to do with a poor response to his announced tour, claims an adamant CBS pressperson; the Birmingham NEC shows have already sold out and Earls Court is going the same way. A sceptical Errol remains unconvinced, but he's pleased to hear from Dylan's own lips that the concerts won't be used as a pulpit . . .

The Specials' Neville Staples coins a paltry £3,200 a year — or so Coventry magistrates were told when he was given four weeks to pay off a £150 fine for drug related offences. They were surprised a popstar earned so little. Well, the money *is* split seven ways, Staples' lawyer told the JPs . . .

Tom Robinson "intrigued" to learn of the rebuff he suffered from the organisers of Ringwood Festival (see last week's *T-Zers*). "It was there in the papers so I guess it must be the truth," Robbo sarkily improvised. "Maybe you could print the number of this **Wally** who told you I rang him in the first place. I'm sure we could find a lot to talk about" . . .

Viable Sheffield concern **The Comsat Angels** being sued for a suggested sum of five million dollars by the bit bigger Communications Satellite Inc. of America for taking their monicker from one of CSI's registered trade names. **Cosmic Angels** would be an acceptable substitute, say the Americans. Not so, retort the Comsats, who stole their name from a **J.G. Ballard** story anyway. Oops — now that's dropped him in it, too . . .

The cutely-named Dutch combo **Soviet Sex** have started their own pirate TV station PKP in Amsterdam, which breaks onto the network when regular programming is over twice a week to show videos by the likes of Factory recording stars **Minny Pops, Scratch, Suspect** and, of course, themselves . . .

One-parent family associations up in arms with has-beens **Slade** over their tasteless single 'Knuckle Sandwich Nancy'. A spokesperson claims the hearty boys are "advocating husband battering". And Slade probably *always* made you want to beat your husband . . .

The Cramps mildly surprised to be cited in *Creem* as a "local Stirlingshire group" sharing Scottish offices with their fanzine! Gee, Copeland hasn't been that mean — yet . . .

Plenty of tennis superstars coming out of the closet — not just their hard-livin' lives but also about their recording ambitions. **Chris Evert, Martina Whatsis** and **Betsy Nagelson** all reckon they'd like to make 'rock records', while **Superbrat McEnroe** was observed skulking backstage to see **Springsteen** after the latter's tumultuous final gig at Wembley Saturday night . . .

Loretta Lynn's recent hospitalisation, she's keen to point out, is not due to pills but to a peptic ulcer. Peptic ulcer, hmm? Tsk tsk . . .

Hazel O'Connor to star in a new flick directed by **Bernie Bertolucci's** missus and co-starring **Rik Mayall**.

Richard Strange rallying his original Cabaret Futura lot for a 'benefit' to aid the sacked *Time Out* social workers in their attempts to hold out until re-installed in their offices. Strange and his organisers are only short of a venue at presstime ...

Stevie Wonder and **Marvin Gaye** re-united for two and a half hours at Stringfellows club in London's West End — in between Gaye's sell-out at the Apollo and Wonder's three-week stay in London. Only 50 or so were in attendance . . . Meanwhile Wonderman gave yet another impromptu public piano bashing, this time in the foyer of London's National Theatre, following a performance of the Bard's *Measure For Measure.* Reports of Wonder undertaking a 'secret' tour of Real Ale lounge bars is somewhat premature . . .

New Order made their small screen debut last Thursday on Granada TV's *South Bank* arts equivalent *Celebration* performing a half-hour set in front of a lifeless studio audience who were apparently unimpressed. Whether the programme will go nationwide depends, says a Granada spokesperson, on the group getting "rocketed onto *Top Of The Pops*". A nation waits? . . .

Mancunian fanzine *City Fun* have opened a new club called Swing for groups, films and food — in other words a multi-media lab. Those wanting to eat while they listen should go along every Wednesday . . .

Ex-**Buzzcocks** drummer **John Maher** has found gainful employment with **Wah!** . . .

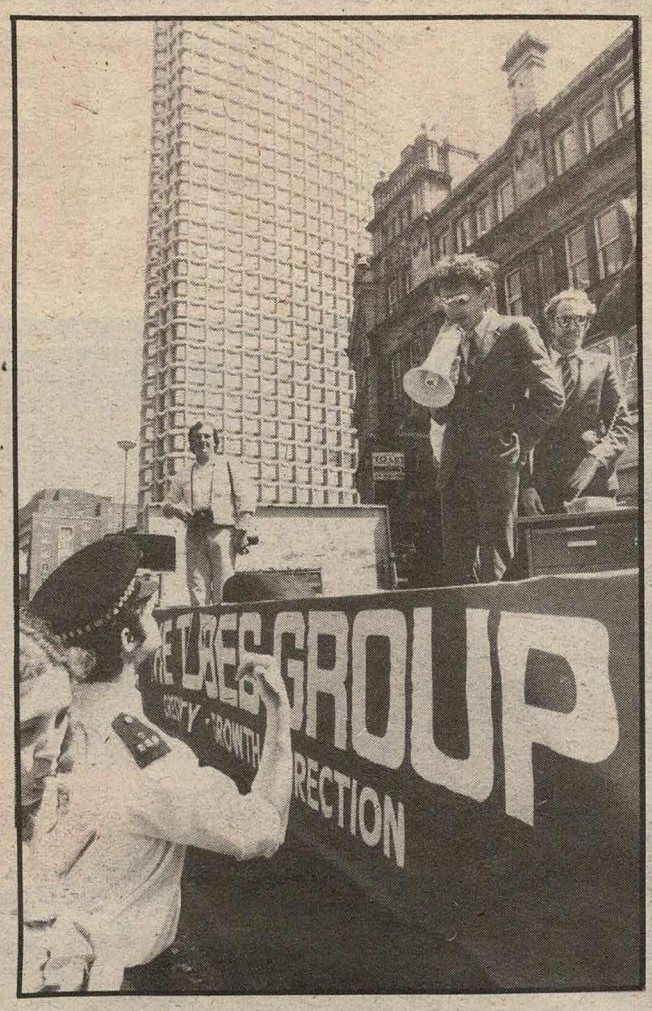
New Statik signings **The Dance** from the U.S. have just spent two weeks in the UK at Strawberry Studios finishing their first LP . . .

ROLL OVER **Mitterand,** tell **Richard** the news . . .

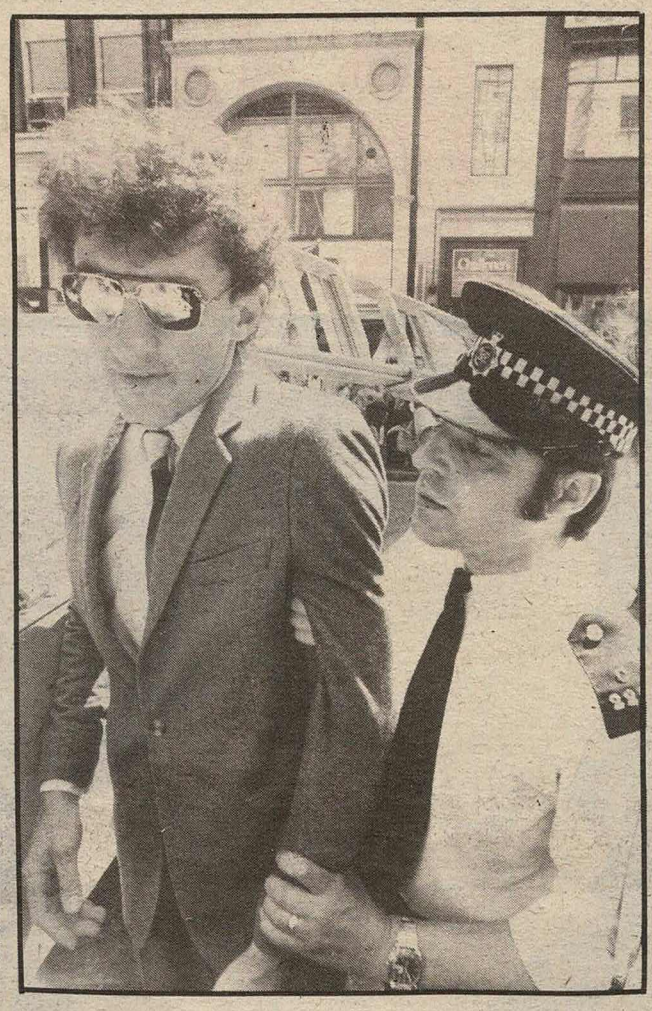
Strange popped over to Paris this weekend to top the Liberation festival, apparently the biggest socialist gathering of its kind in Europe. The Parisian visit followed a week after his cabaret appearances in Vienna, one of which was at a Freudian psychiatric clinic . . .

And on the subject of Steves, one time bizarro DJ **Stevo** floated up to the third floor of *NME* offices to extol the virtues of mushrooms and other mind-expanding substances. He was given directions to Glastonbury, but not to be deterred he persisted in telling us about like-out-of-their-minded compatriots **The The** who might come down to earth long enough to record something at Phonogram in the near future . . .

Trumpeter **Miles Davis** makes his first official public appearance in over five years when he gives two shows at New York's Avery Fisher Hall on Sunday, July 5. As part of the promotion for his first all-new studio album since '76, 'The Man With The Horn', Davis will be accompanied by **Bill Evans** (saxes), **Mike Stern** (guitar), **Marcus Miller** (electric bass) and drummer **Al Foster**. Sharing the bill will be **James Blood Ulmer** . . .



TUBULAR BORES



Ham 'n' hoofer, Fee Waybill, flashy frontman with American vaudeville novelty act, The Tubes (and going down them ever since), put on an arresting performance along Tottenham Court Road, on Monday, for the benefit of London's hard-pressed bobbies on the beat ("woodentops" © The Sweeney). A cheap-shot publicity stunt involving girls dancing vigorously on a hired flat-back truck (yawn) resulted in the imported 'entertainer' being charged with obstruction. The event proved marginally more interesting than The Tubes new album.

"This must be the pits . . !" Randy California, guitarro-bizzarro and all-round wild-eyed strange person with American tuber-rock combo Spirit, seen here doing his John McEnroe impersonation for GLC leader and wonderful human being Ken Livingstone (right). Ken, who originally called in at the Hammersmith Odeon to thank Randy and Co. for dedicating their 'Potatoland' gig there to the GLC's campaign for a nuclear-free London, ending up jamming with the band on an impromptu version of 'Fresh Garbage', retitled 'The Dustmen's Solidarity Song' for the occasion. Later on, everybody got pissed as newt-fanciers backstage.

Contrary to reports elsewhere, T. Head personality Tina Weymouth is not pictured here auditioning for the title role in Ken Russell's all-female remake of 'Davy Crockett'. This remarkable photograph was snapped, late one night, as lovely Tina was being attacked from behind by one of Manhattan's marauding band of mugging teddybears. In recent weeks, assaults on the public by members of the Taiwan-based Soft Toy Liberation Front have escalated to the point where sales in America of Paddington Bear have been banned as a safety precaution. Meantime, Tina, who is fast recovering from the incident, revealed exclusively to T-Zers that plans for T. Head to participate in Paul McCartney's 'Rupert The Bear' project have been abandoned.

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